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THE
L E T T E R S
OF
H O R A C E W A L P O L E,
EARL OF ORFORD.

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THE
L E T T E R S
OF
H O R A C E W A L P O L E,
EARL OF ORFORD:

INCLUDING
NUMEROUS LETTERS NOW FIRST PUBLISHED
FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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1765 — 1778.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE FIFTH VOLUME.

[*The Letters now first collected are marked N.*]

1765

PAGE

To George Montagu, Esq. Feb. 19.—Congratulations on his health and cheerful spirits. Recommends him to quit his country solitude. Contemplated visit to Paris. And retirement from Parliament and political connections. Runic poetry. Mallet's "Northern Antiquities." Lord Byron's trial. Antiquarian Society	1
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Feb. 28.—Planting and gardening. Publication of "The Castle of Otranto"	3
To the same, March 9.—Origin of "The Castle of Otranto." Caution to his friend respecting his MSS. Consequences of the Droit d'Aubaine. Dr. Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." Old Ballads. Rosamond's Bower. Ambition and Content	4
To Monsieur Élie de Beaumont, March 18.—"The Castle of Otranto." Madame de Beaumont's "Letters of the Marquis de Roselle." Churchill and Dryden. Effects of Richardson's novels	8
To the Earl of Hertford, March 26.—Count de Guerchy's pretended conspiracy to murder M. D'Éon. The King's illness. Count de Caraman. "Siege of Calais." Duc de Choiseul's reply to Mademoiselle Clairon. French admiration of Garrick. Quin in Falstaff. Old Johnson. Mrs. Porter. Cibber and O'Brien. Mrs. Clive. Garrick's chief characters. The wolf of the Gevaudan. Favourable reception of "The Castle of Otranto." Bon-mot. Straits of Thermopylæ	9
To George Montagu, Esq. April 5.—"Siege of Calais." Bon-mots. Quin and Bishop Warburton. Prerogative. Preferments	13
To the Earl of Hertford, April 7.—The King's rapid recovery. Fire at Gunnersbury. Count Schouvaloff. Count de Caraman. Mrs. Anne Pitt. Mr. Pitt the first curiosity of foreigners. French encroachments. Parliament. Poor bill. A late dinner	15

VOL. V.

b

956528

	PAGE
To the Earl of Hertford, April 18.—The King's recovery. Proceedings on the Regency-bill. Enmity between Lord Bute and Mr. Grenville. Rumoured changes. State of parties. Lord Byron's acquittal. The Duke of Cumberland's illness. Daffy's Elixir. Poor-bill. Lord Hinchinbrook's marriage . . .	18
To Sir David Dalrymple, April 21.—"The Castle of Otranto." Old Ballads. Consolations of authorship. [N.] . . .	22
To the Earl of Hertford, May 5.—Proceedings in the House of Lords on the Regency-bill . . .	23
To the same, May 12.—Proceedings in the House of Commons on the Regency-bill. The Princess Dowager excluded from the Regency . . .	28
To the same, May 20.—The King forbids the Parliament to be prorogued. The Duke of Cumberland ordered to form a new administration. Failure of the Duke's negotiation with Mr. Pitt. Ministerial resignations. Humiliations of the Crown. Riots. Attack on Bedford-house. General spirit of mutiny and dissatisfaction. Extraordinary conduct of Mr. Pitt. Second tumult at Bedford-house. The King compelled to take back his ministers. Reconciliation between Lord Temple and George Grenville. Mr. Conway restored to the King's favour. Extravagant terms dictated by the ministers to the King. Stuart Mackenzie's removal. Ministerial changes and squabbles . . .	34
To George Montagu, Esq. May 26.—Proceedings on the Regency-bill. Ministerial squabbles and changes. Mr. Bentley's poem. Danger of writing political panegyrics or satires. Lines on the Fountain Tree in the Canary Islands . . .	43
To the same, June 10.—A party at Strawberry. General Schouvaloff. Felicity of being a private man. Ingratitude of sycophants . . .	46
To the Right Hon. Lady Hervey, June 11.—Apology for not writing. Regrets at being carried backwards and forwards to balls and suppers. Resolutions of growing old and staid at four-score . . .	48
To George Montagu, Esq.—Contradicting a report of his dangerous illness . . .	49
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, July 3.—Progress of his illness. Effects of the gout. Dreams and reveries. Madame de Bentheim . . .	49
To the Countess of Suffolk, July 3.—State of his health. Lady Blandford. [N.] . . .	51
To the same, July 9.—The new ministry. Conduct of Charles Townshend. [N.] . . .	51
To George Montagu, Esq. July 11.—Change of the ministry. The Rockingham administration . . .	53
To the same, July 28.—Reflections on loss of youth. Entrance	

	PAGE
into old age through the gate of infirmity. A month's confinement to a sick bed a stinging lesson. Whiggism . . .	54
To George Montagu, Esq. Aug. 23.—Death of Lady Barbara Montagu. Old friends and new faces. A strange story. Motives for re-visiting Paris. The French reformation. Churches and convents. Adieu to politics . . .	56
To the same, Aug. 31.—Dropping off and separation of friends. Pleasant anticipations from his visit to Paris. Revival of old ideas. Stupifying effects of Richardson's novels on the French nation . . .	58
To the Earl of Strafford, Sept. 3.—Motives of his journey to Paris. Death of the Emperor of Germany. "My last sally into the world" . . .	61
To the Right Hon. Lady Hervey, Sept. 3.—Thanks for letters of introduction. Modern French literature . . .	62
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Sept. 5.—Inviting him to visit Paris . . .	64
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Sept. 11.—Journey to Amiens. Meeting with Lady Mary Coke. Boulogne. Duchess of Douglas. A droll way of being chief mourner. A French absurdity. Walnut-trees. Clermont. The Duc de Fitz-James. Arrival at Paris . . .	65
To the Right Hon. Lady Hervey, Sept. 14.—Salutary effects of his journey. French gravity. Parisian dirt. French Opera. Italian comedy. Chantilly. Illness of the Dauphin. Mr. David Hume the mode at Paris. Mesdames de Monaco, d'Egmont, and de Brionne. Nymphs of the theatres . . .	68
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Sept. 18.—Advice respecting his journey to Paris . . .	70
To George Montagu, Esq. Sept. 22.—Ingratitude. Amusements. French society. Mode of living. Music. Stage. Le Kain. The Dumenil. Grandval. Italian comedy. Harlequin. Free-thinking. Conversation. Their savans. Admiration of Richardson and Hume. Dress and equipages. Parliaments and clergy. Effects of company . . .	71
To the Right Hon. Lady Hervey, Oct. 3.—Hôtel de Carnavalet. Madame Geoffrin. His own defects the sole cause of his not enjoying Paris. Duc de Nivernois. Colonel Drumgold. Duchesse de Cossé. Presentations at Versailles. The King and Queen. The Mesdames. The Dauphin and Dauphiness. Wild beast of the Gevaudan. Mr. Hans Stanley . . .	74
To John Chute, Esq. Oct. 3.—French manners. Their authors. Style of conversation. English and French manners contrasted. Presentation at Versailles. Duc de Berri. Count de Provence. Count d'Artois. Duc and Duchesse de Praslin. Duc and Duchesse de Choiseul. Duc de Richelieu . . .	77

	PAGE
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Oct. 6.—French society. A supper at Madame du Deffand's. President Henault. Walpole's blunders against French grammar. Sir James Macdonald's mimicry of Mr. David Hume. Mr. Elliot's imitation of Mr. Pitt. Presentation to the Royal Family. Dinner at the Duc de Praslin's with the corps diplomatique. Visit to the State Paper Office. M. de Marigny's pictures. Madame de Bentheim. Duc de Duras. Wilkes at Paris	79
To the Right Hon. Lady Hervey, Oct. 13.—Attack of the gout. Cupid and Death. Allan Ramsay the painter. Madame Geoffrin. Common sense. Duc de Nivernois. Lady Mary Chabot. Politics	84
To George Montagu, Esq. Oct. 16.—Illness at Paris. Visit from Wilkes. The Dumenil. Grandval. President Henault	86
To the Countess of Suffolk, Oct. 16.—Fontainebleau. Duc de Richelieu. Lady Mary Chabot. Lady Browne. Visit to Mrs. Hayes. Joys of the gout. [N.]	88
To Thomas Brand, Esq. Oct. 19.—Laughing out of fashion at Paris. "God and the King to be pulled down." Admiration of whist and Richardson. Freethinking. Wilkes, Sterne, and Foote at Paris. Lord Ossory. Mesdames de Rochefort, Monaco, and Mirepoix. The Maréchale d'Estrées	90
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Oct. 28.—Probable death of the Dauphin. Description of the Philosophers. Their object the destruction of regal power	92
To Mr. Gray, Nov. 19.—State of his health. Infallible specific for the gout. Picture of Paris. French society. The Philosophes. Dumenil. Preville. Visit to the Chartreuse	94
To the Right Hon. Lady Hervey, Nov. 21.—Recovery from a fit of the gout. "Le nouveau Richelieu." Indifference to politics. Squabbles about the French Parliaments. Bigotry. Logogriphe by Madame du Deffand	97
To George Montagu, Esq. Nov. 21.—A simile. Sameness of life at Paris. Invites him to transplant himself to Roehampton. Reflections on coming old age. Object of all impostors. Rabelais	100
To the Right Hon. Lady Hervey, Nov. 28.—Thanks for her introductions. Duchesse d'Aiguillon. French women of quality. Duchesse de Nivernois. "L'Orpheline Leguée." Count Grammont's picture	101
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Nov. 29.—Tea-drinking. Dissuades him from going to Italy. Advice for his political conduct. "L'Orpheline Leguée." Count Caylus's auction. Portrait of Count Grammont. French painters	104

	PAGE
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Dec. 5.—The Dauphin. French politics. M. de Maurepas. Marshal Richelieu. French parliaments	106
To the Countess of Suffolk, Dec. 5.—French society. The Comtesse d'Egmont. The Dauphin. [N.]	108

1766.

To the Right Hon. Lady Hervey, Jan. 2.—Comtesse d'Egmont. Severity of the frost. Dread of being thought charming. Rousseau's visit to England. Great parts. Charles Townshend	109
To John Chute, Esq. Jan.—Severity of the weather. Ill-accordance of the French manners and climate. Presentation to the Comtesse de la Marche. Douceur in the society of the Parisiennes of fashion. Charlatanerie of the Savans and Philosophes. Count St. Germain. Rousseau in England. Walpole's pretended letter of the King of Prussia to Rousseau	111
To George Montagu, Esq. Jan. 5.—Robin Hood reformé and Little John. Dreams of life superior to its realities. Politics. Lord Temple and George Grenville. Goody Newcastle. Helvetius's "Esprit" and Voltaire's "Pucelle"	114
To the Right Hon. Lady Hervey, Jan. 11.—A supper at the Duchesse d'Aiguillon's. Picture of the Duchesse de Choiseul. Madame Geoffrin. Verses on Madame Forcalquier speaking English. The Italians. The gout preferable to all other disorders	116
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Jan. 12.—Regrets on leaving Paris. Honours and distinctions. Invitation from Madame de Brionne. Pretended letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau	118
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Jan. 18.—Severity of the weather. Cathedral of Amiens. The Sainte Chapelle. Rousseau in England. King of Prussia's letter	120
To Mr. Gray, Jan. 25.—State of his health. "Making oneself tender." Change in French manners. Their religious opinions. The Parliaments. The men dull and empty. Wit, softness, and good sense of the women. Picture of Madame Geoffrin. Madame du Deffand. M. Pontdeveyle. Madame de Mirepoix. Anecdote of M. de Maurepas. Madame de Boufflers. Madame de Rochefort. Familiarities under the veil of friendship. Duc de Nivernois. Madame de Gisors. Duchesse de Choiseul. Duchesse de Grammont. Maréchale de Luxembourg. Pretended letter to Rousseau. Walpole at the head of the fashion. Carried to the Princesse de Talmond	122
To the Right Hon. Lady Hervey, Feb. 3.—Madame de Geoffrin's secret mission to Poland. The Comtesse d'Egmont	131

	PAGE
To George Montagu, Esq. Feb. 4.—Madame Roland. Marriages.	
Duc and Duchesse de Choiseul	133
To the same, Feb. 23.—French Parliaments	134
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Feb. 28.—Pretended letter to Rousseau.	
A French horse-race	134
To George Montagu, Esq. March 3.—Preparations for leaving Paris. Defeat of George Grenville. Repeal of the American Stamp-act. Lit de justice. Remonstrances of the Parliaments.	136
To the Right Hon. Lady Hervey, March 10.—Watchings and revellings. A supper at the Maréchale de Luxembourg's. Funeral sermon on the Dauphin. The Abbé Coyer's pamphlet on Preaching	137
To George Montagu, Esq. March 12.—Colman and Garrick. Mrs. Clive	139
To the same, March 21.—Madame Roland. A French woman's first visit to Paris contrasted with his own. The Princess of Talmond's pug-dogs. A commission	140
To the same, April 3.—Visit to Livry. The Abbé de Malherbe. Madame de Sévigné's sacred pavilion. Old trees	142
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, April 6.—Insurrection at Madrid on the attempt of the Court to introduce the French dress in Spain	143
To the same, April 8.—Further particulars of the insurrection at Madrid. Change in the French ministry. Lettres de cachet. Insurrections at Bourdeaux and Toulouse	145
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, May 10.—Return to England	147
To the same, May 13.—Apology for accidentally opening one of his letters	147
To George Montagu, Esq. May 25.—Ministerial appointments. Duke of Richmond. Lord North. Death of Lord Grandison. Lady Townshend turned Roman Catholic. Mrs. Clive's bon-mot	148
To the same, June 20. — Anstey's New Bath Guide. Swift's Correspondence, and Journal to Stella. Bon-mot of George Selwyn. Pun of the King of France	149
To the Right Hon. Lady Hervey, June 28.—Madame du Deffand's present of a snuff-box, with a portrait of Madame de Sévigné. Translation of a tale from the "Dictionnaire d'Anecdotes"	151
To George Montagu, Esq. July 10.—Expected change in the ministry. The King's letter to Mr. Pitt	154
To the same, July 21.—Change of the ministry. Ode on the occasion	155
To David Hume, Esq. July 26.—Quarrel between David Hume and Rousseau	157
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Sept. 18.—Contradicting a newspaper report of his illness	158

	PAGE
To George Montagu, Esq. Sept. 18	159
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Oct. 2.—Journey to Bath. Great dislike of the place. The new buildings. Lord Chatham	159
To George Montagu, Esq. Oct. 5.—Recovery. Tired to death of Bath. Lord Chatham. Watering places	160
To John Chute, Esq. Oct. 10.—Visit to Wesley's meeting. Hymns to ballad tunes. Style of Wesley's preaching. Countess of Buchan. Lord Chatham	161
To George Montagu, Esq. Oct. 18.—Reasons for leaving Bath. Inefficacy of the waters. "Good hours."	162
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Oct. 18.—Lord Chatham wishes him to second the Address on the King's Speech. Life at Bath. Motives for leaving the place. Old age. Dread of ridicule	163
To George Montagu, Esq. Oct. 22.—Satisfaction at his return to Strawberry Hill. Visit to Bristol. Its buildings. Abbey church of Bath. Batheaston	165
To Sir David Dalrymple, (Lord Hailes,) Nov. 5.—Thanks for his "Memorials and Letters." Folly of burying in oblivion the faults and crimes of princes. [N.]	167
To David Hume, Esq. Nov. 6.—On his quarrel with Rousseau. Folly of literary squabbles	168
To the same, Nov. 11.—The same subject. Omissions by D'Alembert in a published letter of Walpole's. Picture of modern philosophers	170
To George Montagu, Esq. Dec. 12.—Politics. Ministerial negotiations. Deaths and marriages. Caleb Whitefoord's Cross-readings from the newspapers	174
To the same, Dec. 16.—Thanks for a present of venison	176

1767.

To George Montagu, Esq. Jan. 13.—Death of his servant Louis. Quarrel of Hume and Rousseau. High tide	176
To Dr. Ducarel, April 25.—Thanks for his "Anglo-Norman Antiquities"	177
To the Earl of Strafford, July 28.—Death and character of Lady Suffolk	178
To George Montagu, Esq. July 31.—State of the ministry. Intended trip to Paris. Death of Lady Suffolk. Lord Lyttelton's "Henry the Second." Lean people. Mrs. Clive	179
To the same, Aug. 7.—Motives for re-visiting Paris	180
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Sept. 9.—Death and character of Charles Townshend. State of the ministry. Lord Chatham. Dinner at the Duc de Choiseul's. [N.]	181
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Oct. 24.—Return to England	183

	PAGE
To George Montagu, Esq. Nov. 1.—General Conway's refusal of the appointment of secretary of state. Old Pulteney .	184
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Dec. 19.—Intended retirement from Parliament. State of his health. Roman Catholic religion .	184
1768.	
To Sir David Dalrymple, Jan. 17.—Advice on sending a young artist to Italy. "Historic Doubts." Coronation Roll of Richard the Third. [N.] .	186
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Feb. 1. — On sending a copy of his "Historic Doubts" .	187
To Sir David Dalrymple, Feb. 2.—On sending him his "Historic Doubts." Rapid sale of the first impression. [N.] .	188
To Mr. Gray, Feb. 18.—New edition of Gray's Poems. On his own writings. King of Prussia. Lord Clarendon's "History." "Historic Doubts." Disculpation of Richard the Third. "Turned of fifty." Garrick's prologues and epilogues. Boswell's "Corsica." General Paoli .	188
To the same, Feb. 26.—"Historic Doubts." Guthrie's answer thereto. Thanks for notes on the "Noble Authors" .	193
To George Montagu, Esq. March 12.—Reflections on his retirement from Parliament. Guthrie's answer to the "Historic Doubts." Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." Gray's "Odes" .	195
To the same, April 15.—Wit as temporary as dress and manners. Fate of George Selwyn's bon-mots. Completion of his tragedy of "The Mysterious Mother." Mrs. Pritchard. Garrick. President Henault's tragedy of "Cornélie" .	198
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, April 16.—Rous's rolls of the Earls of Warwick. Projects a History of the Streets of London. St. Foix's Rues de Paris. The Methodists. Whitfield's funeral sermon on Gibson the forger .	200
To the same, June 6.—History of Ely cathedral. Cardinal Lewis de Luxembourg. Cardinal Morton. Painted glass .	202
To George Montagu, Esq. June 15.—Inclemency of the weather. English summers. Description of the climate by our poets. Hot-house of St. Stephen's chapel. Indifference to parties. The country going to ruin .	203
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, June 16.—Wilkes and liberty. Ministerial changes. Conduct of the Duke of Grafton. Distressed state of the country. Lord Chatham. Foote's "Devil upon Two Sticks." Subject of "The Mysterious Mother." [N.] .	205
To Monsieur de Voltaire, June 21.—On his soliciting a copy of the "Historic Doubts." Reply to Voltaire's criticisms on Shakespeare .	208

	PAGE
To the Earl of Strafford, June 25.—Wilkes and Number 45. The King of Denmark. Lady Rockingham and the Methodists. Pope Joan Huntingdon. Brentford election . . .	210
To Monsieur de Voltaire, July 27.—Reply to Voltaire's vindication of his criticism on Shakspeare. Story of M. de Jumonville. "Historic Doubts" . . .	211
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Aug. 9.—Lord Botetourt. New Archbishop of Canterbury. King of Denmark. Augustus Hervey's divorce from the Chudleigh. Gray appointed professor of modern history. Efficacy of ice-water . . .	213
To George Montagu, Esq. Aug. 13.—Arrival of the King of Denmark. His person and manners. His suite . . .	216
To the Earl of Strafford, Aug. 16.—Personal description of the King of Denmark. His cold reception at Court. His first favourite, Count Holke. His prime minister, Count Bernsdorff . . .	217
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Aug. 25.—Disturbances in America. Coffee-house politicians. King of Denmark. Lady Bel Stanhope. [N.] . . .	220
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Aug. 30.—Thanks for some prints and notices. Improvements at Strawberry. Mr. Granger's "Catalogue of English Heads." Dr. Robertson's writings. Scotch puffing . . .	221
To the Earl of Strafford, Oct. 10.—Health and sickness. Quiet of his present illness contrasted with the inquiries after him when his friends were coming into power . . .	223
To George Montagu, Esq. Nov. 10.—Benefits from bootikins and water-drinking. Elections . . .	224
To the same, Nov. 15.—Separation of old friends in old age. Moroseness of retirement. Evils of solitude. Death of the Duke of Newcastle, and of Lady Hervey . . .	225
To the same, Dec. 1.—Arlington-street. Reconciliation between Lord Chatham, Earl Temple, and Mr. George Grenville. Wilkes and the House of Commons . . .	227

1769.

To George Montagu, Esq. March 26.—City riot. Brentford election. Wilkes and Luttrell. Marriages . . .	228
To the same, April 15.—Temperance the best physician. Easy mode of preserving the teeth. Advice on wine drinking. Middlesex election. Wilkes and the House of Commons . . .	230
To the same, May 11.—Grand festino at Strawberry. Ridotto, al fresco at Vauxhall . . .	231
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, May 27.—Granger's Catalogue of Prints and Lives down to the Revolution. Intended visit to Paris. Gough's British Topography . . .	234

	PAGE
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, June 14.—Proposed painted window for Ely cathedral. Bishop Mawson. Granger's dedication. Shennstone's Letters. His unhappy passion for fame. The Leasowes. Intrusions on domestic privacy	235
To the same, June 26.—Intended visit to Ely. English summers. Advice to quit Marsh-land. Joscelin de Louvain	239
To the Earl of Strafford, July 3.—Disinterestedness and length of their friendship. Three years' absence of summer. Emptiness of London. City politics. Angling. Methuselah	240
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, July 7.—Lord Chatham at the King's levee	242
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, July 15.—Return from Ely. East window of the cathedral. Bishop Luda's tomb	243
To the same, Aug. 12.—Thanks for some prints. Advice respecting a History of Gothic Architecture. Tyson's "History of Fashions and Dresses"	244
To George Montagu, Esq. Aug. 18.—Calais. Complaint of his friend's long silence. Journey to Paris	247
To John Chute, Esq. Aug. 30.—Journey to Paris. Lord Dacre and Dr. Pomme. Account of Madame du Deffand. Madame du Barry. French theatre. Hamlet. The Dumenil. Voltaire's tragedy of "Les Guèbres"	248
To George Montagu, Esq. Sept. 7.—Character of Madame du Deffand. Uncertainty of life. A five-and-thirty years' friendship. Visit to the Abbess of Panthemont	250
To the Earl of Strafford, Sept. 8.—Affected admiration of the French government. Lettres de cachet. Students in legislature. French treatment of trees	253
To George Montagu, Esq. Sept. 17.—Visit to Versailles. Madame du Barry. The Dauphin. Count de Provence. Count d'Artois. The King. Visit to St. Cyr. Madame de Maintenon. Madame de Cambise. Trait of Madame de Mailly	255
To the same, Oct. 13.—Return to England. Congratulations on his friend's being appointed Lord North's private secretary	260
To the same, Oct. 16.—Return to Strawberry. His tragedy of "The Mysterious Mother." Bad taste of the public. Garrick's prologues and epilogues. French chalk and dirt contrasted with English neatness and greenth	260
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Nov. 14.—Lord Temple's dinner with the Lord Mayor. Tottering position of the Duc de Choiseul. "Trip to the Jubilee." Literature and politics of the day. Milton's prose writings. Heroes and orators	262
To George Montagu, Esq. Dec. 14.—Condolence on the death of Mrs. Trevor. Loss of friends and connections. Cumberland's comedy of "The Brothers." Alderman Backwell	263

	PAGE
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Dec. 21.—Thanks for communications. Mr. Tyson's etchings. Madame du Deffand. [N.] . . .	265
1770.	
To Sir David Dalrymple, January 1.—Thanks for his "History of Scottish Councils." The spirit of controversy the curse of modern times. Attacks on the House of Commons. Outcry against grievances. Despotism and unbounded licentiousness. [N.] . . .	267
To the same, Jan. 23.—Mr. Charles Yorke's rapid history. Lord Chatham's attempt to enlarge the representation. Sir George Savile and Mr. Burke's attack on the House of Commons. Modern Catilines. Corruption of senators. Wilkes, Parson Horne, and Junius. [N.] . . .	268
To George Montagu, Esq. March 31.—Print of Alderman Backwell . . .	271
To the same, May 6.—Backwardness of the season. Marriages. Masquerades. New establishment at Almack's. Intercourse between age and youth . . .	271
To the same, June 11.—Description of Lord Dysart's house at Ham . . .	273
To the same, June 29.—Promising a visit on his way to Stowe. Death of Alderman Beckford . . .	274
To the same, July 1.—On not finding him at home . . .	276
To the same, July 7.—Account of his visit to Stowe. Lines addressed to the Princess Amelia . . .	277
To the Earl of Strafford, July 9.—Visit to Stowe. Alderman Beckford's death . . .	280
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, July 12.—Visit to Stowe . . .	282
To George Montagu, Esq. July 14.—Reversion of Walpole's place . . .	283
To the same, July 15.—Correcting a mistake in his last . . .	284
To the same, Oct. 3.—Fit of the gout. The gate of age . . .	285
To the same, Oct. 16. . . .	286
To the Earl of Strafford, Oct. 16. — Convalescence. Dispute with Spain . . .	286
To the Earl of Charlemont, Oct. 17.—In answer to an application on behalf of an artist, and a wish to be permitted to read his tragedy. [N.] . . .	287
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Nov. 15. — Soliciting his interest in Cambridgeshire for Mr. Brand . . .	288
To the same, Nov. 20. — Mr. Bentham's "History of Ely Cathedral" . . .	289
To the same, Dec. 20. — Mr. Essex's projected "History of Gothic Architecture." Antiquarian Society. Dean Milles. Gentlemen engravers at Cambridge . . .	290

	PAGE
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Dec. 25.—Planting of poplar-pines. Dryden's "King Arthur" altered by Garrick	292
To the same, Dec. 29.—Change in the French ministry. Overthrow of the Duc de Choiseul. Banishment of the Duc de Praslin. New law arrangements at home	293
1771.	
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Jan. 10.—Suggestions for getting the pro- jected History of Gothic Architecture patronized by the King	295
To the same, May 29.—Letters of Edward the Sixth	296
To the same, June 11.—On the various attacks upon his writings. Archæologia, or Old Women's Logic. Mr. Masters	297
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, June 17.—Visit to Ampthill. Hough- ton Park. Mausoleum of the Bruces. [N.]	298
To the Earl of Strafford, June 20.—Intended visit to Paris. Ma- dame du Deffand. New French ministry. The Duc d'Aiguillon. Life of Cellini. Charles Fox	300
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, June 22.—On the cross to be erected at Ampthill to the memory of Catherine of Arragon	301
To the same, June 24.—Thanks for some prints and letters	302
To John Chute, Esq. July 9.—Account of his journey to Paris	303
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, July 30.—French politics. Distress at court. Vaudevilles against Madame du Barry. Amusements at Paris. Gaillard's "Rivalité de la France et de l'Angleterre"	305
To John Chute, Esq. Aug. 5.—Progress of English gardening in France. New arrêts. General distress. State of Le Sœur's paintings at the Chartreuse. The charm of viewing churches and convents dispelled. Shock at learning the death of Gray	308
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Aug. 11.—Reflections on the death of Gray. Lady Beauchamp. Opium a false friend	311
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Aug. 12.—Reflections on the death of Gray	313
To the Earl of Strafford, Aug. 25.—Climate of Paris. French economy and retrenchment. Mademoiselle Guimard. Made- moiselle Heinel. Suppression of the French Parliaments. Ruinous condition of the palaces and pictures	314
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Sept. 7.—Return to England. De- plorable condition of the French finances	316
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Sept. 10.—Thanks for some particulars of Gray's death. Dr. James Browne. Gray's portrait	317
To the same, Oct. 12.—Mr. Essex's design for the cross at Ampt- hill. Calvin and Luther	319
To the same, Oct. 23.—Armour of Francis the First. Ancient window from Bexhill. Tomb of Capoccio	320

1772.

	PAGE
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, January 7.—Effects of an explosion of powder-mills at Hounslow	321
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Jan. 28.—Dean Milles. Relics of Gray. Letters on the English nation. Garrick and his writings. Wilkes's squint	322
To the same, June 9	324
To the same, June 17.—Thanks for some literary researches. Letters of Sir Thomas Wyat. Lives of Leland, Hearne, and Wood. Browne Willis. Peter Gore and Thomas Callaghan	324
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, June 22.—Panic occasioned by Fordyce's bankruptcy. Cherubims. Exercise. Letters of Guy Patin. Charles Fox's annuities. Lives of Leland, Hearne, and Wood. Entry in Wood's Diary. Freemasonry. Peter Gore	326
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, July 7.—King Edward's letters. Portrait of Gray. Death of Mr. West the antiquary. His collections. Foote's comedy of "The Nabob"	328
To the same, July 28.—Archæologia, or, Old Women's Logic. Antiquarian Society. Life of Sir Thomas Wyat. William Thomas's "Peleryne"	329
To the same, Aug. 25.—Thanks to Dr. Browne for a goar-stone and seal belonging to Gray. Lincoln and York cathedrals. Roche abbey. Screen of York minster	331
To the same, Aug. 28.—Indolence of age. Inquiries after some prints	332
To the same, Nov. 7.—Fit of the gout. Regret at not being able to see Mr. Essex	333
To the same.—On the rapacity of a gentleman who had thinned Mr. Cole's collection of prints	334
To the Countess of Ailesbury, Dec. 20.—Account of Raynal's "Histoire Philosophique et Politique du Commerce des Deux Indes"	335

1773.

To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Jan. 8.—Mr. Masters's answer to "Historic Doubts." Antiquarians. Freemasonry. Governor Pownall. Edition of "Mémoires du Comte de Granmont." Dedication to Madame du Deffand. Gray's "Odes"	336
To the same, Feb. 18.—Miscellaneous antiquities. Governor Pownall's system of Freemasonry. Mrs. Marshall's "Sir Harry Gaylove, or Comedy in Embryo"	338
To the Rev. William Mason, March 2.—Thanks for submitting his collections for the "Life of Gray" to his correction. Origin of the differences between them. Takes to himself the chief blame in the quarrel. [N.]	340

	PAGE
To the Rev. William Mason, March 27.—Mason the author of “The Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers.” Account of Gray’s going abroad with him. [N.]	341
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, April 7.—Archæologia, or Old Woman’s Logic. Masters’s answer to “Historic Doubts.” Sale of Mr. West’s collections	343
To the same, April 27.—Character of authors. Shenstone’s and Hughes’ “Correspondence.” Declines acquaintance with Mr. Gough. Scotch metaphysicians. Anstey’s “New Bath Guide.” “Heroic Epistle.” Oliver Goldsmith. Johnson’s pension	344
To the same, May 4.—On being mentioned by the public orator at Cambridge	346
To the same, May 29.	347
To Dr. Berkenhout, July 6.—Declining to supply materials for a biographical notice of himself	348
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Aug. 30.—Visit to Houghton. De- plorable state of his nephew’s private affairs. Mortification of family pride	349
To the Earl of Strafford, Sept. 24.—Journey to Houghton. State of his nephew’s affairs. Lady Mary Coke’s ardour of peregrina- tion. Beatific print of Lady Huntingdon. Whitfield and the Methodists. Death of the Duke of Kingston.	350
To the same, Nov. 15.—Best way of contending with the folly and vice of the world. Proposed tax on Irish absentees. Lady Mary Coke’s mortifications. Gount Gage and Lady Mary Her- bert	351
To Lady Mary Coke.—On her ardour of peregrination	353
To the Hon. Mrs. Grey, Dec. 9.—Advice from Dr. Walpole to Lady Blandford suffering from a fit of the gout. [N.]	356
To Sir David Dalrymple, Dec. 14.—Thanks for his “Remarks on the History of Scotland.” [N.]	357

1774.

To the Rev. Mr. Cole, May 4.—Reasons for his long silence. Temptations to visit Strawberry. Fate of Mr. Bateman’s col- lection of curiosities. Conjectured fate of Strawberry	357
To the same, May 28.—Pennant’s “Tour to Scotland and the Hebrides.” Ossian. Fingal’s Cave. Brave way of being an antiquary. Mr. Gough described. Fenn’s “Original Letters.” Society of Antiquaries. Old friends	358
To the same, June 21.—Efficacy of James’s powder. Old friends in old age our best amusement. Flattery. Queen Catherine’s Cross at Ampthill	361
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, June 23.—On the General’s tour of military observation. Politics. Quebec-bill	362

To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Aug. 15. — Account of his antiquarian pursuits. Journey into Worcestershire. Matson. Gloucester Cathedral. Monument of Edward the Second. Bishop Hooper's house. Prinknash. Berkeley Castle. Murder of Edward the Second. Thornbury Castle. The vicar of Thornbury	364
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Aug. 18.—On the General's introduction to the King of Prussia. Account of his own journey into Worcestershire	368
To the same, Sept. 7.—On the General's visit to the mines of Crennitz. Visit to Berkeley Castle. Lord Mahon presented at court in coal-black hair	370
To the same, Sept. 27.—Rejoices at the General's flattering reception at foreign courts. Character of the Germans. Italian women. Reasons for not taking a trip to Paris. French dirt. New elections. Mode of passing his time	372
To the same, Sept. 28.—Cautions for his conduct at Paris. Entreaty to take much notice of Madame du Deffand. Her character. Wishes to have back his letters to her. Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. The Duchesse de Choiseul. Monsieur Buffon. Comte de Broglie	375
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Oct. 11.—Elections. His nephew's mental alienation	378
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Oct. 16.—New elections. Wilkes's popularity. Charles Fox. Character of M. de Maurepas. Reasons for not meeting him at Paris	379
To the same, Oct. 29.—On the General's being deprived of a seat in the new Parliament. Objects to be seen at Paris. Church of the Celestines. Richelieu's tomb at the Sorbonne. Hôtel de Carnavalet. Versailles. The Luxembourg. Pictures at the Palais Royal. Church of the Invalids. St. Roch. The Carmelites. The Val de Grace. The Sainte Chapelle. Tomb of Condé; and of Cardinal Fleury	382
To the Countess of Ailesbury, Nov. 7.—Domestic news. Marriages. Wilkes's popularity. Mr. Burke's success at Bristol. "Wit-and-a-gamut." Comforts of old age	385
To the Earl of Strafford, Nov. 11.—Concert at Isleworth. Leoni. The Opera. The Duchess of Kingston	387
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Nov. 12. — Thanks for his attentions to Madame du Deffand. American disturbances. General Burgoyne's "Maid of the Oaks." The Duc de la Valière. Chevalier de Boufflers. Madame de Caraman. Madame de Mirepoix. Abbé Raynal. Mademoiselle de Raucoux. Le Kain. Molé. Preville. M. Boutin's English garden	388
To the same, Nov. 27. — Deaths. Disturbed state of America.	

	PAGE
The Duchess of Kingston. French despotism. Madame du Deffand. Opera. The Bastardella. Death of Lord Holland .	393
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Dec. 15.—Remonstrances from America. Lord Chatham	397
To the same, Dec. 26.—The Prince de Conti. Proceedings of the French Parliament. Petitions from America. Burke's speeches. Duchesse de Lauzun. St. Lambert	398
To the same, Dec. 31.—Bibliothèque du Roi. Abbé Barthélemi. Duc de Choiseul. "History of Furness Abbey" .	401

1775.

To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Jan. 9.—Nell Gwynn's letter. Strutt's "Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants of England." Duke Humphrey's skull at St. Albans	404
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Jan. 15.—Party-men. Lord George Germain. Mr. Burke. Lord Chatham. Marquis of Rockingham. Operations of the Bostonians. General Gage. New Parnassus at Batheaston. Bouts-rimés. Lines on a buttered muffin, by the Duchess of Northumberland. Lord Palmerston's poem on Beauty. Rulhière's Russian Anecdotes	405
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Jan. 22.—Debate in the House of Lords on Lord Chatham's motion for withdrawing the troops from Boston. Plan for cutting off all traffic with America. Illness of the Duke of Gloucester. Committee of oblivion. Death of Dowdeswell and Tom Hervey. [N.]	410
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, April 11.—Warm approbation of Mason's Life of Gray. Verses by Lord Rochford, Anne Boleyn's brother	412
To the same, April 25.—Mason's Life of Gray. "Peep into the Gardens at Twickenham." Whitaker's History of Manchester. Bryant's Ancient Mythology	415
To the same, June 5.—Genealogical inquiries. Blomefield's Norfolk	419
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, July 9.—Projected trip to Paris. American news. Story of Captain Mawhood, the tea-man's son .	422
To the same, August 9.—Preparations for a journey to Paris. War between the Lord Chamberlain and Foote for refusing to licence his play. [N.]	423
To the Countess of Ailesbury, Aug. 17.—Journey to Paris .	425
To the same, Aug. 20.—Arrival at Paris. Madame du Deffand. Madame Clotilde's wedding. M. Turgot's economy	426
To Mrs. Abington, Sept.—Regret at not knowing she was at Paris. Compliment to her great merits as an actress. [N.] .	427
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Sept. 8.—On Lady Ailesbury being overturned in her carriage. Madame du Deffand. Lady Bar-	

	PAGE
rymore. Madame de Marchais. Madame de Viri. French opinion of our dispute with America	427
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Oct. 6.—Illness of Madame du Deffand. Economy and reformation the bon-ton at Paris. Horse-race on the Plain de Sablon. French politics, and probable changes	430
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Dec. 10.—English version of Gray's Latin Odes	433
To the Countess of Ailesbury, Dec. 11.—Trial of the Duchess of Kingston. Le Texier's French readings	434
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Dec. 14.—Society of Antiquaries. Opening of Edward the First's tomb. Prints from pictures at Houghton	435
To Thomas Astle, Esq. Dec. 19.—On the attainder of George Duke of Clarence, found in the Tower	437

1776.

To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Jan. 26.—Subject of the painting at the Rose Tavern in Fleet-street. Attainder of George Duke of Clarence	439
To Edward Gibbon, Esq. February.—Thanks for the first volume of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." [N.]	441
To the same, Feb. 14.—Panegyric on the first volume of the "Decline and Fall." [N.]	441
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, March 1.—On the old painting at the Rose Tavern in Fleet-street. Antiquarian accuracy	443
To Dr. Gem, April 4.—French politics. Resistance of the Parliament to the reformations of Messieurs de Malesherbes and Turgot. Extraordinary speeches of the Avocat-Général. Our dispute with America	443
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, April 16.—Death of the Rev. Mr. Granger. Trial of the Duchess of Kingston	446
To the same, June 1.—Mr. Granger's prints and papers purchased by Lord Mountstuart	447
To the same, June 11.—Vexations and disappointments of the gout	449
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, June 30.—Gallery and beauty-room at Strawberry. Lady Diana Beauclerk. His own talents and pursuits. Picture of his mind	449
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, July 23.—Thanks for the present of a vase. Condolence on the ill state of his health	452
To the same, July 24.—Effects of General Conway's illness on his own mind. Outliving one's friends. Mr. Pentecross	452
To the same, Aug. 19.—Inquiries after Dr. Kenrick Prescott. Death of Mr. Damer	454

	PAGE
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Sept. 9.—Alterations at Strawberry. Lord Carmarthen	455
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Oct. 31.—Folly and madness of the dispute with America. Opening of Parliament. Prospect of a war with France. Reasons for his retirement. [N.]	456
To the Earl of Strafford, Nov. 2.—Retirement. Effects of our climate. Unhappy dispute with America. Prospect of war with France	458
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Dec. 9.—Sir John Hawkins's "History of Music"	459

1777.

To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Feb. 20.—Purchase of the shutters of the altar at St. Edmondsbury	460
To the same, Feb. 27.—Requesting the loan of some of his manuscripts. Dr. Dodd	462
To the same, May 22.—Continuance of his nephew's mental illness. Love of Cambridge. Inclination to a sequestered life. Charles the Fifth	463
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, June 19.—Macpherson's success with Ossian the ruin of Chatterton. Rowley's pretended poems. Chatterton's death	465
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, July 10.—M. d'Azincourt's "Histoire de l'Art par les Monumens." The "Hayssians." Madame de Blot. M. Schomberg. Madame Necker's character of Walpole	466
To Robert Jephson, Esq. July 13.—Advice respecting the representation of his tragedy. Success of Sheridan's School for Scandal. [N.]	467
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Aug. 31.—True wisdom. Illness of the Duke of Gloucester. Monasteries. Recluse life. "In six weeks my clock will strike sixty!"	470
To the same, Sept. 16.—Thanks for the loan of manuscripts. Nonsense. Sincerity the foundation of long friendship. Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Soame Jenyns. Duke of Gloucester's recovery	472
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Sept. 16.—Description of a machine called the Delineator. His "unlearnability"	473
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Sept. 22.—Suggesting a Life of Thomas Baker, author of "Reflections on Learning." Burnet's History. Christina, Queen of Sweden. Calvin	474
To Robert Jephson, Esq. Oct. 1.—"The Law of Lombardy." [N.]	476
To the Hon. H. S. Conway, Oct. 5.—Apologies for not meeting him at Goodwood. Disinclination to move from home. "Three-	

	PAGE
score to-day!" State of his health and spirits. His idea of old age	477
To Robert Jephson, Esq. Oct. 17.—Criticism on "The Law of Lombardy." [N.]	479
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Oct. 19.—Burnet's History. Duke Lauderdale. Sir John Dalrymple and Macpherson's Histories. Friendship. Efficacy of the bootikins	482

1778.

To the Rev. Mr. Cole, March 31.—Politics. Life of Mr. Baker	484
To the same, April 23.—Life of Baker. Pennant's "Welsh Tour." Warton's "History of English Poetry." Lord Hardwicke's "State Papers." Aspect of the times	485
To the same, May 21.—Restoration of Popery. Lord Chatham's interment. Intercourse with Chatterton. Detection of his forgeries	486
To the Rev. William Mason.—Visit from Dr. Robertson. The Doctor's contemplated "History of King William." Macpherson's and Sir John Dalrymple's scandals	488
To the Rev. Mr. Cole, June 3.—Patriots and politics. Dr. Franklin. Lord Chatham's interment. His merits and demerits. Mr. Tyrwhit. Chatterton's forgeries	491
To the same, June 10.—His political creed, and opinion of parties and political men. Life of Mr. Baker. Rowley and Chatterton. Mat. Prior. Mr. Hollis. Mrs. Macaulay	493
To the Countess of Ailesbury, June 25.—Mr. Conway's governorship. Cuckoos and nightingales. Robbery of Mrs. Clive	495

PORTRAITS IN THE FIFTH VOLUME.

- The Honourable Horace Walpole ; from a drawing by Müntz,
 in the possession of Sir Alexander Johnson . to front Title.
- The Honourable Henry Seymour Conway ; from the original
 by Eckardt, in the collection at Strawberry-hill . to front p. 1
- Caroline Campbell, Countess of Ailesbury ; from the original
 by Eckardt, in the collection at Strawberry-hill . p. 335
- Lady Diana Beauclerk ; from a picture, by Powel, after Sir
 Joshua Reynolds, in the collection at Strawberry-hill . p. 450



CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE

HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Feb. 19, 1765.

YOUR health and spirits and youth delight me; yet I think you make but a bad use of them, when you destine them to a triste house in a country solitude. If you were condemned to retirement, it would be fortunate to have spirits to support it; but great vivacity is not a cause for making it one's option.

Why waste your sweetness on the desert air? at least, why bestow so little of your cheerfulness on your friends? I do not wish you to parade your rubicundity and grey hairs through the mobs and assemblies of London; I should think you bestowed them as ill as on Greatworth; but you might find a few rational creatures here, who are heartily tired of what are called our pleasures, and who would be glad to have you in their chimney-corner. There you might have found *me* any time this fortnight; I have been dying of the worst and longest cold I ever had in my days, and have been blooded, and taken James's powder to no purpose. I look almost like the skeleton that Frederick found

in the oratory:¹ my only comfort was, that I should have owed my death to the long day in the House of Commons, and have perished with our liberties; but I think I am getting the better of my martyrdom, and shall live to see you; nay, I shall not be gone to Paris. As I design that journey for the term of my figuring in the world, I would fain wind up my politics too, and quit all public ties together. As I am not old yet, and have an excellent though delicate constitution, I may promise myself some agreeable years, if I could detach myself from all connexions, but with a very few persons that I value. Oh, with what joy I could bid adieu to loving and hating! to crowds, public places, great dinners, visits; and above all, to the House of Commons; but pray mind, when I retire, it shall only be to London and Strawberry Hill—in London one can live as one will, and at Strawberry I will live as I will. *Apropos*, my good old tenant Franklin is dead, and I am in possession of his cottage, which will be a delightfully additional plaything at Strawberry. I shall be violently tempted to stick in a few cypresses and lilacs there, before I go to Paris. I don't know a jot of news: I have been a perfect hermit this fortnight, and buried in Runic poetry and Danish wars. In short, I have been deep in a late history of Denmark, written by one Mallet, a Frenchman,² a sensible man, but I cannot say he has the art of making a very tiresome subject agreeable. There are six volumes, and I am stuck fast in the fourth.

Lord Byron's trial I hear is to be in May. If you are curious about it, I can secure you a ticket for Lord Lincoln's gallery. The Antiquarian Society have got Goody Carlisle³ for their president, and I suppose she will sit upon a Saxon chalkstone till the return of King Arthur. Adieu!

¹ An allusion to the scene in the last chapter of his *Castle of Otranto*.—E.

² Paul Henry Mallet was born at Geneva in 1731, and was for some time professor of history in his native city. He afterwards became professor royal of the belles lettres at Copenhagen. The introduction to his *History of Denmark* was afterwards translated by Dr. Percy, under the title of *Northern Antiquities*, including the *Edda*.—E.

³ Dr. Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle. See vol. iv. p. 259. On

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 28, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

As you do not deal with newspapers, nor trouble yourselves with occurrences of modern times, you may perhaps conclude from what I have told you, and from my silence, that I am in France. This will tell you that I am not; though I have been long thinking of it, and still intend it, though not exactly yet. My silence I must lay on this uncertainty, and from having been much out of order above a month with a very bad cold and cough, for which I am come hither to try change of air. Your brother Apthorpe, who was so good as to call upon me about a fortnight ago in town, found me too hoarse to speak to him. We both asked one another the same question — news of you?

I have lately had an accession to my territory here, by the death of good old Franklin, to whom I had given for his life the lease of the cottage and garden cross the road. Besides a little pleasure in planting and in crowding it with flowers, I intend to make, what I am sure you are antiquarian enough to approve, a bower, though your friends the abbots did not indulge in such retreats, at least not under that appellation: but though we love the same ages, you must excuse worldly me for preferring the romantic scenes of antiquity. If you will tell me how to send it, and are partial enough to me to read a profane work in the style of former centuries, I shall convey to you a little story-book, which I published some time ago, though not boldly with my own name: but it has succeeded so well, that I do not any longer *entirely* keep the secret. Does the title, *The Castle of Otranto*,¹ tempt you? I shall be glad to hear you are well and happy.

his death, in 1768, he made a very valuable bequest of manuscripts and printed books to the Society.—E.

¹ In the first edition of this work, of which but very few copies were printed, the title ran thus:—“*The Castle of Otranto, a Story, translated by William Marshal, Gent. from the original Italian of Onuphrio*

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, March 9, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I HAD time to write but a short note with the Castle of Otranto, as your messenger called on me at four o'clock, as I was going to dine abroad. Your partiality to me and Strawberry have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story. You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place.¹ When you read of the picture quitting its panel,² did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland, all in white, in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you, what was the origin of this romance! I waked one morning, in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which, all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle, (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story,) and that on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was very glad to think of anything, rather than politics. In short, I

Muralto, Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas at Otranto. London: printed for Thomas Lownds, in Fleet Street, 1765.”—E.

¹ “As, in his model of a Gothic modern mansion, Mr. Walpole had studiously endeavoured to fit to the purposes of modern convenience or luxury the rich, varied, and complicated tracery and carving of the ancient cathedral, so, in the Castle of Otranto, it was his object to unite the marvellous turn of incident and imposing tone of chivalry exhibited in the ancient romance, with that accurate display of human character and contrast of feelings and passions, which is, or ought to be, delineated in the modern novel.” Sir Walter Scott; *Prose Works*, vol. iii. p. 307.—E.

² “The forms of the grim knight and pictured saint
 Look living in the moon; and as you turn
 Backward and forward, to the echoes faint
 Of your own footsteps—voices from the urn
 Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint
 Start from the frames which fence their aspects stern,
 As if to ask how you can dare to keep
 A vigil there, where all but death should sleep.”

Don Juan, c. xvi. st. 18.—E.

was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening, I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness; but if I have amused you, by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please.

You are, as you have long been to me, exceedingly kind, and I should, with great satisfaction, embrace your offer of visiting the solitude of Blechely, though my cold is in a manner gone, and my cough quite, if I was at liberty: but as I am preparing for my fresh journey, and have forty businesses upon my hands, and can only now and then purloin a day, or half a day, to come hither. You know I am not cordially disposed to *your* French journey, which is much more serious, as it is to be much more lasting. However, though I may suffer by your absence, I would not dissuade what may suit your inclination and circumstances. One thing, however, has struck me, which I must mention, though it would depend on a circumstance, that would give me the most real concern. It was suggested to me by that real fondness I have for your MSS. for your kindness about which I feel the utmost gratitude. You would not, I think, leave them behind you: and are you aware of the danger you would run, if you settled entirely in France? Do you know that the King of France is heir to all strangers who die in his dominions, by what they call the *Droit d'Aubaine*? Sometimes by great interest and favour, persons have obtained a remission of this right in their lifetime: and yet that, even that, has not secured their effects from being embezzled. Old Lady Sandwich¹ had obtained this remission, and yet, though she left everything to the present lord, her grandson, a man for whose rank one

¹ Elizabeth, second daughter of John Wilmot Earl of Rochester, and sister and co-heiress of Charles third Earl, and widow of Edward Montagu third Earl of Sandwich, who died 20th October 1729.—E.

should have thought they would have had regard, the King's officers forced themselves into her house, after her death, and plundered. You see, if you go, I shall expect to have your MSS. deposited with me. Seriously, you must leave them in safe custody behind you.

Lord Essex's trial is printed with the State Trials. In return for your obliging offer, I can acquaint you with a delightful publication of this winter, *A Collection of Old Ballads and Poetry*, in three volumes, many from Pepys's Collection at Cambridge.¹ There were three such published between thirty and forty years ago, but very carelessly, and wanting many in this set: indeed, there were others, of a looser sort,² which the present editor, who is a clergyman, thought it decent to omit.

When you go into Cheshire, and upon your ramble, may I trouble you with a commission? but about which you must promise me not to go a step out of your way. Mr. Bateman has got a cloister at Old Windsor, furnished with ancient wooden chairs, most of them triangular, but all of various patterns, and carved and turned in the most uncouth and whimsical forms. He picked them up one by one, for two, three, five, or six shillings a-piece from different farm-houses in Herefordshire. I have long envied and coveted them.

¹ Edited by the Rev. Thomas Percy, fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and afterwards Bishop of Dromore. "The reviver of minstrel poetry in Scotland was the venerable Bishop of Dromore, who, in 1765, published his elegant collection of heroic ballads, songs, and pieces of early poets, under the title of '*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.' The plan of the work was adjusted in concert with Mr. Shenstone, but we own we cannot regret that the execution of it devolved upon Dr. Percy alone; of whose labours, as an editor, it might be said, '*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*.'" Sir W. Scott; *Prose Works*, vol. xvii. p. 120.—E.

² The work was entitled "*A Collection of Old Ballads, corrected from the best and most ancient copies extant, with Introductions, historical, critical, or humorous*." Sir Walter Scott observes, that the editor was an enthusiast in the cause of old poetry, and selected his matter without much regard to decency, as will appear from the following singular preface to one or two indelicate pieces of humour:—"One of the greatest complaints made by the ladies against the first volume of our collection, and, indeed, the only one which has reached my ears, is the want of merry songs. I believe I may give a pretty good guess at what they call mirth in such pieces as these, and shall endeavour to satisfy them." *Prose Works*, vol. xvii. p. 122.—E.

There may be such in poor cottages, in so neighbouring a county as Cheshire. I should not grudge any expense for purchase or carriage; and should be glad even of a couple such for my cloister here. When you are copying inscriptions in a churchyard in any village, think of me, and step into the first cottage you see — but don't take further trouble than that.

I long to know what your bundle of manuscripts from Cheshire contains.

My bower is determined, but not at all what it is to be. Though I write romances, I cannot tell how to build all that belongs to them. Madame Danois, in the Fairy Tales, used to *tapestry* them with *jonquils*; but as that furniture will not last above a fortnight in the year, I shall prefer something more huckaback. I have decided that the outside shall be of *treillage*, which, however, I shall not commence, till I have again seen some of old Louis's old-fashioned *Galanteries* at Versailles. Rosamond's bower, you, and I, and Tom Hearne know, was a labyrinth:¹ but as my territory will admit of a very short clew, I lay aside all thoughts of a mazy habitation: though a bower is very different from an arbour, and must have more chambers than one. In short, I both know, and don't know, what it should be. I am almost afraid I must go and read Spenser, and wade through his allegories, and drawling stanzas, to get at a picture. But, good night! you see how one gossips, when one is alone, and at quiet on one's own dunghill!—Well! it may be trifling; yet it is such trifling as Ambition never is happy enough to know! Ambition orders palaces, but it is Content that chats for a page or two over a bower.

Yours ever.

¹ The Bower of Rosamond is said, or rather fabled, to have been a retreat built at Woodstock by Henry II. for the safe residence of his mistress, Rosamond Clifford; the approaches of which were so intricate, that it could not be entered without the guidance of a thread, which the King always kept in his own possession. His Queen, Eleanor, having, however, gained possession of the thread, obtained access to, and speedily destroyed her fair rival.—E.

TO MONSIEUR ELIE DE BEAUMONT.¹

Strawberry Hill, March 18, 1765.

SIR,

WHEN I had the honour of seeing you here, I believe I told you that I had written a novel, in which I was flattered to find that I had touched an effusion of the heart in a manner similar to a passage in the charming letters of the Marquis de Roselle.² I have since that time published my little story, but was so diffident of its merit, that I gave it as a translation from the Italian. Still I should not have ventured to offer it to so great a mistress of the passions as Madame de Beaumont, if the approbation of London, that is, of a country to which she and you, Sir, are so good as to be partial, had not encouraged me to send it to you. After I have talked of the passions, and the natural effusions of the heart, how will you be surprised to find a narrative of the most improbable and absurd adventures! How will you be amazed to hear that a country of whose good sense you have an opinion should have applauded so wild a tale! But you must remember, Sir, that whatever good sense we have, we are not yet in any light chained down to precepts and inviolable laws. All that Aristotle or his superior commentators, your authors, have taught us, has not yet subdued us to regularity: we still prefer the extravagant beauties of Shakspeare and Milton to the cold and well-disciplined merit of Addison, and even to the sober and correct march of Pope. Nay, it was but t'other day that we were transported to hear Churchill rave in numbers less chastised than Dryden's, but still in numbers like

¹ M. Elie de Beaumont was admitted an advocate at the French bar in 1762. The weakness of his voice militated against his success as a pleader, but the beauty and eloquence with which he drew up his *Mémoires*, and especially the one in favour of the unfortunate Calas family, gained him great reputation. He was born in 1732, and died in 1786.—E.

² A French epistolary novel written by Madame Elie de Beaumont. She also wrote the third part of "*Anecdotes de la Cour et du Règne de Edouard II.*" She was born at Caen in 1729, and died in 1783.—E.

Dryden's.¹ You will not, I hope, think I apply these mighty names to my own case with any vanity, when it is only their enormities that I quote, and that in defence, not of myself, but of my countrymen, who have had good-humour enough to approve the visionary scenes and actors in the Castle of Otranto.

To tell you the truth, it was not so much my intention to recall the exploded marvels of ancient romance, as to blend the wonderful of old stories with the natural of modern novels. The world is apt to wear out any plan whatever; and if the Marquis de Roselle had not appeared, I should have been inclined to say, that that species *had* been exhausted. Madame de Beaumont must forgive me if I add, that Richardson had, to me at least, made that kind of writing insupportable. I thought the *nodus* was become *dignus vindice*, and that a god, at least a ghost, was absolutely necessary to frighten us out of too much senses. When I had so wicked a design, no wonder if the execution was answerable. If I make you laugh, for I cannot flatter myself that I shall make you cry, I shall be content; at least I shall be satisfied, till I have the pleasure of seeing you, with putting you in mind of, Sir, your, &c.

P. S. The passage I alluded to in the beginning of my letter is where Matilda owns her passion to Hippolita. I mention it, as I fear so unequal a similitude would not strike Madame de Beaumont.

TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, March 26, 1765.

THREE weeks are a great while, my dear lord, for me to have been without writing to you; but besides that I have passed many days at Strawberry, to cure my cold (which

¹ "Churchill," observes Mr. Campbell, in his *Specimens of the British Poets*, "may be ranked as a satirist immediately after Pope and Dryden, with perhaps a greater share of humour than either. He has the bitterness of Pope, with less wit to atone for it; but no mean share of the free manner and energetic plainness of Dryden." Vol. vi. p. 5.—E.

it has done), there has nothing happened worth sending across the sea. Politics have dozed, and common events been fast asleep. Of Guerchy's affair,¹ you probably know more than I do; it is now forgotten. I told him I had absolute proof of his innocence, for I was sure, that if he had offered money for assassination, the men who swear against him would have taken it.

The King has been very seriously ill, and in great danger. I would not alarm you, as there were hopes when he was at the worst. I doubt he is not free yet from his complaint, as the humour fallen on his breast still oppresses him. They talk of his having a levee next week, but he has not appeared in public, and the bills are passed by commission; but he rides out. The Royal Family have suffered like us mortals; the Duke of Gloucester has had a fever, but I believe his chief complaint is of a youthful kind. Prince Frederick is thought to be in a deep consumption; and for the Duke of Cumberland, next post will probably certify you of his death, as he is relapsed, and there are no hopes of him. He fell into his lethargy again, and when they waked him, he said he did not know whether he could call himself obliged to them.

I dined two days ago at Monsieur de Guerchy's, with the Count de Caraman,² who brought me your letter. He seems a very agreeable man, and you may be sure, for your sake, and Madame de Mirepoix's, no civilities in my power shall be wanting. I have not yet seen Schouvaloff,³ about whom one has more curiosity—it is an opportunity of gratifying that passion which one can so seldom do in personages of his historic nature, especially remote foreigners. I wish M.

¹ This alludes, it is presumed, to a bill of indictment which was found in the beginning of March, at the sessions at Hicks's Hall, against the Count de Guerchy, for the absurd charge of a conspiracy to murder D'Eon.—C.

² Probably François Joseph, Count de Caraman, who married a Princess de Chimay, heiress of the house of Henin, niece of Madame de Mirepoix.—C.

³ He had been *favourite* to the Empress Catherine; and, as Mr. Walpole elsewhere says, “a favourite without an enemy.”—C.

de Caraman had brought the "Siege of Calais,"¹ which he tells me is printed, though your account has a little abated my impatience. They tell us the French comedians are to act at Calais this summer—is it possible they can be so absurd, or think us so absurd as to go thither, if we would not go further? I remember, at Rheims, they believed that English ladies went to Calais to drink champagne—is this the suite of that belief? I was mightily pleased with the Duc de Choiseul's answer to the Clairon;² but when I hear of the French admiration of Garrick, it takes off something of my wonder at the prodigious adoration of him at home. I never could conceive the marvellous merit of repeating the works of others in one's own language with propriety, however well delivered. Shakspeare is not more admired for writing his plays, than Garrick for acting them. I think him a very good and very various player—but several have

¹ A tragedy by M. du Belloy, which, with little other merit than its anti-Anglicism, (which, in all times, has passed in France for patriotism,) "*faisait fureur*" at this time.—C.

² Mademoiselle Clairon was at this moment in such vogue on the French stage, that her admirers struck a medal in honour of her, and wore it as a kind of order. A critic of the name of Fréron, however, did not partake these sentiments, and drew, in his journal, an injurious character of Mademoiselle Clairon. This insult so outraged the tragedy-queen, that she and her admirers moved heaven and earth to have Fréron sent to the Bastille, and, failing in her solicitation to the inferior departments, she at last had recourse to the prime-minister, the Duke of Choiseul, himself. His answer, which Lord Hertford, no doubt, had communicated to Mr. Walpole, was admired for its polite *persiflage* of her theatric Majesty. "I am," said the Duke, "like yourself, Mademoiselle, a public performer, with this difference in your favour, that you choose what parts you please, and are sure to be crowned with the applause of the public (for I reckon as nothing the bad taste of one or two wretched individuals who have the misfortune of not adoring you). I, on the other hand, am obliged to act the parts imposed on me by necessity. I am sure to please nobody; I am satirized, criticised, libelled, hissed,—and yet I continue to do my best. Let us both, then, sacrifice our little resentments and enmities to the public service, and serve our country each in our own station. Besides," he added, "the *Queen* has condescended to forgive Fréron, and you may, therefore, without *compromising your dignity*, imitate her Majesty's clemency." *Mémoires de Bachaumont*, t. i. p. 61. Such were the miserable intrigues and squabbles, and such the examples of ministerial pleasantry and prudence which occupied and amused the Parisian public!—this is but a straw to show which way the wind blew; but such instances moderate our surprise and our sorrow at the storm which followed.—C.

pleased me more, though I allow not in so many parts. Quin in Falstaff, was as excellent as Garrick in Lear. Old Johnson far more natural in everything he attempted. Mrs. Porter and your Dumesnil surpassed him in passionate tragedy; Cibber and O'Brien were what Garrick could never reach, coxcombs, and men of fashion.¹ Mrs. Clive is at least as perfect in low comedy—and yet to me, Ranger was the part that suited Garrick the best of all he ever performed. He was a poor Lothario, a ridiculous Othello, inferior to Quin² in Sir John Brute and Macbeth, and to Cibber in Bayes, and a woful Lord Hastings and Lord Townley. Indeed, his Bayes was original, but not the true part: Cibber was the burlesque of a great poet, as the part was designed, but Garrick made it a Garretteer. The town did not like him in Hotspur, and yet I don't know whether he did not succeed in it beyond all the rest. Sir Charles Williams and Lord Holland thought so too, and they were no bad judges. I am impatient to see the Clairon, and certainly will, as I have promised, though I have not fixed my day. But do you know you alarm me! There was a time when I was a match for Madame de Mirepoix at pharaoh, to any hour of the night, and I believe did play with her five nights in a week till three and four in the morning—but till eleven o'clock to-morrow morning—Oh! that is a little too much even at loo. Besides, I shall not go to Paris for pharaoh—if I play all night, how shall I see everything all day?

Lady Sophia Thomas has received the Baume de vie, for which she gives you a thousand thanks, and I ten thousand.

We are extremely amused with the wonderful histories of

¹ There was some little personal pique in Mr. Walpole's opinion of Garrick; yet it would be difficult to imagine a more forcible eulogium on that great actor than is here inadvertently pronounced, when, in order to find an *equivalent* for him, Mr. Walpole is obliged to bring together old Johnson and Colley Cibber, Quin and Clive, Porter and Dumesnil—two nations, two generations, and both sexes.—C.

² “In Brute he shone unequal'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.” Rosciad.—E.

your hyena¹ in the Gevaudan; but our fox-hunters despise you: it is exactly the enchanted monster of old romances. If I had known its history a few months ago, I believe it would have appeared in the Castle of Otranto,—the success of which has, at last, brought me to own it, though the wildness of it made me terribly afraid; but it was comfortable to have it please so much, before any mortal suspected the author: indeed, it met with too much honour far, for at least it was universally believed to be Mr. Gray's. As all the first impression is sold, I am hurrying out another, with a new preface, which I will send you.

There is not so much delicacy of wit as in M. de Choiseul's speech to the *Clairon*, but I think the story I am going to tell you in return, will divert you as much: there was a vast assembly at Marlborough-house, and a throng in the doorway. My Lady Talbot said, "Bless me! I think this is like the *Straits* of Thermopylæ!" my Lady Northumberland replied, "I don't know what *Street* that is, but I wish I could get my —— through." I hope you admire the contrast. Adieu! my dear lord!

Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, April 5, 1765.

I SENT you two letters t'other day from your kin, and might as well have written then as now, for I have nothing to tell you. Mr. Chute has quitted his bed to-day the first time for above five weeks, but is still swathed like a mummy. He was near relapsing; for old Mildmay, whose lungs, and memory, and tongue, will never wear out, talked to him t'other night from eight till half an hour after ten, on the Poor-bill; but he has been more comfortable with Lord Dacre and me this evening.

¹ A wolf of enormous size, and, in some respects, irregular conformation, which for a long time ravaged the Gevaudan; it was, soon after the date of this letter, killed, and Mr. Walpole saw it in Paris.—C.

I have read the Siege of Calais, and dislike it extremely, though there are fine lines, but the conduct is woful. The outrageous applause it has received at Paris was certainly political, and intended to stir up their spirit and animosity against us, their good, merciful, and forgiving allies. They will have no occasion for this ardour; they may smite one cheek, and we shall turn t'other.

Though I have little to say, it is worth while to write, only to tell you two bon-mots of Quin, to that turn-coat hypocrite infidel, Bishop Warburton. That saucy priest was haranguing at Bath in behalf of prerogative: Quin said, "Pray, my lord, spare me, you are not acquainted with my principles, I am a republican; and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles the First might be justified."—"Ay!" said Warburton, "by what law?" Quin replied, "By all the laws he had left them." The Bishop¹ would have got off upon judgments, and bade the player remember, that all the regicides came to violent ends; a lie, but no matter. "I would not advise your lordship," said Quin, "to make use of that inference; for, if I am not mistaken, that was the case of the twelve apostles." There was great wit *ad hominem* in the latter reply, but I think the former equal to anything I ever heard. It is the sum of the whole controversy couched in eight monosyllables, and comprehends at once the King's guilt and the justice of punishing it. The more one examines it, the finer it proves. One can say nothing after it: so good night!

Yours ever.

¹ Gray, in a letter of the 29th, relates the following anecdote:—"Now I am talking of bishops, I must tell you that, not long ago, Bishop Warburton, in a sermon at court, asserted that all preferments were bestowed on the most illiterate and worthless objects; and, in speaking, turned himself about and stared at the Bishop of London: he added, that if any one arose distinguished for merit and learning, there was a combination of dunces to keep him down. I need not tell you that he expected the bishopric of London himself when Terrick got it: so ends my ecclesiastical history." Works, vol. iv. p. 49.—E.

TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Easter Sunday, April 7, 1765.

YOUR first wish will be to know how the King does: he came to Richmond last Monday for a week; but appeared suddenly and unexpected at his levée at St. James's last Wednesday; this was managed to prevent a crowd. Next day he was at the drawing-room, and at chapel on Good Friday. They say, he looks pale; but it is the fashion to call him very well:—I wish it may be true.¹ The Duke of Cumberland is actually set out for Newmarket to-day: he too is called much better; but it is often as true of the health of princes as of their prisons, that there is little distance between each and their graves.² There has been a fire at Gunnersbury, which burned four rooms: her servants announced it to Princess Amalie with that wise precaution of "Madam, don't be frightened!" accordingly, she was terrified. When they told her the truth, she said, "I am very glad; I had concluded my brother was dead."—So much for royalties!

Lord March and George Selwyn are arrived, after being windbound for nine days, at Calais. George is so charmed with my Lady Hertford, that I believe it was she detained him at Paris, not Lord March. I am full as much transported with Schouvaloff; I never saw so amiable a man! so much good breeding, humility, and modesty, with sense and dignity! an air of melancholy, without anything abject. Monsieur de Caraman is agreeable too, informed and intelligent; he supped at your brother's t'other night, after being at Mrs. Anne Pitt's. As the first curiosity of foreigners is to see Mr. Pitt, and as that curiosity is one of the most difficult points in the world to satisfy, he asked me if Mr.

¹ "In April 1765," says the Quarterly Review for June 1840, "his Majesty had a serious illness: its particular character was then unknown, but we have the *best authority* for believing that it was of the nature of those which thrice after afflicted his Majesty, and finally incapacitated him for the duties of government."—E.

² The French express this thought very dramatically; "Monseigneur est malade — Monseigneur est mieux — Monseigneur est mort!"—C.

Pitt was like his sister? I told him, "Qu'ils se ressembloient comme deux gouttes de *feu*."¹

The Parliament is adjourned till after the holidays, and the trial.² There have been two very long days in our own House, on a complaint from Newfoundland merchants on French encroachments. The ministry made a woful piece of work of it the first day, and we the second. Your brother, Sir George Savile, and Barré shone; but on the second night, they popped a sudden division upon us about nothing; some went out, and some stayed in; they were 161, we but 44, and then they flung pillows upon the question, and stifled it,—and *so* the French have *not* encroached.

There has been more serious work in the Lords, upon much less important matter; a bill for regulating the poor,—(don't ask me how, for you know I am a perfect goose about details of business,) formed by one Gilbert,³ a member, and steward to the Duke of Bridgewater, or Lord Gower, or both,—had passed pacifically through the Commons, but Lord Egmont set fire to it in the Lords. On the second reading, he opposed it again, and made a most admired speech; however it passed on. But again, last Tuesday, when it was to be in the committee, such forces were mustered against the bill, that behold all the world regarded it as a pitched battle between Lord Bute and Lord Holland on one side, and the Bedfords and Grenville on the other. You may guess if it grew a day of expectation. When it arrived, Lord Bute was not present, Lord Northumberland voted *for* the bill, and Lord Holland went away. Still politicians do not give up the mystery. Lord Denbigh and Lord Pomfret, especially the latter, were the most personal against his Grace of Bedford. He and his friends, they say, (for I was not there, as you will find presently,) kept their temper well. At ten at night the House divided, and, to be sure, the minority was dignified; it consisted of the Dukes of York and Gloucester, the Chancellor, Chief Justice, Lord President, Privy Seal,

¹ See vol. iv. p. 383.—E.

² Of Lord Byron.

³ Thomas Gilbert, Esq. at this time member for Newcastle-under-Line, and comptroller of the King's wardrobe.—E.

Lord Chamberlain, Chamberlain to the Queen, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and a Secretary of State. Lord Halifax, the other Secretary, was ill. The numbers were 44 to 58. Lord Pomfret then moved to put off the bill for four months; but the cabinet rallied, and rejected the motion by a majority of one. So it is to come on again after the holidays. The Duke of Newcastle, Lord Temple, and the opposition, had once more the pleasure, which, I believe, they don't dislike, of being in a majority.

Now, for my disaster; you will laugh at it, though it was woful to me. I was to dine at Northumberland-house, and went a little after hour: there I found the Countess, Lady Betty Mekinsy, Lady Strafford; my Lady Finlater,¹ who was never out of Scotland before; a tall lad of fifteen, her son; Lord Drogheda, and Mr. Worseley.² At five,³ arrived Mr. Mitchell,⁴ who said the Lords had begun to read the Poor-bill, which would take at least two hours, and perhaps would debate it afterwards. We concluded dinner would be called for, it not being very precedented for ladies to wait for gentlemen:—no such thing. Six o'clock came,—seven o'clock came,—our coaches came,—well! we sent them away, and excuses were we were engaged. Still the Countess's heart did not relent, nor uttered a syllable of apology. We wore out the wind and the weather, the opera and the play, Mrs. Cornelys's and Almack's, and every topic that would do in a formal circle. We hinted, represented—in vain. The clock struck eight: my lady, at last, said, she would go and order dinner; but it was a good half-hour before it appeared. We then sat down to a table for fourteen covers; but instead of substantials, there was nothing but a profusion of plates striped red, green, and yellow, gilt plate, blacks and uniforms!

¹ Lady Mary Murray, daughter of John first Duke of Athol, and wife of James sixth Earl of Finlater: her son, afterwards seventh Earl, was born in 1750.—E.

² Probably Thomas Worseley, Esq. member for Oxford, and surveyor-general of the board of works.—C.

³ This was probably the hour of extreme fashion at this time.—C.

⁴ Afterwards Sir Andrew Mitchell, K. B. He was at this time our minister at Berlin, and also member for the burghs of Elgin, &c.—E.

My Lady Finlater, who had never seen these embroidered dinners, nor dined after three, was famished. The first course stayed as long as possible, in hopes of the lords: so did the second. The dessert at last arrived, and the middle dish was actually set on when Lord Finlater and Mr. Mackay¹ arrived!—would you believe it?—the dessert was remanded, and the whole first course brought back again!—Stay, I have not done:—just as this second first course had done its duty, Lord Northumberland, Lord Strafford, and Mekinsy came in, and the whole began a third time! Then the second course, and the dessert! I thought we should have dropped from our chairs with fatigue and fumes! When the clock struck eleven, we were asked to return to the drawing-room, and drink tea and coffee, but I said I was engaged to supper, and came home to bed. My dear lord, think of four hours and a half in a circle of mixed company, and three great dinners, one after another, without interruption;—no, it exceeded our day at Lord Archer's! Mrs. Armiger,² and Mrs. Southwell,³ Lady Gower's⁴ niece, are dead, and old Dr. Young, the poet.⁵ Good night!

TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, April 18, 1765.

LADY HOLLAND carries this, which enables me to write a little more explicitly than I have been able to do lately. The

¹ Probably J. Ross Mackie, member for Kirkcudbright, treasurer of the ordnance.—C.

² The lady of Major-General Robert Armiger, who had been aide-de-camp to George II.—E.

³ Catherine, heiress of Edward Watson, Viscount Sondes, by Lady Catherine Tufton, coheiress of the sixth Earl of Thanet, the son of Lady Margaret Sackville, the heiress of the De Cliffords: she was the mother of Edward Southwell, Esq. member for Gloucestershire, who, on the death of his great-aunt, Margaret Tufton, Baroness de Clifford, was confirmed in that barony.—C.

⁴ Mary, another daughter and coheiress of the sixth Earl Thanet, widow of Anthony Grey, Earl of Harold, and third wife of John first Earl Gower.—C.

⁵ Dr. Young died on the 5th of April, in his eighty-fourth year.—E.

King has been in the utmost danger; the humour in his face having fallen upon his breast. He now appears constantly; yet, I fear, his life is very precarious, and that there is even apprehension of a consumption. After many difficulties from different quarters, a Regency-bill is determined; the King named it first to the ministers, who said, they intended to mention it to him as soon as he was well: yet they are not thought to be fond of it. The King is to come to the House on Tuesday, and recommend the provision to the Parliament.¹ Yet, if what is whispered proves true, that the nomination of the Regent is to be reserved to the King's will, it is likely to cause great uneasiness. If the ministers propose such a clause, it is strong evidence of their own instability, and, I should think, would not save them, at least, some of them. The world expects changes soon, though not a thorough alteration; yet, if any takes place shortly, I should think it would be a material one than not. The enmity between Lord Bute and Mr. Grenville is not denied on either side. There is a notion, and I am inclined to think not ill founded, that the former and Mr. Pitt are treating. It is certain that the last has expressed wishes that the opposition may lie still for the remainder of the session. This, at least, puts an end to the question on your brother,² of which I am glad, for the present. The common town-talk is, that Lord Northumberland does not care to return to Ireland,—that you are to succeed him there, Lord Rochford you, and that Sandwich is to go to Spain. My belief is, that there will be no change, except, perhaps, a single one for Lord Northumberland, unless there are capital removals indeed.

The Chancellor, Grenville, the Bedfords, and the two Se-

¹ In a letter to his son, of the 22nd of April, Lord Chesterfield says:—*“Apropos of a minority: the King is to come to the House to-morrow, to recommend a bill to settle a regency, in case of his demise while his successor is a minor. Upon his late illness, which was no trifling one, the whole nation cried out aloud for such a bill, for reasons which will readily occur to you, who know situations, persons, and characters here. I do not know the provisions of this intended bill; but I wish it may be copied exactly from that which was passed in the late King's reign, when the present King was a minor. I am sure there cannot be a better.”*
—E.

² As to his dismissal.—C.

cretaries, are one body; at least, they pass for such: yet it is very lately, if one of them has dropped his prudent management with Lord Bute. There seems an unwillingness to discard the Bedfords, though their graces themselves keep little terms of civility to Lord Bute, none to the Princess (Dowager). Lord Gower is a better courtier, and Rigby would do anything to save his place.

This is the present state, which every day may alter: even to-morrow is a day of expectation, as the last struggle of the Poor-bill. If the Bedfords carry it, either by force or sufferance, (though Lord Bute has constantly denied being the author of the opposition to it,) I shall less expect any great change soon. In those less important, I shall not wonder to find the Duke of Richmond come upon the scene, perhaps for Ireland, though he is not talked of.

Your brother is out of town, not troubling himself, though the time seems so critical. I am not so philosophic; as I almost wish for anything that may put an end to my being concerned in the *mêlée*—for any end to a most gloomy prospect for the country: alas! I see it not.

Lord Byron's trial lasted two days, and he was acquitted totally by four Lords, Beaulieu, Falmouth, Despenser,¹ and Orford,² and found guilty of manslaughter by one hundred and twenty. The Dukes of York and Gloucester were present in their places. The prisoner behaved with great decorum, and seemed thoroughly shocked and mortified. Indeed, the bitterness of the world against him has been great, and the stories they have revived or invented to load him, very grievous. The Chancellor behaved with his usual, or, rather greater vulgarness and blunders. Lord Pomfret³ kept away decently, from the similitude of his own story.

¹ Sir Francis Dashwood, lately confirmed in this barony, as the heir of the Fauces, by his mother. He had been chancellor of the exchequer in Lord Bute's administration.—E.

² George, third Earl of Orford, Mr. Walpole's nephew; on whose death, in 1791, he succeeded to the title.—E.

³ George, second Earl of Pomfret, while Lord Lempster, had the misfortune to kill Captain Grey of the Guards in a duel: he was tried at the Old Bailey in April 1752, and found guilty of manslaughter only. See vol. ii. p. 416.—E.

I have been to wait on Messrs. Choiseul¹ and De Lauragais,² as you desired, but have not seen them yet. The former is lodged with my Lord Pembroke, and the Guerchys are in terrible apprehensions of his exhibiting some scene.

The Duke of Cumberland bore the journey to Newmarket extremely well, but has been lethargic since; yet they have found out that Daffy's Elixir agrees with, and does him good. Prince Frederick is very bad. There is no private news at all. As I shall not deliver this till the day after to-morrow, I shall be able to give you an account of the fate of the Poor-bill.

The medals that came for me from Geneva, I forgot to mention to you, and to beg you to be troubled with them till I see you. I had desired Lord Stanhope³ to send them; and will beg you too, if any bill is sent, to pay it for me, and I will repay it you. I say nothing of my journey, which the unsettled state of affairs makes it impossible for me to fix. I long for every reason upon earth to be with you.

April 20th, Saturday.

The Poor-bill is put off till Monday; is then to be amended, and then dropped: a confession of weakness, in a set of people not famous for being moderate! I was assured, last night, that Ireland had been twice offered to you, and that it

¹ The son, it is supposed, of the Duc de Praslin.—C.

² Louis Léon de Brancas, the eldest son of the Duc de Villars Brancas: he was, during his father's life, known as the Comte, and afterwards Duc, de Lauragais, and was a very singular and eccentric person. He was a great *Anglomane*, and was the first introducer into France of horse-races à l'Anglaise; it was to him that Louis XV.—not pleased at his insolent *Anglomanie*—made so excellent a retort. The King had asked him, after one of his journeys, what he had learned in England? Lauragais answered, with a kind of republican dignity, "A' panser" (penser).—"Les chevaux?" inquired the King. On the other hand, he was one of the first promoters of the practice of inoculation. The stories about him, both in England and France, are endless: "He was," says M. de Ségur, who knew him well, "one of the most singular men of the long period in which he lived; he united in his person a combination of great qualities and great faults, the smallest portion of which would have marked any other man with a striking originality." He died in 1823, at the age of ninety-one—his youthful name and follies forgotten in the respectable old age of the Duc de Brancas.—C.

³ Philip, second Earl Stanhope; for a character of whom, by his great-grandson, Lord Mahon, see vol. i. p. 259.—E.

hung on their insisting upon giving you a secretary, either Wood or Bunbury. I replied very truly that I knew nothing of it, that you had never mentioned it to me, and I believed not even to your brother. The answer was, Oh! his particular friends are always the last that know anything about him. Princess Amalie loves this topic, and is for ever teasing us about your mystery. I defend myself by pleading that I have desired you never to tell me anything till it was in the Gazette.

They say there is to be a new alliance in the house of Montagu; that Lord Hinchinbrook¹ is to marry the sole remaining daughter of Lord Halifax; that her fortune is to be divided into three shares, of which each father is to take one, and the third is to be the provision for the victims. I don't think this the most unlikely part of the story. Adieu! my dear lord.

TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.²

Strawberry Hill, April 21, 1765.

SIR,

EXCEPT the mass of Conway papers, on which I have not yet had time to enter seriously, I am sorry I have nothing at present that would answer your purpose. Lately, indeed, I have had little leisure to attend to literary pursuits. I have been much out of order with a violent cold and cough for great part of the winter; and the distractions of this country, which reach even those who mean the least to profit by their country, have not left even me, who hate politics, without some share in them. Yet as what one does not love, cannot engross one entirely, I have amused myself a little with writing. Our friend Lord Finlater will perhaps show you the fruit of that trifling, though I had not the confidence to trouble you with such a strange thing as a miraculous story, of which I fear the greatest merit is the novelty.

¹ Afterwards fifth Earl of Sandwich. The match with Lady Eliza Savile took place on the 1st of March 1766.—E.

² Now first collected.

I have lately perused with much pleasure a collection of old ballads, to which I see, Sir, you have contributed with your usual benevolence. Continue this kindness to the public, and smile as I do, when the pains you take for them are misunderstood or perverted. Authors must content themselves with hoping that two or three intelligent persons in an age will understand the merit of their writings, and those authors are bound in good breeding to suppose that the public in general is enlightened. They who are in the secret know how few of that public they have any reason to wish should read their works. I beg pardon of my masters the public, and am confident, Sir, you will not betray me; but let me beg you not to defraud the few that deserve your information, in compliment to those who are not capable of receiving it. Do as I do about my small house here. Everybody that comes to see it or me, are so good as to wonder that I don't make this or that alteration. I never haggle with them; but always say I intend it. They are satisfied with the attention and themselves, and I remain with the enjoyment of my house as I like it. Adieu! dear Sir.

TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1765.

THE plot thickens; at least, it does not clear up. I don't know how to tell you in the compass of a letter, what is matter for a history, and it is the more difficult, as we are but just in the middle.

During the recess, the King acquainted the ministry that he would have a Bill of Regency, and told them the particulars of his intention. The town gives Lord Holland the honour of the measure;¹ certain it is, the ministry, who are not the court, did not taste some of the items: such as the

¹ It was certainly the result of his Majesty's own good sense, directed to the subject by his late serious indisposition; but the details, and the mismanagement of these details, were, no doubt, the acts of the ministers.—C.

Regent to be in petto, the Princes¹ to be omitted, and four secret nominations to which the Princes *might* be applied. However, thinking it was better to lose their share of future power than their present places, the ministers gave a gulp and swallowed the whole potion; still it lay so heavy at their stomachs, that they brought up part of it again, and obtained the Queen's name to be placed as one that might be Regent. Mankind laughed, and proclaimed their Wisdoms bit. Upon this, their Wisdoms beat up for opponents, and set fire to the old stubble² of the Princess and Lord Bute. Every body took the alarm; and such uneasiness was raised, that after the King had notified the bill to both Houses, a new message was sent, and instead of four secret nominations, the five Princes were named, with power to the crown of supplying their places if they died off.

Last Tuesday the bill was read a second time in the Lords. Lord Lyttelton opposed an unknown Regent, Lord Temple the whole bill, seconded by Lord Shelburne. The first division came on the commitment of the whole bill. The Duke of Newcastle and almost all the opposition were with the majority, for his grace could not decently oppose so great a likeness of his own child, the former bill, and so they were one hundred and twenty. Lord Temple, Lord Shelburne, the Duke of Grafton, and six more, composed the minority; the slenderness of which so enraged Lord Temple, though he had declared himself of no party, and connected with no party, that he and the Duke of Bolton came no more to the House. Next day Lord Lyttelton moved an address to the King, to name the person he would recommend for Regent. In the midst of this debate, the Duke of Richmond started two questions; whether the Queen was naturalized, and if not, whether capable of being Regent: and he added a third much more

¹ The King's uncle and brothers.—E.

² These hints as to the modes by which the extraordinary prejudices and clamours which disturbed the first years of the reign of George III. were excited and maintained at the pleasure of a faction, are very valuable; and the spirit of the times was in nothing more evident than in the intrigues and violence which marked the progress of so simple and necessary a measure as the Regency-bill.—C.

puzzling; who are the Royal Family? Lord Denbigh answered flippantly, all who are prayed for: the Duke of Bedford, more significantly, those *only* who are in the order of succession — *a direct exclusion of the Princess*; for the Queen is named in the bill. The Duke of Richmond moved to consult the judges; Lord Mansfield fought this off, declared he had his opinion, but would not tell it — and stayed away next day! They then proceeded on Lord Lyttelton's motion, which was rejected by eighty-nine to thirty-one; after which, the Duke of Newcastle came no more; and Grafton, Rockingham, and many others, went to Newmarket; for that rage is so strong, that I cease to wonder at the gentleman who was going out to hunt as the battle of Edgehill began.

The third day was a scene of folly and confusion, for when Lord Mansfield is absent,

Lost is the nation's sense, nor can be found.

The Duke of Richmond moved an amendment, that the persons capable of the Regency should be the Queen, the Princess Dowager, and all the descendants of the late King usually resident in England. Lord Halifax endeavoured to jockey this, by a previous amendment of *now* for *usually*. The Duke persisted with great firmness and cleverness; Lord Halifax, with as much peevishness and absurdity; in truth, he made a woful figure. The Duke of Bedford supported t'other Duke against the Secretary, but would not yield to name the Princess, though the Chancellor declared her of the Royal Family.¹ This droll personage is exactly what Woodward would be, if there was such a farce as Trappolin Chancellor. You will want a key to all this, but who has a key to chaos? After puzzling on for two hours how to adjust these motions, while the spectators stood laughing around, Lord

¹ This opinion of the Chancellor's appears to have been considered by Mr. Walpole as very absurd, and he seems inclined to come to the same conclusion which Sterne has treated with such admirable ridicule in the case of the Duchess of Suffolk, viz. that "the mother was not of kin to her own child." See *Tristram Shandy*, part 4. Nothing in the debate of Didius and Triptolemus at the visitation dinner, is more absurd than this grave discussion in the House of Lords, whether the King's mother is one of the Royal Family.—C.

Folkestone rose, and said, why not say *now and usually*? They adopted this amendment at once, and then rejected the Duke of Richmond's motion, but ordered the judges to attend next day on the questions of naturalization.

Now comes the marvellous transaction, and I defy Mr. Hume, all historian as he is, to parallel it. The judges had decided for the Queen's capability, when Lord Halifax rose, by the King's permission, desired to have the bill recommitted, and then moved the Duke of Richmond's own words, with the single omission of the Princess Dowager's name, and thus she alone is rendered incapable of the Regency — and stigmatized by act of parliament! The astonishment of the world is not to be described. Lord Bute's friends are thunder-struck. The Duke of Bedford almost danced about the House for joy. Comments there are, various; and some palliate it, by saying it was done at the Princess's desire; but the most inquisitive say, the King was taken by surprise, that Lord Halifax proposed the amendment to him, and hurried with it to the House of Lords, before it could be recalled; and they even surmise that he did not observe to the King the omission of his mother's name. Be that as it may, open war seems to be declared between the court and the administration, and men are gazing to see which side will be victorious.

To-morrow the bill comes to us, and Mr. Pitt, too, violent against the whole bill, unless this wonderful event has altered his tone. For my part I shall not be surprised, if he affects to be in astonishment at missing "a great and most respectable man!"¹ This is the sum total — but what a sum total! It is the worst of North Britons published by act of parliament!

I took the liberty, in my last, of telling you what I heard about your going to Ireland. It was from one you know very well, and one I thought well informed, or I should not have

¹ This was Mr. Pitt's expression on not finding Lord Anson's name in the list of the ministry formed in 1757. Mr. Walpole disliked Lord Anson, and on more than one occasion amuses himself with allusions to this phrase.—C.

mentioned it. Positive as the information was, I find nothing to confirm it. On the contrary, Lord Harcourt¹ seems the most probable, if anything is probable at this strange juncture. You will scarce believe me when I tell you, what I know is true, that the Bedfords pressed strongly for Lord Weymouth — Yes, for Lord Weymouth. Is anything extraordinary in them?

Will it be presuming too much upon your friendship and indulgence, if I hint another point to you, which, I own, seems to me right to mention to you? You know how eagerly the ministry have laboured to deprive Mr. Thomas Walpole of the French commerce of tobacco. His correspondent sends him word, that you was so persuaded it was taken away, that you had recommended another person. You know enough, my dear lord, of the little connexion I have with that part of my family,² though we do visit again; and therefore will, I hope, be convinced, that it is for your sake that I principally mention it. If Mr. Walpole loses this vast branch of trade, he and Sir Joshua Vanneck must shut up shop. Judge the noise that would make in the city! Mr. Walpole's³ alliance with the Cavendishes (for I will say nothing of our family) would interest them deeply in his cause, and I think you would be sorry to have them think you instrumental to his ruin. Your brother knows of my writing to you and giving you this information, and we are both solicitous that your name should not appear in this transaction. This letter goes to you by a private hand, or I would not have spoken so plainly throughout. Whenever you please to recal your positive order, that I should always tell you whatever I hear that relates to you, I shall willingly forbear, for I am sensible this is not the most agreeable province of friendship; yet, as it is certainly due when demanded, I don't consider myself, but

¹ Simon, first Earl of Harcourt: he was, in 1768, ambassador to Paris, and in 1769, lord-lieutenant of Ireland.—C.

² This coolness between Mr. Walpole and his uncle should be remembered, when we read that portion of the *Memoires* which relates to Lord Walpole.—C.

³ Mr. Thomas Walpole's elder brother (second Lord Walpole, and first Lord Orford of his branch) married the youngest daughter of the third Duke of Devonshire.—C.

sacrifice the more agreeable task of pleasing you, to that of serving you, that I may show myself

Yours most sincerely, H. W.

TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Sunday, May 12, 1765.

THE clouds and mists that I raised by my last letter will not be dispersed by this; nor will the Bill of Regency, as long as it has a day's breath left (and it has but one to come), cease, I suppose, to produce extraordinary events. For agreeable events, it has not produced one to any set or side, except in gratifying malice; every other passion has received, or probably will receive, a box on the ear.

In my last I left the Princess Dowager in the mire. The next incident was of a negative kind. Mr. Pitt, who, if he had been wise, would have come to help her out, chose to wait to see if she was to be left there, and gave himself a terrible fit of the gout. As nobody was ready *to read his part to the audience*, (though, I assure you, we do not want a genius or two who think themselves born to dictate,) the first day in our House did not last two minutes. The next, which was Tuesday, we rallied our understandings (mine, indeed, did not go beyond being quiet, when the administration had done for us what we could not do for ourselves), and combated the bill till nine at night. Barré, who will very soon be our first orator, especially as some¹ are a little *afraid* to dispute with him, attacked it admirably, and your brother ridiculed the House of Lords delightfully, who, he said, *had deliberated without concluding, and concluded without deliberating*. However, we broke up without a division.

Can you devise what happened next? A buzz spread itself, that the Tories would move to reinstate the Princess. You will perhaps be so absurd as to think with me, that

¹ It seems, from the next letter, that this alludes to Charles Townsend.—C.

when the administration had excluded her, it was our business to pay her a compliment. Alas! that was my opinion, but I was soon given to understand, that patriots must be men of virtue, must be pharisees, and not countenance naughty women; and that when the Duchess of Bedford had thrown the first stone, we had nothing to do but continue pelting. Unluckily I was not convinced; I could neither see the morality nor prudence of branding the King's mother upon no other authority than public fame: yet, willing to get something when I could not get all, I endeavoured to obtain that we should stay away. Even this was warmly contested with me, and, though I persuaded several, particularly the two oldest Cavendishes,¹ the Townshends,² and your nephew Fitzroy,³ whom I trust you will thank me for saving, I could not convince Lord John, [Cavendish,] who, I am sorry to say, is the most obstinate, conceited young man I ever saw; George Onslow, and that old simpleton the Duke of Newcastle, who had the impudence to talk to me of *character*, and that we should be ruined with the public, if we did not divide against the Princess. You will be impatient, and wonder I do not name your brother. You know how much he respects virtue and honour, even in their names; Lord John, who, I really believe, respects them too, has got cunning enough to see their empire over your brother, and had fascinated him to agree to this outrageous, provoking, and most unjustifiable of all acts. Still Mr. Conway was so good as to yield to my earnest and vehement entreaties, and it was at last agreed to propose the name of the Queen; and when we did not carry it, as we did not expect to do, to retire before the question came on the Princess. But even this measure was not strictly observed. We divided 67 for the nomination of the Queen, against 157. Then Morton⁴

¹ Lord George, and Lord Frederick.—E.

² Probably Messrs. Thomas Townshend, senior and junior, and Charles Townshend, a cousin of the great Charles Townshend's, who sat with Sir Edward Walpole for North Yarmouth.—C.

³ Colonel Charles Fitzroy, afterwards Lord Southampton.—E.

⁴ John Morton, Esq. member for Abingdon, and chief-justice of Chester.—E.

moved to reinstate the Princess. Martin, her treasurer, made a most indiscreet and offensive speech in her behalf; said she had been stigmatized by the House of Lords, and had lived long enough in this country to know the hearts and falsehood of those who had professed the most to her. Grenville vows publicly he will never forgive this, and was not more discreet, declaring, though he agreed to the restoration of her name, that he thought the omission would have been universally *acceptable*. George Onslow and all the Cavendishes, gained over by Lord John, and the most attached of the Newcastle band, opposed the motion; but your brother, Sir William Meredith, and I, and others, came away, which reduced the numbers so much, that there was no division.¹ But now to unfold all this black scene;² it comes out as I had guessed, and very plainly told them, that the Bedfords had stirred up our fools to do what they did not dare to do themselves. Old Newcastle had even told me, that unless we opposed the Princess, the Duke of Bedford would not. It was sedulously given out, that Forrester,³ the

¹ The following is Lord Temple's account of this debate, in a letter of the 10th, to his sister, Lady Chatham:—"Inability and meanness are the characteristics of this whole proceeding. I shall pass over the very uninteresting parts of this matter, and relate only the phenomenon of Morton's motion yesterday, seconded by Kynaston, without a speech, and thirded by the illustrious Sam Martin. The speech of the first was dull, and of the latter, very injudicious; saying that the House of Lords had passed a stigma on the Princess of Wales; disclaiming all knowledge of her wishes, but concluding with a strong affirmative. George Onslow opposed the motion, with very bad reasons; Lord Palmerston, with much better. George Grenville seemed to convey, that the alteration made in the Lords was not without the King's knowledge; but that, to be sure, in his opinion, such a testimony of zeal and affection which now manifested itself in the House of Commons in favour of his royal mother, could not but prove agreeable to his Majesty, and that therefore he should concur in it. The Cocoa-tree have thus capacitated her Royal Highness to be regent: it is well they have not given us a king, if they have not; for many think Lord Bute is king. No division: many noes." Chatham Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 309.—E.

² It was, indeed, a black and scandalous intrigue, by which the character of the Sovereign's mother, and the peace and comfort of the Royal Family, were thus made the counters with which contending factions played their game; and if we may believe Mr. Walpole himself, the motives which actuated those who attacked, and those who seemed to defend the Princess Dowager, were equally selfish and unworthy.—C.

³ Probably Brook Forrester, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, member for Great Wenlock, a barrister-at-law. See vol. iv. p. 362.—C.

latter duke's lawyer, would speak against her; and after the question had passed, he told our people, that we had given up the game when it was in our hands, for there had been many more noes than ayes. It was very true, many did not wish well enough to the Princess to roar for her; and many will say *no* when the question is put, who will vote *ay* if it comes to a division, and of this I do not doubt but the Bedfords had taken care—well! duped by these gross arts, the Cavendishes and Pelhams determined to divide the next day on the report. I did not learn this mad resolution till four o'clock, when it was too late, and your brother in the House, and the report actually made; so I turned back and came away, learning afterwards, to my great mortification, that he had voted with them. If anything could comfort me, it would be, that even so early as last night, and only this happened on Friday night, it was generally allowed how much I had been in the right, and foretold exactly all that had happened. They had vaunted to me how strong they should be. I had replied, “When you were but 76 on the most inoffensive question, do you think you will be half that number on the most personal and indecent that can be devised?” Accordingly, they were but 37 to 167; and to show how much the Bedfords were at the bottom of all, Rigby, Forrester, and Lord Charles Spencer, went up into the Speaker's chamber, and would not vote for the Princess! At first I was not quite so well treated. Sir William Meredith, who, by the way, voted in the second question against his opinion, told me Onslow had said that he, Sir William, your brother, and Lord Townshend, had stayed away from conscience, but all the others from interest. I replied, “Then I am included in the latter predicament:¹ but you may tell Mr. Onslow that

¹ It certainly does seem, from the foregoing account of his own motives, that conscience had little to do with Mr. Walpole's conduct on this affair: as to his pledge, that Mr. Onslow would take a place before him, we must observe, that it is not quite so generous as it may seem; for Mr. Walpole was already, by the provident care of his father, supplied with three sinecure places, and two rent-charges on two others, producing him altogether about 6300*l.* per annum. See Quarterly Review, vol. xxvii. p. 198.—C.

he will take a place before I shall, and that I had rather be suspected of being mercenary, than stand up in my place and call God to witness that I meant nothing personal, when I was doing the most personal thing in the world.”—I beg your pardon, my dear lord, for talking so much about myself, but the detail was necessary and important to you; who I wish should see that I can act with a little common sense, and will not be governed by all the frenzy of party.

The rest of the bill was contested inch by inch, and by division on division, till eleven at night, after our wise leaders had whittled down the minority to twenty-four.¹ Charles Townshend, they say, surpassed all he had ever done, in a wrangle with Onslow, and was so lucky as to have Barré absent, who has long lain in wait for him. When they told me how well Charles had spoken *on himself*, I replied, “That is conformable to what I always thought of his parts, that he speaks best on what he understands the least.”

We have done with the bill, and to-morrow our correction goes to the Lords. It will be a day of wonderful expectation, to see in what manner they will swallow their vomit. The Duke of Bedford, it is conjectured, will stay away:—but what will that scape-goose, Lord Halifax, do, who is already convicted of having told the King a most notorious lie, that if the Princess was not given up by the Lords, she would be unanimously excluded by the Commons? The Duke of Bedford, who had broke the ground, is little less blameable; but Sandwich, who was present, has, with his usual address, contrived not to be talked of, since the first hour.

When the bill shall be passed, the eyes of mankind will turn to see what will be the consequence. The Princess, and Lord Bute, and the Scotch, do not affect to conceal their indignation. If Lord Halifax is even reprieved, the King is more enslaved to a cabal than ever his grandfather was: yet how replace them? Newcastle and the most desirable of the opposition have rendered themselves more obnoxious than ever, and even seem, or must seem to Lord Bute, in

¹ On the question for the third reading of the bill, the numbers were 150 and 24.—E.

league with those he wishes to remove. The want of a proper person for chancellor of the exchequer is another difficulty, though I think easily removable by clapping a tied wig on Ellis, Barrington, or any other block, and calling it George Grenville. One remedy is obvious, and at which, after such insults and provocations, were I Lord Bute, I should not stick; I would deliver myself up, bound hand and foot, to Mr. Pitt, rather than not punish such traitors and wretches, who murmur, submit, affront, and swallow in the most ignominious manner,—“*Oh ! il faudra qu’il y vienne,*”—as Léonor says in the Marquis de Roselle,—“*il y viendra.*” For myself, I have another little comfort, which is seeing that when the ministry encourage the Opposition, they do but lessen our numbers.

You may be easy about this letter, for Monsieur de Guerchy sends it for me by a private hand, as I did the last. I wish, by some such conveyance, you would tell me a little of your mind on all this embroil, and whether you approve or disapprove my conduct. After the liberties you have permitted me to take with you, my dear lord, and without them, as you know my openness, and how much I am accustomed to hear of my faults, I think you cannot hesitate. Indeed, I trust, I have done, or tried to do, just what you would have wished. Could I, who have at least some experience and knowledge of the world, have directed, our party had not been in the contemptible and ridiculous situation it is. Had I had more weight, things still more agreeable to you had happened. Now, I could almost despair; but I have still perseverance, and some resources left. Whenever I can get to you, I will unfold a great deal; but in this critical situation, I cannot trust what I can leave to no management but my own.

Your brother would have writ, if I had not: he is gone to Park-place to-day, with his usual phlegm, but returns to-morrow. What would I give you were here yourself; perhaps you do not thank me for the wish.

Do not wonder if, except thanking you for D’Alembert’s book,¹ I say not a word of anything but politics. I have not

¹ “*De la Destruction des Jésuites.*”—E.

had a single other thought these three weeks. Though in all the bloom of my passion, lilac-tide, I have not been at Strawberry this fortnight. I saw things arrived at the point¹ I wished, and to which I had singularly contributed to bring them, as you shall know hereafter, and then I saw all my work kicked down by two or three frantic boys, and I see what I most dread, likely to happen, unless I can prevent it, — but I have said enough for you to understand me. I think we agree. However, this is for no ear or breast but your own. Remember Monsieur de Nivernois,² and take care of the letters you receive. Adieu !

TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Monday evening, May 20, 1765.

I SCARCE know where to begin, and I am sure not where I shall end. I had comforted myself with getting over all my difficulties: my friends opened their eyes, and were ready, nay, some of them eager, to list under Mr. Pitt; for I must tell you, that by a fatal precipitation,³ the King, — when his ministers went to him last Thursday, 16th, to receive his

¹ This seems to imply that Mr. Walpole thought, that if the Opposition had taken up the cause of the Princess Dowager when she had been abandoned by the ministers, the latter might have been removed, and the former brought into power.—C.

² He alludes to the infidelity of D'Eon to the Duke of Nivernois. See vol. iv. p. 322.—C.

³ This must mean, that the King acted injudiciously in announcing to the ministers his intentions to change them before he had arranged who were to be their successors. In a letter of Mr. Burke to Mr. Flood, dated 18th May 1765, he thus states his view of the political prospect of this period:—"There is a strong probability that new men will come in, and not improbably with new ideas: at this very instant, the causes productive of such a change are strongly at work. The Regency-bill has shown such a want of concert and want of capacity in ministers — such an inattention to the honour of the crown, if not a design *against* it — such imposition and suspicion upon the King, and such a misrepresentation of the disposition of Parliament to the Sovereign, that there is no doubt a fixed resolution to get rid of them all, (except, perhaps, Grenville,) but principally of the Duke of Bedford. So that you will have more reason to be surprised to find the ministry standing by the end of the next week than to hear of their entire removal." Prior's Life of Burke.—C.

commands for his speech at the end of the session, which was to have been the day after to-morrow, the 22nd, — forbad the Parliament to be prorogued, which he said he would only have adjourned: they were thunderstruck, and asked if he intended to make any change in his administration? he replied, certainly; he could not bear it as it was. His uncle¹ was sent for, was ordered to form a new administration, and treat with Mr. Pitt. This negotiation proceeded for four days, and got wind in two. The town, more accommodating than Mr. Pitt, settled the whole list of employments. The facilities, however, were so few, that yesterday the Hero of Culloden went down in person to the Conqueror of America, at Hayes, and though tendering almost *carte blanche*, — *blanchissime* for the constitution, and little short of it for the whole red-book of places, — brought back nothing but a flat refusal. Words cannot paint the confusion into which everything is thrown. The four ministers, I mean the Duke of Bedford, Grenville, and the two Secretaries, acquainted their master yesterday, that they adhere to one another, and shall all resign to-morrow, and, perhaps, must be recalled on Wednesday, — must have a *carte noire*, not *blanche*, and will certainly not expect any stipulations to be offered for the constitution, by no means the object of their care!

You are not likely to tell in Gath, nor publish in Ascalon, the alternative of humiliation to which the crown is reduced. But, alas! this is far from being the lightest evil to which we are at the eve of being exposed. I mentioned the mob of weavers which had besieged the Parliament, and attacked the Duke of Bedford, and I thought no more of it; but on Friday, a well disciplined, and, I fear, too well conducted a multitude, repaired again to Westminster with red and black flags; the House of Lords, where not thirty were present, acted with no spirit; — examined Justice Fielding, and the magistrates, and adjourned till to-day. At seven that evening, a prodigious multitude assaulted Bedford-house, and began to pull down the walls, and another party surrounded the garden, where there were but fifty men on guard, and had forced their way,

¹ The Duke of Cumberland.

if another party of Guards that had been sent for had arrived five minutes later. At last, after reading the proclamation, the gates of the court were thrown open, and sixty foot-soldiers marched out; the mob fled, but, being met by a party of horse, were much cut and trampled, but no lives lost. Lady Tavistock, and everything valuable in the house, have been sent out of town. On Saturday, all was pretty quiet; the Duchess was blooded, and everybody went to visit them. I hesitated, being afraid of an air of triumph; however, lest it should be construed the other way, I went last night at eight o'clock; in the square I found a great multitude, not of weavers, but seemingly of Sunday-passengers. At the gate guarded by grenadiers, I found so large a throng, that I had not only difficulty to make my way, though in my chariot, but was hissed and pelted; and in two minutes after, the glass of Lady Grosvenor's coach was broken, as those of Lady Cork's chair were entirely demolished afterwards. I found Bedford-house a perfect garrison, sustaining a siege, the court full of horse-guards, constables, and gentlemen. I told the Duke, that, however I might happen to differ with him in politics, this was a common cause, and that everybody must feel equal indignation at it. In the mean time the mob grew so riotous, that they were forced to make both horse and foot parade the square before the tumult was dispersed.

To-morrow we expect much worse. The weavers have declared they will come down to the House of Lords for redress, which they say they have been promised. A body of five hundred sailors were on the road from Portsmouth to join them, but luckily the admiralty had notice of their intention, and stopped them.¹ A large body of weavers are on the road from Norwich, and it is said have been joined by numbers in Essex; guards are posted to prevent, if possible, their approaching the city. Another troop of manufacturers are coming from Manchester; and what is worst of all, there is such a general spirit of mutiny and dissatisfaction in the lower

¹ We find nowhere else any trace of this pretended mutiny of the sailors; it was, probably, a falsehood invented by the disaffected to keep up the spirits of the rioters.—C.

people, that I think we are in danger of a rebellion in the heart of the capital in a week. In the mean time, there is neither administration nor government. The King is out of town, and this is the crisis in which Mr. Pitt, who could stop every evil, chooses to be more unreasonable than ever.¹

Mr. Craufurd, whom you have seen at the Duchess of Grafton's, carries this, or I should not venture being so explicit. Wherever the storm may break out at first, I think Lord Bute cannot escape his share of it. The Bedfords may triumph over him, the Princess, and still higher, if they are fortunate enough to avoid the present ugly appearances; and yet how the load of odium will be increased, if they return to power! One can name many in whose situation one would not be,—not one who is not situated unpleasantly.

Adieu! my dear lord; you shall hear as often as I can find a conveyance; but these are not topics for the post! Poor Mrs. Fitzroy has lost her eldest girl. I forgot to tell you that the young Duke of Devonshire goes to court tomorrow. Yours ever.

Wednesday evening.

I am forced to send you journals rather than letters. Mr. Craufurd, who was to carry this, has put off his journey till Saturday, and I choose rather to defer my despatch than trust it to Guerchy's courier, though he offered me that conveyance yesterday, but it is too serious to venture to their inspection.

Such precautions have been taken, and so many troops brought into town, that there has been no rising, though the sheriffs of London acquainted the Lords on Monday that a

¹ The letter of Mr. Burke, before alluded to, describes in a striking manner Mr. Pitt's conduct at this crisis:—"Nothing but an intractable temper in your friend Pitt can prevent a most admirable and lasting system from being put together, and this crisis will show whether pride or patriotism be predominant in his character; for, you may be assured, he has it now in his power to come into the service of his country upon any plan of politics he may choose to dictate, with great and honourable terms to himself, and every friend he has in the world, and with such a strength of power as will be equal to anything but absolute despotism over King and kingdom. A few days will show whether he will take this part, or continue on his back at Hayes, talking fustian!" Prior's Life of Burke.—C.

very formidable one was preparing for five o'clock the next morning. There was another tumult, indeed, at three o'clock yesterday, at Bedford-house, but it was dispersed by reading the Riot-act. In the mean time, the revolution has turned round again. The ministers desired the King to commission Lord Granby, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Waldegrave, to suppress the riots, which, in truth, was little short of asking for the power of the sword against himself. On this, his Majesty determined to name the Duke of Cumberland captain-general; but the tranquillity of the rioters happily gave H. R. H. occasion to persuade the King to suspend that resolution. Thank God! From eleven o'clock yesterday, when I heard it, till nine at night, when I learned that the resolution had dropped, I think I never passed such anxious hours! nay, I heard it was done, and looked upon the civil war as commenced. During these events, the Duke was endeavouring to form a ministry, but, luckily, nobody would undertake it when Mr. Pitt had refused; so the King is reduced to the mortification, and it is extreme, of taking his old ministers again. They are insolent enough, you may believe: Grenville has treated his master in the most impertinent manner, and they are now actually digesting the terms that they mean to impose on their captive, and Lord Bute is the chief object of their rage; though I think Lord Holland will not escape, nor Lord Northumberland, whom they treat as an encourager of the rioters. Both he and my lady went on Monday night to Bedford-house, and were received with every mark of insult.¹ The Duke turned his back on the Earl, without speaking to him, and he was kept standing an hour exposed to all their raillery. Still I have a more extraordinary event to tell you than all I have related. Lord Temple and George Grenville were reconciled yesterday morning, by the intervention of Augustus Hervey; and, perhaps, the next thing you will hear, may be, that Lord Temple is sent by this ministry to Ireland, though Lord Weymouth is again much talked of for it.

The report of Norwich and Manchester weavers on the

¹ From the family, not from the rioters.—C.

road is now doubted. If Lord Bute is banished, I suppose the Duke of Bedford will become the hero of this very mob, and every act of power which they [the ministers] have executed, let who will have been the adviser, will be forgotten. It will be entertaining to see Lord Temple supporting Lord Halifax on general warrants !

You have more than once seen your old master¹ reduced to surrender up his closet to a cabal—but never with such circumstances of insult, indignity, and humiliation ! For our little party, it is more humbled than ever. Still I prefer that state to what I dread ; I mean, seeing your brother embarked in a desperate administration. It was proposed first to make him secretary at war, then secretary of state, but he declined both. Yet I trembled, lest he should think himself bound in honour to obey the commands of the King and Duke of Cumberland ; but, to my great joy, that alarm is over, unless the triumphant faction exact more than the King can possibly suffer. It will rejoice you, however, my dear lord, to hear that Mr. Conway is perfectly restored to the King's favour ; and that if he continues in opposition, it will not be against the King, but a most abominable faction, who, having raged against the constitution and their country to pay court to Lord Bute, have even thrown off that paltry mask, and avowedly hoisted the standard of their own power. Till the King has signed their demands, one cannot look upon this scene as closed.

Friday evening.

You will think, my dear lord, and it is natural you should, that I write my letters at once, and compose one part with my prophecies, and the other with the completion of them ; but you must recollect that I understand this country pretty well,—attend closely to what passes,—have very good intelligence,—and know the characters of the actors thoroughly. A little sagacity added to such foundation, easily carries one's sight a good way ; but you will care for my narrative more than my reflections, so I proceed.

On Wednesday, the ministers dictated their terms ; you

¹ George the Second.

will not expect much moderation, and, accordingly, there was not a grain: they demanded a royal promise of never consulting Lord Bute; secondly, the dismissal of Mr. Mekinsy from the direction of Scotland; thirdly, and lastly, for they could go no further, the crown itself—or, in their words, the immediate nomination of Lord Granby to be captain-general. You may figure the King's indignation—for himself, for his favourite, for his uncle. In my own opinion, the proposal of grounds for taxing his Majesty himself hereafter with breaking his word,¹ was the bitterest affront of all. He expressed his anger and astonishment, and bade them return at ten at night for his answer; but, before that, he sent the Chancellor to the junto, consenting to displace Mekinsy,² refusing to promise not to consult Lord Bute, though acquiescing to his not interfering in business, but with a peremptory refusal to the article of Lord Granby. The rebels took till next morning to advise on their answer; when they gave up the point of Lord Granby, and contented themselves with the modification on the chapter of Lord Bute. How-

¹ This alludes to the required promise not to consult Lord Bute.

² The following is from Mr. Stuart Mackenzie's own account of his removal, in the Mitchell MSS:—"They demanded certain terms, without which they declined coming in; the principal of which was, that I should be dismissed from the administration of the affairs of Scotland, and likewise from the office of privy seal. His Majesty answered, that as to the first, it would be no great punishment, he believed, to me, as I had never been very fond of the employment; but as to the second, I had his promise to continue it for life. Grenville replied to this purpose: 'In that case, Sir, we must decline coming in.'—'No,' says the King, 'I will not, on that account, put the whole kingdom in confusion, and leave it without a government at all; but I will tell you how that matter stands—that he has my royal word to continue in the office; and if you force me, from the situation of things, to violate my royal word, remember you are responsible for it, and not I.' Upon that very solemn charge, Grenville answered, 'Sir, we must make some arrangement for Mr. Mackenzie.' The King answered, 'If I know anything of him, he will give himself very little trouble about your arrangements for him.' His Majesty afterwards sent for me to his closet, where I was a very considerable time with him; and if it were possible for me to love my excellent prince now better than I ever did before, I should certainly do it; for I have every reason that can induce a generous mind to feel his goodness for me; but such was his Majesty's situation at this time, that, had he absolutely rejected my dismissal, he would have put me in the most disagreeable situation in the world; and, what was of much higher consequence, he would have greatly distressed his affairs."—E.

ever, not to be too complimentary, they demanded Mekinsy's place for Lord Lorn,¹ and the instant removal of Lord Holland; both which have been granted. Charles Townshend is paymaster, and Lord Weymouth viceroy of Ireland; so Lord Northumberland remains on the *pavé*, which, as there is no place vacant for him, it was not necessary to stipulate. The Duchess of Bedford, with colours flying, issued out of her garrison yesterday, and took possession of the drawing-room. To-day their *Majesty-Graces* are gone to Woburn; but as the Duchess is a perfect Methodist against all suspicious characters, it is said, to-day, that Lord Talbot is to be added to the list of proscriptions, and now they think themselves established for ever.—Do they so?

Lord Temple declares himself the warmest friend of the present administration;—there is a mystery still to be cleared up,—and, perhaps, a little to the mortification of Bedford-house.—We shall see.

The Duke of Cumberland is retired to Windsor: your brother gone to Park-place: I go to Strawberry to-morrow, lest people should not think me a great man too. I don't know whether I shall not even think it necessary to order myself a fit of the gout.²

I have received your short letter of the 16th, with the memorial of the family of Brebeuf;—now my head will have a little leisure, I will examine it, and see if I can do anything in the affair. In that letter you say, you have been a month without hearing from any of your friends. I little expected to be taxed on that head: I have written you volumes almost every day; my last dates have been of April 11th, 20th, May 5th, 12th, and 16th. I beg you will look over them, and send me word exactly, and I beg you not to omit it, whether any of these are missing. Three of them I trusted to Guerchy, but took care they should contain nothing which it signified whether seen or not on t'other side of the water, though I did not care they should be perused on this. I had the caution

¹ John Marquis of Lorn, afterwards fifth Duke of Argyle; a lieutenant-general in the army: he was brother of General Conway's lady.—C.

² An allusion to Mr. Pitt.—C.

not to let him have this, though; by the eagerness with which he proffered both to-day and yesterday, to send anything by his couriers, I suspected he wished to help them to better intelligence than he could give them himself. He even told me he should have another courier depart on Tuesday next; but I excused myself, on pretence of having too much to write at once, and shall send this, and a letter your brother has left me, by Mr. Craufurd, though he does not set out till Sunday; but you had better wait for it from him, than from the Duc de Choiseul. Pray commend my discretion—you see I grow a consummate politician; but don't approve of it too much, lest I only send you letters as prudent as your own.

You may acquaint Lady Holland with the dismissal of her lord, if she has not heard it, he being at Kingsgate. Your secretary¹ is likely to be prime minister in Ireland. Two months ago the new Viceroy himself was going to France for debt, leaving his wife and children to be maintained by her mother.²

I will be much obliged to you, my dear lord, if you will contrive to pay Lady Stanhope for the medals; they cost, I think, but 4*l.* 7*s.* or thereabout—but I have lost the note.

Adieu! here ends volume the first. *Omnia mutantur, sed non mutamur in illis.* Princess Amelia, who has a little veered round to north-west, and by Bedford, does not speak tenderly of her brother—but if some families are reconciled, others are disunited. The Keppels are at open war with the Keppels, and Lady Mary Coke weeps with one eye over Lady Betty Mackinsy, and smiles with t'other on Lady Dalkeith;³ but the first eye is the sincerest. The Duke of Richmond, in exactly the same proportion, is divided between his sisters, Holland and Bunbury.

¹ Sir Charles Bunbury, secretary of embassy at Paris, was nominated secretary to Lord Weymouth, and held that office for about two months.—E.

² The straitened circumstances of Lord Weymouth made his nomination very unpopular in Ireland: he never went over.—C.

³ In the recent arrangement, Lady Betty's husband was, as we have seen, dismissed from, and Lady Dalkeith's (Charles Townshend) acceded to, office.—C.

Thank you much for your kindness about Mr. T. Walpole—I have not had a moment's time to see him, but will do full justice to your goodness. Yours ever, H. W.

Pray remember the dates of my letters—you will be strangely puzzled for a clue, if one of them has miscarried. Sir Charles Bunbury is not to be secretary for Ireland, but Thurlow the lawyer:¹ they are to stay five years without returning. Lord Lorn has declined, and Lord Frederic Campbell is to be lord privy seal for Scotland. Lord Waldegrave, they say, chamberlain to the Queen.²

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, May 26, 1765.

IF one of the one hundred events, and one hundredth part of the one hundred thousand reports that have passed, and been spread in this last month, have reached your solitary hill, you must be surprised at not a single word from me during that period. The number of events is my excuse. Though mine is the pen of a pretty ready writer, I could not keep pace with the revolutions of each day, each hour. I had

¹ This was a mistake.—E.

² This is the last of the series of letters written by Walpole to Lord Hertford: to the publication is subjoined the following postscript:—"The state of the administration, as described in the foregoing letters, could evidently not last; and after the failure of several attempts to induce Mr. Pitt to take the government on terms which the King could grant, the Duke of Cumberland, at his Majesty's desire, succeeded in forming the Rockingham administration, in which General Conway was secretary of state and leader of the House of Commons, and Lord Hertford, lord lieutenant of Ireland. There can be little doubt, that during these transactions, Mr. Walpole (although he had in the interval a severe fit of the gout) wrote to Lord Hertford, but no other letter of this series has been discovered; which is the more to be regretted, as the state of parties was at that moment particularly interesting. The refusal of Mr. Pitt raised the ministers to a pitch of confidence, (perhaps we might say, arrogance,) which, as Mr. Walpole foresaw, accelerated their fall. So blind were they to their true situation, that Mr. Rigby, who was as deep as any man in the ministerial councils, writes to a private friend—"I never thought, to tell you the truth, that we were in any danger from this last political cloud. The Duke of Cumberland's political system, grafted upon the Earl of Bute's stock, seems, of all others, the least capable of succeeding." This letter was written on the 7th of July, and on the 10th the new ministry was formed."—C.

not time to begin the narrative, much less to finish it: no, I must keep the whole to tell you at once, or to read it to you, for I think I shall write the history, which, let me tell you, Buckinger himself could not have crowded into a nut-shell.

For your part, you will be content though the house of Montagu has not made an advantageous figure in this political warfare; yet it is crowned with victory, and laurels you know compensate for every scar. You went out of town frightened out of your senses at the giant prerogative: alack! he is grown so tame, that, as you said of our earthquake, you may stroke him.¹ The Regency-bill, not quite calculated with that intent, has produced four regents, king Bedford, king Grenville, king Halifax, and king Twitcher.² Lord Holland is turned out, and Stuart Mackenzie. Charles Townshend is paymaster, and Lord Bute annihilated; and all done without the help of the Whigs. You love to guess what one is going to say; now you may guess what I am not going to say. Your newspapers perhaps have given you a long roll of opposition names, who were coming into place, and so all the world thought; but the wind turned quite round, and left them on the strand, and just where they were, except in opposition, which is declared to be at an end. Enigma as all this may sound, the key would open it all to you in the twinkling of an administration. In the mean time, we have family reconciliations without end. The King and the Duke of Cumberland have been shut up together day and night; Lord Temple and George Grenville are sworn brothers: well, but Mr. Pitt, where is he? In the clouds, for aught I know; in one of which he may descend like the kings of Bantam, and take quiet possession of the throne again.

As a thorough-bass to these squabbles, we have had an insurrection and a siege. Bedford-house, though garrisoned by horse and foot guards, was on the point of being taken. The besieged are in their turn triumphant; and, if anybody now

¹ See vol. iv. p. 480.—E.

² Wilkes, in the North Briton, had applied to the Earl of Sandwich the sobriquet of Jemmy Twitcher.—E.

was to publish "*Droit le Due*,"¹ I do not think the House of Lords would censure his book. Indeed the regents may do what they please, and turn out whom they will; I see nothing to resist them. Lord Bute will not easily be tempted to rebel when the last struggle has cost him so dear.

I am sorry for some of my friends, to whom I wished more fortune. For myself, I am but just where I should have been had they succeeded. It is satisfaction enough to me to be delivered from politics; which you know I have long detested. When I was tranquil enough to write *Castles of Otranto* in the midst of grave nonsense and foolish councils of war, I am not likely to disturb myself with the diversions of the court where I am not connected with a soul. As it has proved to be the interest of the present ministers, however contrary to their former views, to lower the crown, they will scarce be in a hurry to aggrandize it again. That will satisfy you; and I, you know, am satisfied if I have anything to laugh at — 'tis a lucky age for a man who is so easily contented.

The poor Chute has had another relapse, but is out of bed again. I am thinking of my journey to France; but, as Mr. Conway has a mind I should wait for him, I don't know whether it will take place before the autumn. I will by no means release you from your promise of making me a visit here before I go.

Poor Mr. Bentley, I doubt, is under the greatest difficulties of anybody. His poem, which he modestly delivered over to immortality, must be cut and turned; for Lord Halifax and Lord Bute cannot sit in the same canto together; then the horns and hoofs that he had bestowed on Lord Temple must be pared away, and beams of glory distributed over his whole person. 'Tis a dangerous thing to write political panegyrics or satires; it draws the unhappy bard into a thousand scrapes and contradictions. The edifices and inscriptions at Stowe should be a lesson not to erect monuments to the living. I will not place an ossuarium in my garden for my cat, before her bones are ready to be placed in it. I hold contradictions

¹ See vol. iv. p. 381.—E.

to be as essential to the definition of a political man, as any visible or featherless quality can be to man in general. Good night !

28th.

I shall send this by the coach; so whatever comes with it is only to make bundle. Here are some lines that came into my head yesterday in the post-chaise, as I was reading in the Annual Register an account of a fountain-tree in one of the Canary Islands, which never dies, and supplies the inhabitants with water. I don't warrant the longevity; though the hypostatic union of a fountain may eternize the tree.

In climes adust, where rivers never flow,
Where constant suns repel approaching snow,
How Nature's various and inventive hand
Can pour unheard-of moisture o'er the land !
Immortal plants she bids on rocks arise,
And from the dropping branches streams supplies,
The thirsty native sucks the falling shower,
Nor asks for juicy fruit or blooming flower ;
But haply doubts, when travellers maintain,
That Europe's forests melt not into rain.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 10, 1765.

Eleven at night.

I AM just come out of the garden in the most oriental of all evenings, and from breathing odours beyond those of Araby. The acacias, which the Arabians have the sense to worship, are covered with blossoms, the honeysuckles dangle from every tree in festoons, the seringas are thickets of sweets, and the new-cut hay in the field tempers the balmy gales with simple freshness; while a thousand sky-rockets launched into the air at Ranelagh or Marybone illuminate the scene, and give it an air of Haroun Alraschid's paradise. I was not quite so content by daylight; some foreigners dined here, and, though they admired our verdure, it mortified me by its brownness — we have not had a drop of rain this month to

cool the tip of our daisies. My company was Lady Lyttleton, Lady Schaub, a Madame de Juliac from the Pyreneans, very handsome, not a girl, and of Lady Schaub's mould; the Comte de Caraman, nephew of Madame de Mirepoix, a Monsieur de Clausonnette, and General Schouallow,¹ the favourite of the late Czarina; absolute favourite for a dozen years, without making an enemy. In truth, he is very amiable, humble, and modest. Had he been ambitious, he might have mounted the throne: as he was not, you may imagine they have plucked his plumes a good deal. There is a little air of melancholy about him, and, if I am not mistaken, some secret wishes for the fall of the present Empress; which, if it were civil to suppose, I could heartily join with him in hoping for. As we have still liberty enough left to dazzle a Russian, he seems charmed with England, and perhaps liked even this place the more as belonging to the son of one that, like himself, had been prime minister. If he has no more ambition left than I have, he must taste the felicity of being a private man. What has Lord Bute gained, but the knowledge of how many ungrateful sycophants favour and power can create?

If you have received the parcel that I consigned to Richard Brown for you, you will have found an explanation of my long silence. Thank you for being alarmed for my health.

The day after to-morrow I go to Park-place for four or five days, and soon after to Goodwood. My French journey is still in suspense; Lord Hertford talks of coming over for a fortnight; perhaps I may go back with him; but I have determined nothing yet, till I see farther into the present chase, that somehow or other I may take my leave of politics for ever; for can anything be so wearisome as politics on the account of others? Good night! shall I not see you here?

Yours ever.

¹ The Comte de Schouwaloff. See *antè*, p. 10. Walpole says, in a note to Madame du Deffand's letter to him of the 19th of April 1766, "Il fut le favori, l'on croit le mari, de la Czarine Elizabeth de Russie, et pendant douze ans de faveur il ne se fit point un ennemi."—E.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Strawberry Hill, June 11, 1765.

I AM almost as much ashamed, Madam, to plead the true cause of my faults towards your ladyship, as to have been guilty of any neglect. It is scandalous, at my age, to have been carried backwards and forwards to balls and suppers and parties by very young people, as I was all last week. My resolutions of growing old and staid are admirable: I wake with a sober plan, and intend to pass the day with my friends—then comes the Duke of Richmond, and hurries me down to Whitehall to dinner—then the Duchess of Grafton sends for me to loo in Upper Grosvenor-street—before I can get thither, I am begged to step to Kensington, to give Mrs. Anne Pitt my opinion about a bow-window—after the loo, I am to march back to Whitehall to supper—and after that, am to walk with Miss Pelham on the terrace till two in the morning, because it is moonlight and her chair is not come. All this does not help my morning laziness; and, by the time I have breakfasted, fed my birds and my squirrels, and dressed, there is an auction ready. In short, Madam, this was my life last week, and is I think every week, with the addition of forty episodes.—Yet, ridiculous as it is, I send it your ladyship, because I had rather you should laugh at me than be angry. I cannot offend you in intention, but I fear my sins of omission are equal to many a good Christian's. Pray forgive me. I really will begin to be between forty and fifty by the time I am fourscore: and I truly believe I shall bring my resolutions within compass; for I have not chalked out any particular business that will take me above forty years more; so that, if I do not get acquainted with the grandchildren of all the present age, I shall lead a quiet sober life yet before I die.

As Mr. Bateman's is the kingdom of flowers, I must not wish to send you any; else, Madam, I could load waggons with acacias, honeysuckles, and seringas. Madame de Juliac, who dined here yesterday, owned that the climate and odours

equalled Languedoc. I fear the want of rain made the turf put her in mind of it, too. Monsieur de Caraman entered into the gothic spirit of the place, and really seemed pleased, which was more than I expected; for, between you and me, Madam, our friends the French have seldom eyes for anything they have not been used to see all their lives. I beg my warmest compliments to your host and Lord Ilchester. I wish your ladyship all pleasure and health, and am, notwithstanding my idleness, your most faithful and devoted humble servant.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Saturday night.

I MUST scrawl a line to you, though with the utmost difficulty, for I am in my bed; but I see they have foolishly put it into the Chronicle that I am dangerously ill; and as I know you take in that paper, and are one of the very, very few, of whose tenderness and friendship I have not the smallest doubt, I give myself pain, rather than let you feel a moment's unnecessarily. It is true, I have had a terrible attack of the gout in my stomach, head, and both feet, but have truly never been in danger any more than one must be in such a situation. My head and stomach are perfectly well; my feet far from it. I have kept my room since this day se'nnight, and my bed these three days, but hope to get up to-morrow. You know my writing and my veracity, and that I would not deceive you. As to my person, it will not be so easy to reconnoitre it, for I question whether any of it will remain; it was easy to annihilate so airy a substance. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Wednesday noon, July 3, 1765.

THE footing part of my dance with my shocking partner the gout is almost over. I had little pain there this last

night, and got, at twice, about three hours' sleep; but, whenever I waked, found my head very bad, which Mr. Graham thinks gouty too. The fever is still very high: but the same sage is of opinion, with my Lady Londonderry, that if it was a fever from death, I should die; but as it is only a fever from the gout, I shall live. I think so too, and hope that, like the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, they are so inseparable, that when one goes t'other will.

Tell Lady Ailesbury, I fear it will be long before I shall be able to compass all your terraces again. The weather is very hot, and I have the comfort of a window open all day. I have got a bushel of roses too, and a new scarlet nightingale, which does *not* sing Nancy Dawson from morning to night. Perhaps you think all these poor pleasures; but you are ignorant what a provocative the gout is, and what charms it can bestow on a moment's amusement! Oh! it beats all the refinements of a Roman sensualist. It has made even my watch a darling plaything; I strike it as often as a child does. Then the disorder of my sleep diverts me when I am awake. I dreamt that I went to see Madame de Bentheim at Paris, and that she had the prettiest palace in the world, built like a pavilion, of yellow laced with blue; that I made love to her daughter, whom I called *Mademoiselle Bleüe et Jaune*, and thought it very clever.

My next reverie was very serious, and lasted half an hour after I was awake; which you will perhaps think a little light-headed, and so do I. I thought Mr. Pitt had had a conference with Madame de Bentheim, and granted all her demands. I rung for Louis at six in the morning, and wanted to get up and inform myself of what had been kept so secret from me. You must know, that all these visions of Madame de Bentheim flowed from George Selwyn telling me last night, that she had carried most of her points, and was returning. What stuff I tell you! But, alas! I have nothing better to do, sitting on my bed, and wishing to forget how brightly the sun shines, when I cannot be at Strawberry.

Yours ever.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.¹

London, July 3, 1765.

YOUR ladyship's goodness to me on all occasions makes me flatter myself that I am not doing an impertinence in telling you I am alive; though, after what I have suffered, you may be sure there cannot be much of me left. The gout has been a little in my stomach, much more in my head, but luckily never out of my right foot, and for twelve, thirteen, and seventeen hours together, insisting upon having its way as absolutely as ever my Lady Blandford² did. The extremity of pain seems to be over, though I sometimes think my tyrant puts in his claim to t'other foot; and surely he is, like most tyrants, mean as well as cruel, or he could never have thought the leg of a lark such a prize. The fever, the tyrant's first minister, has been as vexatious as his master, and makes use of this hot day to plague me more; yet, as I was sending a servant to Twickenham, I could not help scrawling out a few lines to ask how your ladyship does, to tell you how I am, and to lament the roses, strawberries, and banks of the river. I know nothing, Madam, of any kings or ministers but those I have mentioned; and this administration I fervently hope will be changed soon, and for all others I shall be very indifferent. Had a great prince come to my bedside yesterday, I should have begged that the honour might last a very few minutes.

I am, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.³

Arlington Street, July 9, 1765.

MADAM,

THOUGH instead of getting better, as I flattered myself I should, I have gone through two very painful and sleepless

¹ Now first collected.² Lady Blandford was somewhat impatient in her temper. See vol. iv. p. 449.—E.³ Now first collected.

nights, yet as I give audience here in my bed to new ministers and foreign ministers, I think it full as much my duty to give an account of myself to those who are so good as to wish me well. I am reduced to nothing but bones and spirits; but the latter make me bear the inconvenience of the former, though they (I mean my bones) lie in a heap over one another like the bits of ivory at the game of straws.

It is very melancholy, at the instant I was getting quit of politics, to be visited with the only thing that is still more plaguing. However, I believe the fit of politics going off makes me support the new-comer better. Neither of them indeed will leave me plumper;¹ but if they will both leave me at peace, your ladyship knows it is all I have ever desired. The chiefs of the new ministry were to have kissed hands to-day; but Mr. Charles Townshend, who, besides not knowing either of his own minds, has his brother's minds to know too, could not determine last night. Both brothers are gone to the King to-day. I was much concerned to hear so bad an account of your ladyship's health. Other people would wish you a severe fit, which is a very cheap wish to them who do not feel it: I, who do, advise you to be content with it in detail. Adieu! Madam. Pray keep a little summer for me. I will give you a bushel of politics, when I come to Marble Hill, for a tea-cup of strawberries and cream.

Mr. Chetwynd,² I suppose, is making the utmost advantage of my absence, frisking and cutting capers before Miss Hotham, and advising her not to throw herself away on a decrepit old man. Well, well; fifty years hence he may begin to be an old man too; and then I shall not pity him, though I own he is the best-humoured *lad* in the world now.

Yours, &c.

¹ Walpole was too fond of this boast of disinterestedness. What was it but politics that made his fortune so *plump*? His fortune from his father, we know from himself, was very inconsiderable; but from his childhood he held sinecure offices which, during the greater part of his life, produced him between six and seven thousand pounds per annum.—C.

² William Chetwynd, brother of the two first Viscounts, and himself, in 1767, third Viscount Chetwynd. He was at this time nearly eighty years of age.—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, July 11, 1765.

You are so good, I must write you a few lines, and you will excuse my not writing many, my posture is so uncomfortable, lying on a couch by the side of my bed, and writing on the bed. I have in this manner been what they call out of bed for two days, but I mend very slowly, and get no strength in my feet at all; however, I must have patience.

Thank you for your kind offer; but, my dear Sir, you can do me no good but what you always do me, in coming to see me. I should hope that would be before I go to France, whither I certainly go the beginning of September, if not sooner. The great and happy change — happy, I hope, for this country,—is actually begun. The Duke of Bedford, George Grenville, and the two Secretaries are discarded. Lord Rockingham is first lord of the treasury, Dowdeswell chancellor of the exchequer, the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway secretaries of state. You need not wish me joy, for I know you do. There is a good deal more to come,¹ and what is better, regulation of general warrants, and undoing of at least some of the mischiefs these — have been committing; some, indeed, is past recovery! I long to talk it all over with you; though it is hard that when I *may* write what I will, I am not able. The poor Chute is relapsed again, and we are no comfort to one another but by messages. An offer from Ireland was sent to Lord Hertford last night *from his brother's office*. Adieu!

Yours ever.

¹ “There has been pretty clean sweeping already,” writes Lord Chesterfield on the 15th; “and I do not remember, in my time, to have seen so much at once, as an entire new board of treasury, and two new secretaries, &c. Here is a new political arch built; but of materials of so different a nature, and without a key-stone, that it does not, in my opinion, indicate either strength or duration. It will certainly require repairs and a key-stone next winter, and that key-stone will and must necessarily be Mr. Pitt.”—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 28, 1765.

THE less one is disposed, if one has any sense, to talk of oneself to people that inquire only out of compliment, and do not listen to the answer, the more satisfaction one feels in indulging a self-complacency, by sighing to those that really sympathize with our griefs. Do not think it is pain that makes me give this low-spirited air to my letter. No, it is the prospect of what is to come, not the sensation of what is passing, that affects me. The loss of youth is melancholy enough; but to enter into old age through the gate of infirmity most disheartening. My health and spirits make me take but slight notice of the transition, and, under the persuasion of temperance being a talisman, I marched boldly on towards the descent of the hill, knowing I must fall at last, but not suspecting that I should stumble by the way. This confession explains the mortification I feel. A month's confinement to one who never kept his bed a day, is a stinging lesson, and has humbled my insolence to almost indifference. Judge, then, how little I interest myself about public events. I know nothing of them since I came hither, where I had not only the disappointment of not growing better, but a bad return in one of my feet, so that I am still wrapped up and upon a couch. It was the more unlucky as Lord Hertford is come to England for a very few days. He has offered to come to me; but as I then should see him only for some minutes, I propose being carried to town to-morrow. It will be so long before I can expect to be able to travel, that my French journey will certainly not take place so soon as I intended, and if Lord Hertford goes to Ireland, I shall be still more fluctuating; for though the Duke and Duchess of Richmond will replace them at Paris, and are as eager to have me with them, I have had so many more years heaped upon me within this month, that I have not the conscience to trouble young people, when I can no longer be as juvenile as they are. Indeed I shall think myself decrepit, till I again saun-

ter into the garden in my slippers and without my hat in all weathers,—a point I am determined to regain, if possible; for even this experience cannot make me resign my temperance and my hardiness. I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures; but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever stoop to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I don't wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! let the gout do its worst as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs. I am not made to bear a course of nonsense and advice, but must play the fool in my own way to the last, alone with all my heart, if I cannot be with the very few I wish to see: but, to depend for comfort on others, who would be no comfort to me; this surely is not a state to be preferred to death: and nobody can have truly enjoyed the advantages of youth, health, and spirits, who is content to exist without the two last, which alone bear any resemblance to the first.¹

You see how difficult it is to conquer my proud spirit: low and weak as I am, I think my resolution and perseverance will get the better, and that I shall still be a gay shadow; at least, I will impose any severity upon myself, rather than humour the gout, and sink into that indulgence with which most people treat it. Bodily liberty is as dear to me as mental, and I would as soon flatter any other tyrant as the gout, my Whiggism extending as much to my health as to my principles, and being as willing to part with life, when I cannot preserve it, as your uncle Algernon when his freedom was at stake. Adieu!

¹ Upon this passage the Quarterly Review observes:—"Walpole's reflections on human life are marked by strong sense and knowledge of mankind; but our most useful lesson will perhaps be derived from considering this man of the world, full of information and sparkling with vivacity, stretched on a sick bed, and apprehending all the tedious languor of helpless decrepitude and deserted solitude." Vol. xix. p. 129.—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, August 23, 1765.

As I know that when you love people, you love them, I feel for the concern that the death of Lady Bab. Montagu¹ will give you. Though you have long lived out of the way of seeing her, you are not a man to forget by absence, or all your friends would have still more reason to complain of your retirement. Your solitude prevents your filling up the places of those that are gone. In the world, new acquaintances slide into our habits, but you keep so strict a separation between your old friends and new faces, that the loss of any of the former must be more sensible to you than to most people. I heartily condole with you, and yet I must make you smile. The second Miss Jefferies was to go to a ball yesterday at Hampton-court with Lady Sophia Thomas's daughters. The news came, and your aunt Cosby said the girl must not go to it. The poor child then cried in earnest. Lady Sophia went to intercede for her, and found her grandmother at backgammon, who would hear no entreaties. Lady Sophia represented that Miss Jefferies was but a second cousin, and could not have been acquainted. "Oh! Madam, if there is no tenderness left in the world—cinq ace—Sir, you are to throw."

We have a strange story come from London. Lord Fortescue was dead suddenly; there was a great mob about his house in Grosvenor-square, and a buzz that my lady had thrown up the sash and cried murder, and that he then shot himself. How true all this I don't know: at least it is not so false as if it was in the newspapers. However, these sultry summers do not suit English heads: this last month puts even the month of November's nose out of joint for self-murders. If it was not for the Queen the peerage would be extinct: she has given us another Duke.²

¹ Lady Barbara Montagu, daughter of George second Earl of Halifax.—E.

² The Duke of Clarence, born the 21st of August; afterwards King William the Fourth.—E.

My two months are up, and yet I recover my feet very slowly. I have crawled once round my garden; but it sent me to my couch for the rest of the day. This duration of weakness makes me very impatient, as I wish much to be at Paris before the fine season is quite gone. This will probably be the last time I shall travel *to finish my education*, and I should be glad to look once more at their gardens and villas: nay, churches and palaces are but uncomfortable sights in cold weather, and I have much more curiosity for their habitations than their company. They have scarce a man or a woman of note that one wants to see; and, for their authors, their style is grown so dull in imitation of us, they are *si philosophes, si géomètres, si moraux*, that I certainly should not cross the sea in search of *ennui*, that I can have in such perfection at home. However, the change of scene is my chief inducement, and to get out of politics. There is no going through another course of patriotism in your cousin Sandwich and George Grenville. I think of setting out by the middle of September; have I any chance of seeing you here before that? Won't you come and commission me to offer up your devotions to *Notre Dame de Livry*?¹ or *chez nos filles de Sainte Marie*. If I don't make haste, the reformation in France will demolish half that I want to see. I tremble for the *Val de Grace* and *St. Cyr*. The devil take Luther for putting it into the heads of his methodists to pull down the churches! I believe in twenty years there will not be a convent left in Europe but this at Strawberry. I wished for you to-day; Mr. Chute and Cowslade dined here; the day was divine: the sun gleamed down into the chapel in all the glory of popery; the gallery was all radiance; we drank our coffee on the bench under the great ash-tree; the verdure was delicious; our tea in the Holbein room, by which a thousand chaises and barges passed; and I showed them my new cottage and garden over the way, which they had never seen, and with which they were enchanted. It is so retired, so modest, and yet so cheerful and trim, that I expect you to fall in love

¹ Madame de Sévigné, whom Walpole frequently alludes to under this title.—E.

with it. I intend to bring it a handful of *treillage* and *agrémens* from Paris; for being cross the road, and quite detached, it is to have nothing gothic about it, nor pretend to call cousins with the mansion-house.

I know no more of the big world at London, than if I had not a relation in the ministry. To be free from pain and politics is such a relief to me, that I enjoy my little comforts and amusements here beyond expression. No mortal ever entered the gate of ambition with such transport as I took leave of them all at the threshold. Oh! if my Lord Temple knew what pleasures he could create for himself at Stowe, he would not harass a shattered carcass, and sigh to be insolent at St. James's! For my part, I say with the bastard in King John, though with a little more reverence, and only as touching his ambition,

Oh! old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

Adieu! Yours most cordially.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Saturday, Aug. 31, 1765, Strawberry Hill.

I THOUGHT it would happen so; that I should not see you before I left England! Indeed, I may as well give you quite up, for every year reduces our intercourse. I am prepared, because it must happen, if I live, to see my friends drop off; but my mind was not turned to see them entirely separated from me while they live. This is very uncomfortable, but so are many things!—well! I will go and try to forget you all—all! God knows *the all* that I have left to forget is small enough; but the warm heart, that gave me affections, is not so easily laid aside. If I could divest myself of that, I should not, I think, find much for friendship remaining; you, against whom I have no complaint, but that you satisfy yourself with loving me without any desire of seeing me, are one of the very

last that I wish to preserve; but I will say no more on a subject that my heart is too full of.

I shall set out on Monday se'nnight, and force myself to believe that I am glad to go, and yet this will be my chief joy, for I promise myself little pleasure in arriving. Can you think me boy enough to be fond of a new world at my time of life? If I did not hate the world I know, I should not seek another. My greatest amusement will be in reviving old ideas. The memory of what made impressions on one's youth is ten times dearer than any new pleasure can be. I shall probably write to you often, for I am not disposed to communicate myself to anything that I have not known these thirty years. My mind is such a compound from the vast variety that I have seen, acted, pursued, that it would cost me too much pains to be intelligible to young persons, if I had a mind to open myself to them. They certainly do not desire I should. You like my gossiping to you, though you seldom gossip *with* me. The trifles that amuse my mind are the only points I value now. I have seen the vanity of everything serious, and the falsehood of everything that pretended to be serious. I go to see French plays and buy French china, not to know their ministers, to look into their government, or think of the interests of nations — in short, unlike most people that are growing old, I am convinced that nothing is charming but what appeared important in one's youth, which afterwards passes for follies. Oh! but those follies were sincere; if the pursuits of age are so, they are sincere alone to self-interest. Thus I think, and have no other care but not to think aloud. I would not have respectable youth think me an old fool. For the old knaves, they may suppose me one of their number if they please; I shall not be so — but neither the one nor the other shall know what I am. I have done with them all, shall amuse myself as well as I can, and think as little as I can; a pretty hard task for an active mind!

Direct your letters to Arlington-street, whence Favre will take care to convey them to me. I leave him to manage all my affairs, and take no soul but Louis. I am glad I don't know your Mrs. Anne; her partiality would make me love

her; and it is entirely incompatible with my present system to leave even a postern-door open to any feeling, which would steal in if I did not double-bolt every avenue.

If you send me any parcel to Arlington-street before Monday se'nnight I will take care of it. Many English books I conclude are to be bought at Paris. I am sure Richardson's works are, for they have stupified the whole French nation:¹ I will not answer for our best authors. You may send me your list, and, if I do not find them, I can send you word, and you may convey them to me by Favre's means, who will know of messengers, &c. coming to Paris.

I have fixed no precise time for my absence. My wish is to like it enough to stay till February, which may happen, if I can support the first launching into new society. I know four or five very agreeable and sensible people there, as the Guerchys, Madame de Mirepoix, Madame de Boufflers, and Lady Mary Chabot,—these intimately; besides the Duc de Nivernois, and several others that have been here. Then the Richmonds will follow me in a fortnight or three weeks, and their house will be a sort of home. I actually go into it at first, till I can suit myself with an apartment; but I shall take care to quit it before they come, for, though they are in a manner my children, I do not intend to adopt the rest of my countrymen; nor, when I quit the best company here, to live in the worst there; such are young travelling boys, and, what is still worse, old travelling boys, governors.

Adieu! remember you have defrauded me of this summer;

¹ "High as Richardson's reputation stood in his own country, it was even more exalted in those of France and Germany, whose imaginations are more easily excited, and their passions more easily moved, by tales of fictitious distress, than are the cold-blooded English. Foreigners of distinction have been known to visit Hampstead, and to inquire for the Flask Walk, distinguished as a scene in *Clarissa's* history, just as travellers visit the rocks of Meillerie to view the localities of Rousseau's tale of passion. Diderot vied with Rousseau in heaping incense upon the shrine of the English author. The former compares him to Homer, and predicts for his memory the same honours which are rendered to the father of epic poetry; and the last, besides his well-known burst of eloquent panegyric, records his opinion in a letter to D'Alembert:—'On n'a jamais fait encore, en quelque langue que ce soit, de roman égal à *Clarisse*, ni même approchant.'" Sir Walter Scott; *Prose Works*, vol. iii. p. 49.—E.

I will be amply repaid the next, so make your arrangements accordingly.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington Street, Sept. 3, 1765.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT quit a country where I leave anything that I honour so much as your lordship and Lady Strafford, without taking a sort of leave of you. I shall set out for Paris on Monday next the 9th, and shall be happy if I can execute any commission for you there.

A journey to Paris sounds youthful and healthy. I have certainly mended much this last week, though with no pretensions to a recovery of youth. Half the view of my journey is to re-establish my health—the other half, to wash my hands of politics, which I have long determined to do whenever a change should happen. I would not abandon my friends while they were martyrs; but, now they have gained their crown of glory, they are well able to shift for themselves; and it was no part of my compact to go to that heaven, St. James's, with them. Unless I dislike Paris very much, I shall stay some time; but I make no declarations, lest I should be soon tired of it, and come back again. At first, I must like it, for Lady Mary Coke will be there, as if by assignation. The Countesses of Carlisle and Berkeley, too, I hear, will set up their staves there for some time; but as my heart is faithful to Lady Mary, they would not charm me if they were forty times more disposed to it.

The Emperor¹ is dead—but so are all the Maximilians and Leopolds his predecessors, and with no more influence on the present state of things. The Empress Dowager Queen will still be master—unless she marries an Irishman, as I wish with all my soul she may.

¹ Francis the First, Emperor of Germany, died at Inspruck, on Sunday the 18th of August. He was in good health the greater part of the day, and assisted at divine service; but, between nine and ten in the evening, he was attacked by a fit of apoplexy, and expired in a few minutes afterwards in the arms of his son, the King of the Romans.—E.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond will follow me in about a fortnight: Lord and Lady George Lennox go with them; and Sir Charles Banbury and Lady Sarah are to be at Paris, too, for some time: so the English court there will be very juvenile and blooming. This set is rather younger than the dowagers with whom I pass so much of my summers and autumns; but this is to be my last sally into the world; and when I return, I intend to be as sober as my cat, and purr quietly in my own chimney corner.

Adieu, my dear lord! May every happiness attend you both, and may I pass some agreeable days next summer with you at Wentworth-castle!

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Arlington Street, Sept. 3, 1765.

THE trouble your ladyship has given yourself so immediately, makes me, as I always am, ashamed of putting you to any. There is no persuading you to oblige moderately. Do you know, Madam, that I shall tremble to deliver the letters you have been so good as to send me? If you have said half so much of me, as you are so partial as to think of me, I shall be undone. Limited as I know myself, and hampered in bad French, how shall I keep up to any character at all? Madame d'Aiguillon and Madame Geoffrin will never believe that I am the true messenger, but will conclude that I have picked Mr. Walpole's portmanteau's pocket. I wish only to present myself to them as one devoted to your ladyship; that character I am sure I can support in any language, and it is the one to which they would pay the most regard.—Well! I don't care, Madam—it is your reputation that is at stake more than mine; and, if they find me a simpleton that don't know how to express myself, it will all fall upon you at last. If your ladyship will risk that, I will, if you please, thank you for a letter to Madame d'Egmont, too: I long to know your friends, though at the hazard of their knowing yours. Would I were a *jolly* old man, to match, at least, in that respect, your

jolly old woman!¹ — But, alas! I am nothing but a poor worn-out rag, and fear, when I come to Paris, that I shall be forced to pretend that I have had the gout in my understanding. My spirits, such as they are, will not bear translating; and I don't know whether I shall not find it the wisest part I can take to fling myself into geometry, or commerce, or agriculture, which the French now esteem, don't understand, and think we do. They took George Selwyn for a poet, and a judge of planting and dancing: why may I not pass for a learned man and a philosopher? If the worst comes to the worst, I will admire Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison; and declare I have not a friend in the world that is not like my Lord Edward Bomston, though I never knew a character like it in my days, and hope I never shall; nor do I think Rousseau need to have gone so far out of his way to paint a disagreeable Englishman.

If you think, Madam, this sally is not very favourable to the country I am going to, recollect, that all I object to them is their quitting their own agreeable style, to take up the worst of ours. Heaven knows, we are unpleasing enough; but, in the first place, they don't understand us; and, in the next, if they did, so much the worse for them. What have they gained by leaving Molière, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, La Rochefoucault, Crebillon, Marivaux, Voltaire, &c.? No nation can be another nation. We have been clumsily copying them for these hundred years, and are not we grown wonderfully like them? Come, Madam, you like what I like of them; I am going thither, and you have no aversion to going thither — but own the truth; had not we both rather go thither fourscore years ago? Had you rather be acquainted with the charming Madame Scarron, or the canting Madame de Maintenon? with Louis XIV. when the Montespan go-

¹ La Duchesse Douairière d'Aiguillon, née Chabot, mother of the Duc d'Aiguillon, who succeeded the Duc de Choiseul as minister for foreign affairs. She was a correspondent of Lady Hervey's. In a letter to Walpole, of the 20th of November 1766, Madame du Deffand says:—"Je soupai hier chez Madame d'Aiguillon: elle nous lut la traduction de la Lettre d'Héloïse de Pope, et d'un chant du poème de Salomon, de Prior; elle écrit admirablement bien; j'en étais réellement dans l'enthousiasme: dites-le à Miladi Hervey." She died in 1772.—E.

verned him, or when Père le Tellier? I am very glad when folks go to heaven, though it is after another body's fashion; but I wish to converse with them when they are themselves. I abominate a conqueror; but I do not think he makes the world much compensation, by cutting the throats of his Protestant subjects to atone for the massacres caused by his ambition.

The result of all this dissertation, Madam — for I don't know how to call it a letter — is, that I shall look for Paris in the midst of Paris, and shall think more of the French that have been than the French that are, except of a few of your friends and mine. Those I know, I admire and honour, and I am sure I will trust to your ladyship's taste for the others; and if they had no other merit, I can but like those that will talk to me of you. They will find more sentiment in me on that chapter, than they can miss parts; and I flatter myself that the one will atone for the other.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 5, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

YOU cannot think how agreeable your letter was to me, and how luckily it was timed. I thought you in Cheshire, and did not know how to direct: I now sit down to answer it instantly.

I have been extremely ill indeed with the gout all over; in head, stomach, both feet, both wrists, and both shoulders. I kept my bed a fortnight in the most sultry part of this summer; and for nine weeks could not say I was recovered. Though I am still weak, and very soon tired with the least walk, I am in other respects quite well. However, to promote my entire re-establishment, I shall set out for Paris next Monday. Thus your letter came luckily. To hear you talk of going thither, too, made it most agreeable. Why should you not advance your journey? Why defer it till the winter is coming on? It would make me quite happy to visit

churches and convents with you: but they are not comfortable in cold weather. Do, I beseech you, follow me as soon as possible. The thought of your being there at the same time makes me much more pleased with my journey; you will not, I hope, like it the less: and, if our meeting there should tempt you to stay longer, it will make me still more happy.

If, in the mean time, I can be of any use to you, I shall be glad; either in taking a lodging for you, or anything else. Let me know, and direct to me in Arlington-street, whence my servant will convey it to me. Tell me above all things that you will set out sooner.

If I have any money left when I return, and can find a place for it, I shall be very glad to purchase the ebony cabinet you mention, and will make it a visit with you next summer if you please — but first let us go to Paris. I don't give up my passion for ebony: but, since the destruction of the Jesuits, I hear one can pick up so many of their spoils that I am impatient for the opportunity.

I must finish, as I have so much business before I set out; but I must repeat, how lucky the arrival of your letter was, how glad I was to hear of your intended journey, and how much I wish it may take place directly. I will only add that the court goes to Fontainebleau the last week in September, or first in October, and therefore it is the season in the world for seeing all Versailles quietly, and at one's ease. Adieu! dear Sir, yours most cordially.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

BEAU COUSIN,

Amiens, Wednesday, Sept. 11, 1765.

I HAVE had a very prosperous journey till just at entering this city. I escaped a Prince of Nassau at Dover, and sickness at sea, though the voyage lasted seven hours and a half. I have recovered my strength surprisingly in the time; though almost famished for want of clean victuals, and comfortable tea and bread and butter. Half a mile from hence I met a coach and four with an equipage of French, and a lady in pea-

green and silver, a smart hat and feather, and two *suivantes*. My reason told me it was the Archbishop's concubine; but luckily my heart whispered that it was Lady Mary Coke. I jumped out of my chaise — yes, jumped, as Mrs. Nugent said of herself, fell on my knees, and said my first *Ave Maria, gratiâ plena*. We just shot a few politics flying — heard that Madame de Mirepoix had toasted me t'other day in tea — shook hands, forgot to weep, and parted; she to the Hereditary Princess, I to this inn, where is actually resident the Duchess of Douglas. We are not likely to have an intercourse, or I would declare myself a Hamilton.¹

I find this country wonderfully enriched since I saw it four-and-twenty years ago. Boulogne is grown quite a plump snug town, with a number of new houses. The worst villages are tight, and wooden shoes have disappeared. Mr. Pitt and the city of London may fancy what they will, but France will not come a-begging to the Mansion-house this year or two. In truth, I impute this air of opulence a little to ourselves. The crumbs that fall from the chaises of the swarms of English that visit Paris, must have contributed to fatten this province. It is plain I must have little to do when I turn my hand to calculating: but here is my observation. From Boulogne to Paris it will cost me near ten guineas; but then consider, I travel alone, and carry Louis most part of the way in the chaise with me. *Nous autres milords Anglois* are not often so frugal. Your brother, last year, had ninety-nine English to dinner on the King's birth-day. How many of them do you think dropped so little as ten guineas on this road? In short, there are the seeds of a calculation for you; and if you will water them with a torrent of words, they will produce such a dissertation, that you will be able to vie with George Grenville next session in plans of national economy — only be sure not to tax travelling till I come back, loaded with purchases; nor, till then, propagate my ideas. It will be time enough for me to be thrifty of the nation's money, when I have spent all my own.

¹ The memorable cause between the houses of Douglas and Hamilton was then pending.—E.

Clermont, 12th.

While they are getting my dinner, I continue my journal. The Duchess of Douglas (for English are generally the most extraordinary persons that we meet with even out of England) left Amiens before me, on her way home. You will not guess what she carries with her — Oh ! nothing that will hurt our manufactures ; nor what George Grenville himself would seize. One of her servants died at Paris ; she had him embalmed, and the body is tied before her chaise : — a droll way of being chief mourner.

For a French absurdity, I have observed that along the great roads they plant walnut-trees, but strip them up for firing. It is like the owl that bit off the feet of mice, that they might lie still and fatten.

At the foot of this hill is an old-fashioned château belonging to the Duke of Fitz-James, with a *parc en quincunx* and clipped hedges. We saw him walking in his waistcoat and riband, very well powdered ; a figure like Guerchy. I cannot say his seat rivals Goodwood or Euston.¹ I shall lie at Chantilly to-night, for I did not set out till ten this morning — not because I could not, as you will suspect, get up sooner — but because all the horses in the country have attended the Queen to Nancy.² Besides, I have a little underplot of seeing Chantilly and St. Denis in my way ; which you know one could not do in the dark to-night, nor in winter, if I return then.

Hôtel de feu Madame l'Ambassadrice d'Angleterre,
Sept. 13, seven o'clock.

I am just arrived. My Lady Hertford is not at home, and Lady Anne³ will not come out of her burrow : so I have just time to finish this before Madam returns ; and Brian sets out to-night and will carry it. I find I shall have a great deal to

¹ The Duc de Fitzjames's father, Mareschal Berwick, was a natural son of James II. Mr. Walpole therefore compares his country-seat with those of the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton, similar descendants from his brother, Charles II.—E.

² Stanislaus King of Poland, father to the Queen of Louis XV, lived at Nancy.—E.

³ Lady Anne Seymour Conway, afterwards married to the Earl of Drogheda.—E.

say: formerly I observed nothing, and now remark everything minutely. I have already fallen in love with twenty things, and in hate with forty. Adieu! yours ever.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Sept. 14, 1765.

I AM but two days old here, Madam, and I doubt I wish I was really so, and had my life to begin, to live it here. You see how just I am, and ready to make *amende honorable* to your ladyship. Yet I have seen very little. My Lady Hertford has cut me to pieces, and thrown me into a caldron with tailors, periwig-makers, snuff-box-wrights, milliners, &c. which really took up but little time; and I am come out quite new, with everything but youth. The journey recovered me with magic expedition. My strength, if mine could ever be called strength, is returned; and the gout going off in a minuet step. I will say nothing of my spirits, which are indecently juvenile, and not less improper for my age than for the country where I am; which, if you will give me leave to say it, has a thought too much gravity. I don't venture to laugh or talk nonsense, but in English.

Madame Geoffrin came to town but last night, and is not visible on Sundays; but I hope to deliver your ladyship's letter and packet to-morrow. Mesdames d'Aiguillon, d'Egmont, and Chabot, and the Duc de Nivernois are all in the country. Madame de Boufflers is at l'Isle Adam, whither my Lady Hertford is gone to-night to sup, for the first time, being no longer chained down to the incivility of an ambassadress. She returns after supper; an irregularity that frightens me, who have not yet got rid of all my barbarisms. There is one, alas! I never shall get over—the dirt of this country: it is melancholy, after the purity of Strawberry! The narrowness of the streets, trees clipped to resemble brooms, and planted on pedestals of chalk, and a few other points, do not edify me. The French Opera, which I have heard to-night, disgusted me as much as ever; and the more for being followed by the

Devin de Village, which shows that they can sing without cracking the drum of one's ear. The scenes and dances are delightful: the Italian comedy charming. Then I am in love with *treillage* and fountains, and will prove it at Strawberry. Chantilly is so exactly what it was when I saw it above twenty years ago, that I recollected the very position of Monsieur le Duc's chair and the gallery. The latter gave me the first idea of mine; but, presumption apart, mine is a thousand times prettier. I gave my Lord Herbert's compliments to the statue of his friend the Constable;¹ and, waiting some time for the concierge, I called out, *Où est Vatel?*²

In short, Madam, being as tired as one can be of one's own country, — I don't say whether that is much or little, — I find myself wonderfully disposed to like this. Indeed I wish I could wash it. Madame de Guerchy is all goodness to me; but that is not new. I have already been prevented by great civilities from Madame de Bentheim and my old friend Madame de Mirepoix; but am not likely to see the latter much, who is grown a most particular favourite of the King, and seldom from him. The Dauphin is ill, and thought in a very bad way. I hope he will live, lest the theatres should be shut up. Your ladyship knows I never trouble my head about royalties, farther than it affects my own interest. In truth, the way that princes affect my interest is not the common way.

I have not yet tapped the chapter of baubles, being desirous of making my revenues maintain me here as long as possible. It will be time enough to return to my Parliament when I want money.

Mr. Hume, that is *the Mode*,³ asked much about your ladyship. I have seen Madame de Monaco,⁴ and think her very

¹ The Constable de Montmorency.—E.

² The maître-d'hôtel, who, during the visit which Louis XIV. made to the grand Condé at Chantilly, put an end to his existence, because he feared the sea-fish would not arrive in time for one day's repast.

³ "Hume's conversation to strangers," says Lord Charlemont, "and still more particularly, one would suppose, to French women, could be little delightful; and yet no lady's toilette was complete without his attendance. At the Opera, his broad, unmeaning face was usually seen *entre deux jolis minois*: the ladies in France gave the *ton*, and the *ton* was deism."—E.

⁴ Madame de Monaco, afterwards Princess de Condé.—E.

handsome, and extremely pleasing. The younger Madame d'Egmont,¹ I hear, disputes the palm with her; and Madame de Brionne² is not left without partisans. The nymphs of the theatres are *laides à faire peur*, which at my age is a piece of luck, like going into a shop of curiosities, and finding nothing to tempt one to throw away one's money.

There are several English here, whether I will or not. I certainly did not come for them, and shall connect with them as little as possible. The few I value, I hope sometimes to hear of. Your ladyship guesses how far that wish extends. Consider too, Madam, that one of my unworthinesses is washed and done away, by the confession I made in the beginning of my letter.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Paris, Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE this moment received your letter, and as a courier is just setting out, I had rather take the opportunity of writing to you a short letter than defer it for a longer.

I had a very good passage, and pleasant journey, and find myself surprisingly recovered for the time. Thank you for the good news you tell me of your coming: it gives me great joy.

To the end of this week I shall be in Lord Hertford's house; so have not yet got a lodging: but when I do, you will easily find me. I have no banker, but credit on a merchant who is a private friend of Lord Hertford; consequently, I cannot give you credit on him: but you shall have the use of my credit, which will be the same thing; and we can settle our accounts together. I brought about a hundred pounds

¹ Daughter of the celebrated Marshal Duc de Richelieu. See vol. iv. p. 470. She was one of the handsomest women in France.—E.

² Madame de Brionne, née Rohan Rochefort, wife of M. de Brionne of the house of Lorraine, and mother of the Prince de Lambesc; known by his imprudent conduct at the head of his regiment in the garden of the Tuileries, at the commencement of the revolution.—E.

with me, as I would advise you to do. Guineas you may change into louis or French crowns at Calais and Boulogne; and even small bank-bills will be taken here. In any shape I will assist you. Be careful on the road. My portmanteau, with part of my linen, was stolen from before my chaise at noon, while I went to see Chantilly. If you stir out of your room, lock the door of it in the inn, or leave your man in it. If you arrive near the time you propose, you will find me here, and I hope much longer.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Sept. 22, 1765.

THE concern I felt at not seeing you before I left England, might make me express myself warmly, but I assure you it was nothing but concern, nor was mixed with a grain of pouting. I knew some of your reasons, and guessed others. The latter grieve me heartily; but I advise you to do as I do: when I meet with ingratitude, I take a short leave both of it and its host. Formerly I used to look out for indemnification somewhere else; but having lived long enough to learn that the reparation generally proved a second evil of the same sort, I am content now to skin over such wounds with amusements, which at least leave no scars. It is true, amusements do not always amuse when we bid them. I find it so here; nothing strikes me; everything I do is indifferent to me. I like the people very well, and their way of life very well; but as neither were my object, I should not much care if they were any other people, or it was any other way of life. I am out of England, and my purpose is answered.

Nothing can be more obliging than the reception I meet with everywhere. It may not be more sincere (and why should it?) than our cold and bare civility; but it is better dressed, and looks natural; one asks no more. I have begun to sup in French houses, and as Lady Hertford has left Paris to-day, shall increase my intimacies. There are swarms of English here, but most of them are going, to my great satisfaction.

As the greatest part are very young, they can no more be entertaining to me than I to them, and it certainly was not my countrymen that I came to live with. Suppers please me extremely; I love to rise and breakfast late, and to trifle away the day as I like. There are sights enough to answer that end, and shops you know are an endless field for me. The city appears much worse to me than I thought I remembered it. The French music as shocking as I knew it was. The French stage is fallen off, though in the only part I have seen Le Kain¹ I admire him extremely. He is very ugly and ill made,² and yet has an heroic dignity which Garrick wants, and great fire. The Dumenil I have not seen yet, but shall in a day or two. It is a mortification that I cannot compare her with the Clairon,³ who has left the stage. Grandval I saw through a whole play without suspecting it was he. Alas! four-and-twenty years make strange havoc with us mortals! You cannot imagine how this struck me! The Italian comedy, now united with their *opera comique*, is their most perfect diversion; but alas! harlequin, my dear favourite harlequin, my passion, makes me more melancholy than cheerful. Instead of laughing, I sit silently reflecting how

¹ Le Kain was born at Paris in 1725, and died there in 1778. He was originally brought up as a surgical instrument maker; but his dramatic talents having been made known to Voltaire, he took him under his instructions, and secured him an engagement at the Français, where he performed for the first time in 1750.—E.

² "Cet acteur," says Baron de Grimm, "n'est presque jamais faux, mais malheureusement il a voix, figure, tout, contre lui. Une sensibilité forte et profonde, qui faisait disparaître la laideur de ses traits sous le charme de l'expression dont elle les rendait susceptible, et ne laissait apercevoir que le caractère et la passion dont son âme s'était remplie, et lui donnait à chaque instant de nouvelles formes et nouvel être."—E.

³ See *anté*, p. 11. Mademoiselle Clairon was born in 1723, and made her first appearance at Paris in 1743, in the character of Phèdre. She died at Paris in 1803. Several of her letters to the British Roscius will be found in the Garrick Correspondence. On her acting, when in the zenith of her reputation, De Grimm passes the following judgment:—"Belle Clairon, vous avez beaucoup d'esprit; votre jeu est profondément raisonné; mais la passion a-t-elle le tems de raisonner? Vous n'avez ni naturel ni entrailles; vous ne déchirez jamais les miennes; vous ne faites jamais couler mes pleurs; vous mettez des silences à tout; vous voulez faire sentir chaque hemistiche; et lorsque tout fait effet dans votre jeu, je vois que la totalité de la scène n'en fait plus aucun."—E.

everything loses charms when one's own youth does not lend it gilding ! When we are divested of that eagerness and illusion with which our youth presents objects to us, we are but the *caput mortuum* of pleasure.

Grave as these ideas are, they do not unfit me for French company. The present tone is serious enough in conscience. Unluckily, the subjects of their conversation are duller to me than my own thoughts, which may be tinged with melancholy reflections, but I doubt from my constitution will never be insipid.

The French affect philosophy, literature, and freethinking: the first never did, and never will possess me; of the two others I have long been tired. Freethinking is for one's self, surely not for society; besides one has settled one's way of thinking, or knows it cannot be settled, and for others I do not see why there is not as much bigotry in attempting conversions from any religion as to it. I dined to-day with a dozen *savans*, and though all the servants were waiting, the conversation was much more unrestrained, even on the Old Testament, than I would suffer at my own table in England, if a single footman was present. For literature, it is very amusing when one has nothing else to do. I think it rather pedantic in society; tiresome when displayed professedly; and, besides, in this country one is sure it is only the fashion of the day. Their taste in it is worst of all: could one believe that when they read our authors, Richardson and Mr. Hume should be their favourites? The latter is treated here with perfect veneration. His history, so falsified in many points, so partial in as many, so very unequal in its parts, is thought the standard of writing.

In their dress and equipages they are grown very simple. We English are living upon their old gods and goddesses; I roll about in a chariot decorated with cupids, and look like the grandfather of Adonis.

Of their parliaments and clergy I hear a good deal, and attend very little: I cannot take up any history in the middle, and was too sick of politics at home to enter into them here. In short, I have done with the world, and live in it rather

than in a desert, like you. Few men can bear absolute retirement, and we English worst of all. We grow so humour-some, so obstinate and capricious, and so prejudiced, that it requires a fund of good-nature like yours not to grow morose. Company keeps our mind from growing too coarse and rough; and though at my return I design not to mix in public, I do not intend to be quite a recluse. My absence will put it in my power to take up or drop as much as I please. Adieu! I shall inquire about your commission of books, but having been arrived but ten days, have not yet had time. Need I say?—no I need not—that nobody can be more affectionately yours than, &c.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Oct. 3, 1765.

STILL I have seen neither Madame d'Egmont nor the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who are in the country; but the latter comes to Paris to-morrow. Madame Chabot I called on last night. She was not at home, but the Hôtel de Carnavalet¹ was; and I stopped on purpose to say an ave-maria before it. It is a very singular building, not at all in the French style, and looks like an *ex voto* raised to her honour by some of her foreign votaries. I don't think her honoured half enough in her own country. I shall burn a little incense before your Cardinal's heart,² Madam, *à votre intention*.

I have been with Madame Geoffrin several times, and think she has one of the best understandings I ever met, and more knowledge of the world. I may be charmed with the French, but your ladyship must not expect that they will fall in love with me. Without affecting to lower myself, the disadvantage of speaking a language worse than any idiot one meets, is insurmountable: the silliest Frenchman is eloquent to me, and leaves me embarrassed and obscure. I could name twenty other reasons, if this one was not sufficient. As it is, my own defects are the sole cause of my not liking Paris en-

¹ Madame de Sévigné's residence in Paris.—E.

² The Cardinal de Richelieu's heart at the Sorbonne.—E.

tirely: the constraint I am under from not being perfectly master of their language, and from being so much in the dark, as one necessarily must be, on half the subjects of their conversation, prevents my enjoying that ease for which their society is calculated. I am much amused, but not comfortable.

The Duc de Nivernois is extremely good to me; he inquired much after your ladyship. So does Colonel Drumgold.¹ The latter complains; but both of them, especially the Duc, seem better than when in England. I meet the Duchesse de Cossé² this evening at Madame Geoffrin's. She is pretty, with a great resemblance to her father; lively and good-humoured, not genteel.

Yesterday I went through all my presentations at Versailles. 'Tis very convenient to gobble up a whole royal family in an hour's time, instead of being sacrificed one week at Leicester-house, another in Grosvenor-street, a third in Cavendish-square, &c. &c. &c. *La Reine* is *le plus grand roi du monde*,³ and talked much to me, and would have said more if I would have let her; but I was awkward, and shrunk back into the crowd. None of the rest spoke to me. The King is still much handsomer than his pictures, and has great sweetness in his countenance, instead of that *farouche* look which they give him. The Mesdames are not beauties, and yet have something Bourbon in their faces. The Dauphiness I approve the least of all: with nothing good-humoured in her countenance, she has a look and accent that made me dread lest I should be invited to a private party at loo with her.⁴ The poor Dauphin is ghastly, and perishing before one's eyes.

¹ Colonel Drumgold was born at Paris in 1730, and died there in 1786. Dr. Johnson, in giving Boswell an account of his visit to Paris in 1775, made the following mention of him:—"I was just beginning to creep into acquaintance, by means of Colonel Drumgold, a very high man, Sir, head of L'Ecole Militaire, and a most complete character; for he had first been a professor of rhetoric, and then became a soldier." He was the author of "*La Gaïeté*," a poem, and several other pieces.—E.

² Wife of the Duc de Cossé Brisaac, governor of Paris. She was a daughter of the Duc de Nivernois.—E.

³ Madame de Sévigné thus expresses herself of Louis XIV. after his having taken much notice of her at Versailles.—E.

⁴ He means, that the Dauphiness had a resemblance to the Princess Amelia.—E.

Fortune bestowed on me a much more curious sight than a set of princes; the wild beast of the Gevaudan,¹ which is killed, and actually in the Queen's antechamber. It is a thought less than a leviathan and the beast in the Revelations, and has not half so many wings and eyes and talons as I believe they have, or will have some time or other; this being possessed but of two eyes, four feet, and no wings at all. It is as like a wolf as a commissary in the late war, except, notwithstanding all the stories, that it has not devoured near so many persons. In short, Madam, now it is dead and come, a wolf it certainly was, and not more above the common size than Mrs. Cavendish is. It has left a dowager and four young princes.

Mr. Stanley, who I hope will trouble himself with this, has been most exceedingly kind and obliging to me. I wish that, instead of my being so much in your ladyship's debt, you were a little in mine, and then I would beg you to thank him for me. Well, but as it is, why should not you, Madam? He will be charmed to be so paid, and you will not dislike to please him. In short, I would fain have him know my grati-

¹ This enormous wolf, for wolf it proved to be, gave rise to many extraordinary reports. The following account of it is from the Gentleman's Magazine for 1764:—"A very strange description is given in the Paris Gazette of a wild beast that has lately appeared in the neighbourhood of Langagne and the forest of Mercoire, and has occasioned great consternation. It has already devoured twenty persons, chiefly children, and particularly young girls; and scarce a day passes without some accidents. The terror it occasions prevents the woodcutters from working in the forest. Those who have seen him say he is much higher than a wolf, low before, and his feet are armed with talons. His hair is reddish, his head large, and the muzzle of it shaped like that of a greyhound; his ears are small and straight, his breast wide and of a grey colour; his back streaked with black; and his mouth, which is large, is provided with a set of teeth so very sharp that they have taken off several heads as clean as a razor could have done. He is of amazing swiftness; but when he aims at his prey, he couches so close to the ground that he hardly appears to be bigger than a large fox, and at the distance of one or two fathoms he rises upon his hind-legs and springs upon his prey, which he always seizes by the neck or throat. The consternation is universal throughout the districts where he commits his ravages, and public prayers are offered up upon this occasion. The Marquis de Morangis has sent out four hundred peasants to destroy this fierce beast; but they have not been able to do it. He has since been killed by a soldier, and appears to be a hyena."—E.

tude; and it is hearing it in the most agreeable way, if expressed by your ladyship.

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Paris, Oct. 3, 1765.

I DON'T know where you are, nor when I am likely to hear of you. I write at random, and, as I talk, the first thing that comes into my pen.

I am, as you certainly conclude, much more amused than pleased. At a certain time of life, sights and new objects may entertain one, but new people cannot find any place in one's affection. New faces with some name or other belonging to them, catch my attention for a minute—I cannot say many preserve it. Five or six of the women that I have seen already are very sensible. The men are in general much inferior, and not even agreeable. They sent us their best, I believe, at first, the Duc de Nivernois. Their authors, who by the way are everywhere, are worse than their own writings, which I don't mean as a compliment to either. In general, the style of conversation is solemn, pedantic, and seldom animated, but by a dispute. I was expressing my aversion to disputes: Mr. Hume, who very gratefully admires the tone of Paris, having never known any other tone, said with great surprise, "Why, what do you like, if you hate both disputes and whisk?"

What strikes me the most upon the whole is, the total difference of manners between them and us, from the greatest object to the least. There is not the smallest similitude in the twenty-four hours. It is obvious in every trifle. Servants carry their lady's train, and put her into her coach with their hat on. They walk about the streets in the rain with umbrellas to avoid putting on their hats; driving themselves in open chaises in the country without hats, in the rain too, and yet often wear them in a chariot in Paris when it does not rain. The very footmen are powdered from the break of day,

and yet wait behind their master, as I saw the Duc of Praslin's do, with a red pocket-handkerchief about their necks. Versailles, like everything else, is a mixture of parade and poverty, and in every instance exhibits something most dissonant from our manners. In the colonnades, upon the staircases, nay in the antechambers of the royal family, there are people selling all sorts of wares. While we were waiting in the Dauphin's sumptuous bedchamber, till his dressing-room door should be opened, two fellows were sweeping it, and dancing about in sabots to rub the floor.

You perceive that I have been presented. The Queen took great notice of me; none of the rest said a syllable. You are let into the King's bedchamber just as he has put on his shirt; he dresses and talks good-humouredly to a few, glares at strangers, goes to mass, to dinner, and a-hunting. The good old Queen, who is like Lady Primrose in the face, and Queen Caroline in the immensity of her cap, is at her dressing-table, attended by two or three old ladies, who are languishing to be in Abraham's bosom, as the only man's bosom to whom they can hope for admittance. Thence you go to the Dauphin, for all is done in an hour. He scarce stays a minute; indeed, poor creature, he is a ghost, and cannot possibly last three months. The Dauphiness is in her bedchamber, but dressed and standing; looks cross, is not civil, and has the true Westphalian grace and accents. The four Mesdames, who are clumsy plump old wenches, with a bad likeness to their father, stand in a bedchamber in a row, with black cloaks and knotting-bags, looking good-humoured, not knowing what to say, and wriggling as if they wanted to make water. This ceremony too is very short: then you are carried to the Dauphin's three boys, who you may be sure only bow and stare. The Duke of Berry¹ looks weak and weak-eyed: the Count de Provence² is a fine boy; the Count d'Artois³ well enough. The whole concludes with seeing the Dauphin's little girl dine, who is as round and as fat as a pudding.

In the Queen's antechamber we foreigners and the foreign

¹ Afterwards the unfortunate Louis XVI.—E.

² Afterwards Louis XVIII.—E.

³ Afterwards Charles X.—E.

ministers were shown the famous beast of the Gevaudan, just arrived, and covered with a cloth, which two chasseurs lifted up. It is an absolute wolf, but uncommonly large, and the expression of agony and fierceness remains strongly imprinted on its dead jaws.

I dined at the Duc of Praslin's with four-and-twenty ambassadors and envoys, who never go but on Tuesdays to court. He does the honours sadly, and I believe nothing else well, looking important and empty. The Duc de Choiseul's face, which is quite the reverse of gravity, does not promise much more. His wife is gentle, pretty, and very agreeable. The Duchess of Praslin, jolly, red-faced, looking very vulgar, and being very attentive and civil. I saw the Duc de Richelieu in waiting, who is pale, except his nose, which is red, much wrinkled, and exactly a remnant of that age which produced General Churchill, Wilkes the player, the Duke of Argyle, &c. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Oct. 6, 1765.

I AM glad to find you grow just, and that you do conceive at last, that I could do better than stay in England for politics. "Tenez, mon enfant," as the Duchesse de la Ferté said to Madame Staal;¹ "comme il n'y a que moi au monde qui aie toujours raison," I will be very reasonable; and as you have made this concession to me, who knew I was in the right, I will not expect you to answer all my *reasonable* letters. If you send a bullying letter to the King of Spain,² or to *Chose*, my neighbour here,³ I will consider them as written to myself, and subtract so much from your bill. Nay, I will accept a line from Lady Ailesbury now and then in part of payment. I shall continue to write as the wind sets in my pen; and do own my babble does not demand much reply.

¹ See Mémoires de Madame de Staal (the first authoress of that name), published with the rest of her works, in three small volumes.—E.

² Mr. Conway was now secretary of state for the foreign department.—E.

³ Louis XV.—E.

For so reasonable a person as I am, I have changed my mind very often about this country. The first five days I was in violent spirits; then came a dismal cloud of whisk and literature, and I could not bear it. At present I begin, very *Englishly* indeed, to establish a right to my own way. I laugh, and talk nonsense, and make them hear me. There are two or three houses where I go quite at my ease, am never asked to touch a card, nor hold dissertations. Nay, I don't pay homage to their authors. Every woman has one or two planted in her house, and God knows how they water them. The old President Henault¹ is the pagod at Madame du Deffand's, an old blind debauchée of wit, where I supped last night. The President is very near deaf, and much nearer superannuated. He sits by the table: the mistress of the house, who formerly was his, inquires after every dish on the table, is told who has eaten of which, and then bawls the bill of fare of every individual into the President's ears. In short, every mouthful is proclaimed, and so is every blunder I make against grammar. Some that I make on purpose, succeed; and one of them is to be reported to the Queen to-day by Henault, who is her great favourite. I had been at Versailles; and having been much taken notice of by her Majesty, I said, alluding to Madame Sévigné, *La Reine est le plus grand roi du monde*. You may judge if I am in possession by a scene that passed after supper. Sir James Macdonald² had been

¹ Le Président Henault, surintendant de la maison de Mademoiselle la Dauphine, membre de l'Académie Française et de l'Académie des Inscriptions, known by his celebrated work, the *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France*, and from the excellent table which he kept, and which was the resort of all the wits and *savans* of the day. His cook was considered the best in Paris, and the master was worthy of his cook; a fact which Voltaire celebrates in the opening lines of the epitaph which he wrote for him—

“Henault, fameux par vos soupers,
Et votre Chronologie,” &c.—E.

² Sir James Macdonald of Macdonald, the eighth baronet, who died at Rome on the 26th of July 1766, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, regretted by all who knew him. In the inscription on his monument, executed at Rome, and erected in the church of Slate, his character is thus drawn by his friend Lord Lyttelton:—“He had attained to so eminent a degree of knowledge in mathematics, philosophy, languages, and in every branch of useful and polite learning, as few have acquired in a

mimicking Hume: I told the women, who, besides the mistress, were the Duchess de la Valière,¹ Madame de Forcalquier,² a demoiselle, that to be sure they would be glad to have a specimen of Mr. Pitt's manner of speaking; and that nobody mimicked him so well as Elliot.³ They firmly believed it, teased him for an hour, and at last said he was the rudest man in the world not to oblige them. It appeared the more strange, because here everybody sings, reads their own works in public, or attempts any one thing without hesitation or capacity. Elliot speaks miserable French; which added to the diversion.

I had had my share of distress in the morning, by going through the operation of being presented to the royal family, down to the little Madame's pap-dinner, and had behaved as sillily as you will easily believe; hiding myself behind every mortal. The Queen called me up to her dressing-table, and seemed mightily disposed to gossip with me; but instead of

long life wholly devoted to study: yet to this erudition he joined, what can rarely be found with it, great talents for business, great propriety of behaviour, great politeness of manners: his eloquence was sweet, correct, and flowing; his memory vast and exact; his judgment strong and acute." On visiting Slate, in 1773, Dr. Johnson observed to Boswell, that this inscription "should have been in Latin, as everything intended to be universal and permanent should be." Upon this Mr. Croker remarks,—“What a strange perversion of language!—*universal*! Why, if it had been in Latin, so far from being universally understood, it would have been an utter blank to one (the better) half of the creation, and even of the men who might visit it, ninety-nine will understand it in English for one who could in Latin. Something may be said for epitaphs and inscriptions addressed, as it were, to the world at large—a triumphal arch—the pillar at Blenheim—the monument on the field of Waterloo; but a Latin epitaph, in an English church, appears, in principle, as absurd as the dinner, which the doctor gives in Peregrine Pickle, ‘after the manner of the ancients.’ A mortal may surely be well satisfied if his fame lasts as long as the language in which he spoke or wrote.”—E.

¹ La Duchesse de la Valière, daughter of the Duc d'Uzes. She was one of the handsomest women in France, and preserved her beauty even to old age. She died about the year 1792, at the age of eighty.—E.

² The Comtesse de Forcalquier, née Canizy. She had been first married to the Comte d'Antin, son to the Comtesse de Toulouse, by a marriage previous to that with the Comte de Toulouse, one of the natural children of Louis Quatorze, whom he legitimated.—E.

³ Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto. He was appointed a lord of the admiralty in 1756, treasurer of the chamber in 1762, keeper of the signets for Scotland in 1767, and treasurer of the navy in 1770. He died in 1777.—E.

enjoying my glory like Madame de Sévigné, I slunk back into the crowd after a few questions. She told Monsieur de Guerchy of it afterwards, and that I had run away from her, but said she would have her revenge at Fontainebleau. So I must go thither, which I did not intend. The King, Dauphin, Dauphiness, Mesdames, and the wild beast did not say a word to me. Yes, the wild beast, he of the Gevaudan. He is killed, and actually in the Queen's antechamber, where he was exhibited to us with as much parade as if it was Mr. Pitt. It is an exceedingly large wolf, and, the connoisseurs say, has twelve teeth more than any wolf ever had since the days of Romulus's wet-nurse. The critics deny it to be the true beast; and I find most people think the beast's name is *legion*, *for there are many*. He was covered with a sheet, which two chasseurs lifted up for the foreign ministers and strangers. I dined at the Duke of Praslin's with five-and-twenty tomes of the *corps diplomatique*; and after dinner was presented, by Monsieur de Guerchy, to the Duc de Choiseul. The Duc de Praslin is as like his own letters in D'Eon's book as he can stare; that is, I believe, a very silly fellow. His wisdom is of the grave kind. His cousin, the first minister, is a little volatile being, whose countenance and manner had nothing to frighten me for my country. I saw him but for three seconds, which is as much as he allows to any one body or thing. Monsieur de Guerchy, whose goodness to me is inexpressible, took the trouble of walking everywhere with me, and carried me particularly to see the new office for state papers. I wish I could send it you. It is a large building, disposed like an hospital, with the most admirable order and method. Lodgings for every officer; his name and business written over his door. In the body is a perspective of seven or eight large chambers: each is painted with emblems, and wainscoted with presses with wired doors and crimson curtains. Over each press, in golden letters, the country to which the pieces relate, as Angleterre, Allemagne, &c. Each room has a large funnel of bronze with *or moulu*, like a column, to air the papers and preserve them. In short, it is as magnificent as useful.

From thence I went to see the reservoir of pictures at M. de Marigny's. They are what are not disposed of in the palaces, though sometimes changed with others. This *refuse*, which fills many rooms from top to bottom, is composed of the most glorious works of Raphael, L. da Vinci, Giorgione, Titian, Guido, Correggio, &c. Many pictures, which I knew by their prints, without an idea where they existed, I found there.

The Duc de Nivernois is extremely obliging to me. I have supped at Madame de Bentheim's, who has a very fine house, and a woful husband. She is much livelier than any French-woman. The liveliest man I have seen is the Duc de Duras:¹ he is shorter and plumper than Lord Halifax, but very like him in the face. I am to sup with the Dussons² on Sunday. In short, all that have been in England are exceedingly disposed to repay any civilities they received there. Monsieur de Caraman wrote from the country to excuse his not coming to see me, as his wife is on the point of being brought to bed, but begged I would come to them. So I would, if I was a man-midwife: but though they are easy on such heads, I am not used to it, and cannot make a party of pleasure of a labour.

Wilkes arrived here two days ago, and announced that he was going minister to Constantinople.³ To-day I hear he has lowered his credentials, and talks of going to England, if he can make his peace.⁴ I thought by the manner in which this was mentioned to me, that the person meant to sound me:

¹ Le Duc de Duras, one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber at the court of France.—E.

² M. D'Usson, who had formerly been in England in a diplomatic capacity; see vol. iv. p. 275. He was brother to the Marquis de Bonnac, the French ambassador at the Hague.—E.

³ Wilkes's application for the embassy to Constantinople was an unsuccessful one. It will be seen in the Chatham Correspondence, that in February 1761 he had solicited of Mr. Pitt a seat at the board of trade. "I wish," he says, "the board of trade might be thought a place in which I could be of any service: whatever the scene is, I shall endeavour to have the reputation of acting in a manner worthy of the connection I have the honour to be in; and, among all the chances and changes of a political world, I will never have an obligation in a parliamentary way but to Mr. Pitt and his friends." Vol. ii. p. 94.—E.

⁴ After his outlawry.

but I made no answer ; for, having given up politics in England, I certainly did not come to transact them here. He has not been to make me the first visit, which, as the last arrived, depends on him : so, never having spoken to him in my life, I have no call to seek him. I avoid all politics so much, that I had not heard one word here about Spain. I suppose my silence passes for very artful mystery, and puzzles the ministers, who keep spies on the most insignificant foreigner. It would have been lucky if I had been as watchful. At Chantilly I lost my portmanteau with half my linen ; and the night before last I was robbed of a new frock, waistcoat, and breeches, laced with gold, a white and silver waistcoat, black velvet breeches, a knife, and a book. These are expenses I did not expect, and by no means entering into my system of extravagance.

I am very sorry for the death of Lord Ophaly, and for his family. I knew the poor young man himself but little, but he seemed extremely good-natured. What the Duke of Richmond will do for a hotel, I cannot conceive. Adieu !

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Oct. 13, 1765.

How are the mighty fallen ! Yes, yes, Madam, I am as like the Duc de Richelieu as two peas ; but then they are two old withered grey peas. Do you remember the fable of Cupid and Death, and what a piece of work they made with hustling their arrows together ? This is just my case : Love might shoot at me, but it was with a gouty arrow. I have had a relapse in both feet, and kept my bed six days : but the fit seems to be going off ; my heart can already go alone, and my feet promise themselves the mighty luxury of a cloth shoe in two or three days. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay,¹ who are here, and are, alas ! to carry this, have been of great comfort to me, and have brought their delightful little daughter, who is as

¹ Allan Ramsay, the painter.

quick as Ariel. Mr. Ramsay could want no assistance from me: what do we both exist upon here, Madam, but your bounty and charity? When did you ever leave one of your friends in want of another? Madame Geoffrin came and sat two hours last night by my bedside: I could have sworn it had been my Lady Hervey,¹ she was so good to me. It was with so much sense, information, instruction, and correction! The manner of the latter charms me. I never saw anybody in my days that catches one's faults and vanities and impositions so quick, that explains them to one so clearly, and convinces one so easily. I never liked to be set right before? You cannot imagine how I taste it! I make her both my confessor and director, and begin to think I shall be a reasonable creature at last, which I had never intended to be. The next time I see her, I believe I shall say, "Oh! Common Sense, sit down: I have been thinking so and so; is not it absurd?"—for t'other sense and wisdom, I never liked them; I shall now hate them for her sake. If it was worth her while, I assure your ladyship she might govern me like a child.²

The Duc de Nivernois too is astonishingly good to me. In short, Madam, I am going down hill, but the sun sets pleasantly. Your two other friends have been in Paris; but I was confined, and could not wait on them. I passed a whole evening with Lady Mary Chabot most agreeably: she charged me over and over with a thousand compliments to your ladyship. For sights, alas! and pilgrimages, they have been cut short! I had destined the fine days of October to excursions; but you know, Madam, what it is to reckon without one's host,

¹ Baron de Grimm, in speaking of Madame Geoffrin, says:—"This lady's religion seems to have always proceeded on two principles: the one, to do the greatest quantity of good in her power; the other, to respect scrupulously all established forms, and even to lend herself, with great complaisance, to all the different movements of public opinion."—E.

² Gibbon, in a letter to his father, of the 24th of February 1763, says:—"Lady Hervey's recommendation to Madame Geoffrin was a most excellent one: her house is a very good one; regular dinners there every Wednesday, and the best company in Paris, in men of letters and people of fashion. It was at her house I connected myself with M. Helvetius, who, from his heart, his head, and his fortune, is a most valuable man."—E.

the gout. It makes such a coward of me, that I shall be afraid almost of entering a church. I have lost, too, the Dumenil in Phèdre and Merope, two of her principal parts, but I hope not irrecoverably.

Thank you, Madam, for the Taliacotian extract: it diverted me much. It is true, in general I neither see nor desire to see our wretched political trash: I am sick of it up to the fountain head. It was my principal motive for coming hither; and had long been my determination, the first moment I should be at liberty, to abandon it all. I have acted from no views of interest; I have shown I did not; I have not disgraced myself—and I must be free. My comfort is, that, if I am blamed, it will be by *all* parties. A little peace of mind for the rest of my days is all I ask, to balance the gout.

I have writ to Madame de Guerchy about your orange-flower water; and I sent your ladyship two little French pieces that I hope you received. The uncomfortable posture in which I write will excuse my saying any more; but it is no excuse against my trying to do any thing to please one, who always forgets pain when her friends are in question.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Oct. 16, 1765.

I AM here, in this supposed metropolis of pleasure, triste enough; hearing from nobody in England, and again confined with the gout in both feet: yes, I caught cold, and it has returned; but as I begin to be a little acquainted with the nature of its caresses, I think the violence of its passion this time will be wasted within the fortnight. Indeed, a stick and a great shoe do not commonly compose the dress which the English come hither to learn; but I shall content myself if I can limp about enough to amuse my eyes; my ears have already had their fill, and are not at all edified. My confinement preserves me from the journey to Fontainebleau, to which I had no great appetite; but then I lose the opportunity of seeing Versailles and St. Cloud at my leisure.

I wrote to you soon after my arrival; did you receive it? All the English books you named to me are to be had here at the following prices. Shakspeare in eight volumes unbound for twenty-one livres; in larger paper for twenty-seven. Congreve in three volumes for nine livres. Swift in twelve volumes for twenty-four livres, another edition for twenty-seven. So you see I do not forget your commissions: if you have farther orders, let me know.

Wilkes is here, and has been twice to see me in my illness. He was very civil, but I cannot say entertained me much. I saw no wit; his conversation shows how little he has lived in good company, and the chief turn of it is the grossest bawdy.¹ He has certainly one merit, notwithstanding the bitterness of his pen, that is, he has no rancour; not even against Sandwich, of whom he talked with the utmost temper. He showed me some of his notes on Churchill's works, but they contain little more than one note on each poem to explain the subject of it.

The Dumenil is still the Dumenil, and nothing but curiosity could make me want the Clairon. Grandval is grown so fat and old, that I saw him through a whole play and did not guess him. Not one other, that you remember on the stage, remains there.

It is not a season for novelty in any way, as both the court and the world are out of town. The few that I know are almost all dispersed. The old president Henault made me a visit yesterday: he is extremely amiable, but has the appearance of a superannuated bacchanal; superannuated, poor soul! indeed he is! The Duc de Richelieu is a lean old resemblance of old General Churchill, and like him affects still to have his Boothbies. Alas! poor Boothbies!

I hope, by the time I am convalescent, to have the Richmonds here. One of the miseries of chronical illnesses is,

¹ "I scarcely ever," says Gibbon, who happened to dine in the company of Wilkes in September 1762, "met with a better companion; he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge; but a thorough profligate in principle as in practice; his life stained with every vice, and his conversation full of blasphemy and indecency."—E.

that you are a prey to every fool, who, not knowing what to do with himself, brings his ennui to you, and calls it charity. Tell me a little the intended dates of your motions, that I may know where to write at you. Commend me kindly to Mr. John, and wish me a good night, of which I have had but one these ten days.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.¹

Paris, Oct. 16, 1765.

THOUGH I begin my letter to-day, Madam, it may not be finished and set out these four days; but serving a tyrant who does not allow me many holiday-minutes, I am forced to seize the first that offer. Even now when I am writing upon the table, he is giving me malicious pinches under it. I was exceedingly obliged to Miss Hotham for her letter, though it did not give me so good an account of your ladyship as I wished. I will not advise you to come to Paris, where, I assure you, one has not a nip less of the gout than at London, and where it is rather more difficult to keep one's chamber pure; water not being reckoned here one of the elements of cleanliness. If ever my Lady Blandford and I make a match, I shall insist on her coming hither for a month first, to learn patience. I need have a great stock, who have only travelled from one sick bed to another; who have seen nothing; and who hear of nothing but the braveries of Fontainebleau, where the Duc de Richelieu, whose year it is, has ordered seven new operas besides other shows. However, if I cannot be diverted, my ruin at least is protracted, as I cannot go to a single shop.

Lady Mary Chabot has been so good as to make me a visit. She is again gone into the country till November, but charged me over and over to say a great deal for her to your ladyship, for whom she expresses the highest regard. Lady Brown is still in the country too; but as she loves laughing more than is fashionable here, I expect her return with great

¹ Now first collected.

impatience. As I neither desire to change their religion or government, I am tired of their perpetual dissertations on those subjects. As when I was here last, which, alas! is four-and-twenty years ago, I was much at Mrs. Hayes's, I thought it but civil to wait on her now that her situation is a little less brilliant. She was not at home, but invited me to supper next night. The moment she saw me I thought I had done very right not to neglect her; for she overwhelmed me with professions of her fondness for me and all my family. When the first torrent was over, she asked me if I was son of the Horace Walpole who had been ambassador here. I said no, he was my uncle. Oh! then you are he I used to call my Neddy! No, Madam, I believe that is my brother. Your brother! what is my Lord Walpole? My cousin, Madam. Your cousin! why, then, who are you? I found that if I had omitted my visit, her memory of me would not have reproached me much.

Lord and Lady Fife are expected here every day from Spa; but we hear nothing certain yet of their graces of Richmond, for whom I am a little impatient; and for pam too, who I hope comes with them. In French houses it is impossible to meet with anything but whist, which I am determined never to learn again. I sit by and yawn; which, however, is better than sitting at it to yawn. I hope to be able to take the air in a few days; for though I have had sharp pain and terrible nights, this codicil to my gout promises to be of much shorter duration than what I had in England, and has kept entirely to my feet. My diet sounds like an English farmer's, being nothing but beef and pudding; in truth the beef is bouilli, and the pudding bread. This last night has been the first in which I have got a wink of sleep before six in the morning: but skeletons can live very well without eating or sleeping; nay, they can laugh too, when they meet with a jolly mortal of this world.

Mr. Chetwynd, I conclude, is dancing at country balls and horse-races. It is charming to be so young;¹ but I do not

¹ See *antè*, p. 52.—E.

envy one whose youth is so good-humoured and good-natured. When he gallops post to town, or swims his horse through a mill-pond in November, pray make my compliments to him, and to Lady Blandford and Lady Denbigh. The joys of the gout do not put one's old friends out of one's head, even at this distance. I am, &c.

TO THOMAS BRAND, ESQ.¹

Paris, Oct. 19, 1765.

DON'T think I have forgot your commissions: I mentioned them to old Mariette this evening, who says he has got one of them, but never could meet with the other, and that it will be impossible for me to find either at Paris. You know, I suppose, that he would as soon part with an eye as with anything in his own collection.

You may, if you please, suppose me extremely diverted here. Oh! exceedingly. In the first place, I have seen nothing; in the second, I have been confined this fortnight with a return of the gout in both feet; and in the third, I have not laughed since my Lady Hertford went away. I assure you, you may come hither very safely, and be in no danger from mirth. Laughing is as much out of fashion as pantins or bilboquets. Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the King to be pulled down first; and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane, for having any belief left. But this is not my only crime: I have told them, and am undone by it, that they have taken from us to admire the two dullest things we had, whisk and Richardson—It is very true, and they want nothing but George Grenville to make their conversations, or rather dissertations, the most tiresome upon earth. For Lord Lyttelton, if he would come hither, and turn freethinker once more, he would be reckoned the most agreeable man in France—next to Mr. Hume, who

¹ Of the Hoo, in Hertfordshire. See vol. iii. p. 61.—E.

is the only thing in the world that they believe implicitly; which they must do, for I defy them to understand any language that he speaks.

If I could divest myself of my wicked and *unphilosophic* bent to laughing, I should do very well. They are very civil and obliging to me, and several of the women are very agreeable, and some of the men. The Due de Nivernois has been beyond measure kind to me, and scarce missed a day without coming to see me during my confinement. The Guerschys are, as usual, all friendship. I had given entirely into supping, as I do not love rising early, and still less meat breakfasts. The misfortune is, that in several houses they dine, and in others sup.

You will think it odd that I should want to laugh, when Wilkes, Sterne, and Foote are here; but the first does not make me laugh, the second never could, and for the third, I choose to pay five shillings when I have a mind he should divert me. Besides, I certainly did not come in search of English: and yet the man I have liked the best in Paris is an Englishman, Lord Ossory, who is one of the most sensible young men I ever saw, with a great deal of Lord Tavistock in his manner.

The joys of Fontainebleau I miss by my illness—Patienza! If the gout deprived me of nothing better than a court.

The papers say the Duke of Dorset¹ is dead: what has he done for Lord George? You cannot be so unconscionable as not to answer me. I don't ask who is to have his riband; nor how many bushels of fruit the Duke of Newcastle's dessert for the Hereditary Prince contained, nor how often he kissed him for the sake of "the dear house of Brunswick"—No, keep your politics to yourselves; I want to know none of them:—when I do, and authentically, I will write to my Lady * * * * or Charles Townshend.

Mrs. Pitt's friend, Madame de Rochefort, is one of my principal attachments, and very agreeable indeed. Madame

¹ Lionel Cranfield Sackville, seventh Earl and first Duke of Dorset: he died on the 10th of October. Lord George Sackville was his third son.—E.

de Mirepoix another. For my admiration, Madame de Monaco — but I believe you don't doubt my Lord Hertford's taste in sensualities. March's passion, the Marechalle d'Estrées, is affected, cross, and not at all handsome. The Princes of the blood are pretty much retired, do not go to Portsmouth and Salisbury once a week, nor furnish every other paragraph to the newspapers. Their campaigns are confined to killing boars and stags, two or three hundred in a year. Adieu ! Mr. Foley is my banker; or it is still more sure if you send your letter to Mr. Conway's office.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Oct. 28, 1765.

MR. HUME sends me word from Fontainebleau, that your brother, some time in the spring of 1764, transmitted to the English ministry "a pretty exact and very authentic account of the French finances;" these are his words: and "that it will be easily found among his lordship's dispatches of that period." To the other question I have received no answer: I suppose he has not yet been able to inform himself.

This goes by an English coachman of Count Lauragais, sent over to buy more horses; therefore I shall write a little ministerially, and, perhaps, surprise you, if you are not already apprised of things in the light I see them.

The Dauphin will probably hold out very few days. His death, that is, the near prospect of it, fills *the philosophers* with the greatest joy, as it was feared he would endeavour the restoration of the Jesuits. You will think the sentiments of *the philosophers* very odd *state news* — but do you know who *the philosophers* are, or what the term means here? In the first place, it comprehends almost everybody; and in the next, means men, who, avowing war against popery, aim, many of them, at a subversion of all religion, and still many more, at the destruction of regal power. How do you know this? you will say; you, who have been but six weeks in France, three of which you have been confined to

your chamber? True: but in the first period I went everywhere, and heard nothing else; in the latter, I have been extremely visited, and have had long and explicit conversations with many, who think as I tell you, and with a few of the other side, who are no less persuaded that there are such intentions. In particular, I had two officers here t'other night, neither of them young, whom I had difficulty to keep from a serious quarrel, and who, in the heat of the dispute, informed me of much more than I could have learnt with great pains.

As a proof that my ideas are not quite visions, I send you a most curious paper;¹ such as I believe no *magistrate* would have pronounced in the time of Charles I. I should not like to have it known to come from me, nor any part of the intelligence I send you; with regard to which, if you think it necessary to communicate it to particular persons, I desire my name may be suppressed. I tell it for *your* satisfaction and information, but would not have anybody else think that I do anything here but amuse myself: my amusements indeed are triste enough, and consist wholly in trying to get well; but my recovery moves very slowly. I have not yet had anything but cloth shoes on, live sometimes a whole day on warm water, and am never tolerably well till twelve or one o'clock.

I have had another letter from Sir Horace Mann, who has much at heart his riband and increase of character. Consequently you know, as I love him so much, I must have them at heart too. Count Lorenzi is recalled, because here they think it necessary to send a Frenchman of higher rank to the new grand ducal court. I wish Sir Horace could be raised on this occasion. For his riband, his promise is so old and so positive, that it is quite a hardship.

Pray put the colonies in good-humour: I see they are violently disposed to the new administration. I have not time to say more, nor more to say if I had time; so good night! Let me know if you receive this, and how soon: it goes the day after to-morrow. Various reports say the Duke of Richmond comes this week. I sent you a letter by Monsieur de

¹ This paper does not appear.

Guerchy. Dusson, I hear, goes ambassador to Poland. Tell Lady Ailesbury that I have five or six little parcels, though not above one for her, of laces and ribands, which Lady Cecilie left with me; but how to convey them the Lord knows.

Yours ever.

TO MR. GRAY.

Paris, Nov. 19, 1765.

You are very kind to inquire so particularly after my gout. I wish I may not be too circumstantial in my answer: but you have tapped a dangerous topic; I can talk gout by the hour. It is my great mortification, and has disappointed all the hopes that I had built on temperance and hardiness. I have resisted like a hermit, and exposed myself to all weathers and seasons like a smuggler; and in vain. I have, however, still so much of the obstinacy of both professions left, that I think I shall continue, and cannot obey you in keeping myself warm. I have gone through my second fit under one blanket, and already go about in a silk waistcoat with my bosom unbuttoned. In short, I am as prejudiced to my regimen, though so ineffectual, as I could have been to all I expected from it. The truth is, I am almost as willing to have the gout as to be liable to catch cold; and must run up stairs and down, in and out of doors, when I will, or I cannot have the least satisfaction. This will convince you how readily I comply with another of your precepts, walking as soon as I am able.—For receipts, you may trust me for making use of none: I would not see a physician at the worst, but have quacked myself as boldly as quacks treat others. I laughed at your idea of quality receipts, it came so *apropos*. There is not a man or woman here that is not a perfect old nurse, and who does not talk gruel and anatomy with equal fluency and ignorance. One instance shall serve: Madame de Bouzols, Marshal Berwick's daughter, assured me there was nothing so good for the gout, as to preserve the parings of my nails in

a bottle close stopped. When I try any illustrious nostrum, I shall give the preference to this.

So much for the gout!¹ I told you what was coming. As to the ministry, I know and care very little about them. I told you and told them long ago, that if ever a change happened I would bid adieu to politics for ever. Do me the justice to allow that I have not altered with the times. I was so impatient to put this resolution in execution, that I hurried out of England before I was sufficiently recovered. I shall not run the same hazard again in haste; but will stay here till I am perfectly well, and the season of warm weather coming on or arrived; though the charms of Paris have not the least attraction for me, nor would keep me an hour on their own account. For the city itself, I cannot conceive where my eyes were: it is the ugliest beastliest town in the universe. I have not seen a mouthful of verdure out of it, nor have they anything green but their treillage and window-shutters. Trees cut into fire-shovels, and stuck into pedestals of chalk, compose their country. Their boasted knowledge of society is reduced to talking of their suppers, and every malady they have about them, or know of. The Dauphin is at the point of death; every morning the physicians frame an account of him; and happy is he or she who can produce a copy of this lie, called a *bulletin*. The night before last, one of these was produced at supper where I was; it

¹ The following is Gray's reply, of the 13th of December:—"You have long built your hopes on temperance, you say, and hardiness. On the first point we are agreed; the second has totally disappointed you, and *therefore* you will persist in it by all means. But then, be sure to persist too in being young, in stopping the course of time, and making the shadow return back upon your sun-dial. If you find this not so easy, acquiesce with a good grace in my anilities; put on your understockings of yarn, or woollen, even in the night-time. Don't provoke me, or I shall order you two nightcaps, (which, by the way, would do your eyes good,) and put a little of any French liqueur into your water; they are nothing but brandy and sugar; and among their various flavours, some of them may surely be palatable enough. The pain in your feet I *can bear*; but I shudder at the sickness of your stomach and the weakness that still continues. I conjure you, as you love yourself,—I conjure you by Strawberry, not to trifle with these edge-tools. There is no cure for the gout, when in the stomach, but to throw it into the limbs: there is no relief for gout in the limbs, but in gentle warmth and gradual perspiration." Works, vol. iv. p. 68.—E.

was read, and said he had had *une évacuation fœtide*. I beg your pardon, though you are not at supper. The old lady of the house¹ (who by the way is quite blind, was the Regent's mistress for a fortnight, and is very agreeable) called out, "Oh! they have forgot to mention that he threw down his chamber-pot, and was forced to change his bed." There were present several women of the first rank; as Madame de la Valière, whom you remember Duchesse de Vaujour, and who is still miraculously pretty, though fifty-three; a very handsome Madame de Forcalquier, and others—nor was this conversation at all particular to that evening.

Their gaiety is not greater than their delicacy—but I will not expatiate. In short, they are another people from what they were. They may be growing wise, but the intermediate passage is dulness. Several of the women are agreeable, and some of the men; but the latter are in general vain and ignorant. The *savans*—I beg their pardons, the *philosophes*—are insupportable, superficial, overbearing, and fanatic: they preach incessantly, and their avowed doctrine is atheism; you would not believe how openly—Don't wonder, therefore, if I should return a Jesuit. Voltaire himself does not satisfy them. One of their lady devotees said of him, "Il est bigot, c'est un déiste."

I am as little pleased with their taste in trifles. Crébillon is entirely out of fashion, and Marivaux a proverb: *marivauder* and *marivaudage* are established terms for being prolix and tiresome. I thought that we were fallen, but they are ten times lower.

Notwithstanding all I have said, I have found two or three societies that please me; am amused with the novelty of the whole, and should be sorry not to have come. The Dumenil is, if possible, superior to what you remember. I am sorry not to see the Clairon; but several persons whose judgments seem the soundest prefer the former. Preville is admirable in low comedy. The mixture of Italian comedy and comic operas, prettily written, and set to Italian music, at the same

¹ Madame du Deffand.—E.

theatre, is charming, and gets the better both of their operas and French comedy; the latter of which is seldom full, with all its merit. *Petit-maitres* are obsolete, like our Lords Foppington—*Tout le monde est philosophe*—When I grow very sick of this last nonsense, I go and compose myself at the Chartreuse, where I am almost tempted to prefer Le Sœur to every painter I know. Yet what new old treasures are come to light, routed out of the Louvre, and thrown into new lumber-rooms at Versailles!—But I have not room to tell you what I have seen! I will keep this and other chapters for Strawberry. Adieu! and thank you.

Old Mariette has shown me a print by Diepenbecke of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle¹ at dinner with their family. You would oblige me, if you would look into all their graces' folios, and see if it is not a frontispiece to some one of them. Then he has such a Petitot of Madame d'Olonne! The Pompadour offered him fifty louis for it²—Alack, so would I!

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Nov. 21, 1765.

MADAME GEOFFRIN has given me a parcel for your ladyship with two knotting-bags, which I will send by the first opportunity that seems safe: but I hear of nothing but difficulties; and shall, I believe, be saved from ruin myself, from not being able to convey any purchases into England. Thus I shall have made an almost fruitless journey to France, if I can neither fling away my money, nor preserve my health.

¹ Prefixed to some copies of the Duchess's work, entitled "The World's Olio,—Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the life," (folio, London, 1653,) is a print, Diepenbeck del., P. Clouvet sc., half-sheet, containing portraits of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, (celebrated as a Cavalier general during the civil wars, and commonly styled the loyal Duke of Newcastle,) his Duchess, and their family.—E.

² This miniature eventually became his property. In a letter from Madame du Deffand of the 12th of December 1775, she says:—"J'ai Madame d'Olonne entre les mains; vous voilà au comble de la joie; mais moderez-en la, en apprenant que ses galans ne la payaient pas plus cher de son vivant que vous ne la payez après sa mort; elle vous coûte trois mille deux cents livres."—E.

At present, indeed, the gout is gone. I have had my house swept, and made as clean as I could — no very easy matter in this country; but I live in dread of seven worse spirits entering in. The terror I am under of a new fit has kept me from almost seeing anything. The damps and fogs are full as great and frequent here as in London; but there is a little frost to-day, and I shall begin my devotions to-morrow. It is not being fashionable to visit churches; but I am *de la vieille cour*; and I beg your ladyship to believe that I have no youthful pretensions. The Duchess of Richmond tells me that they have made twenty foolish stories about me in England; and say, that my person is admired here. I cannot help what is said without foundation; but the French have neither lost their eyes, nor I my senses. A skeleton I was born — skeleton I am — and death will have no trouble in making me one. I have not made any alteration in my dress, and certainly did not study it in England. Had I had any such ridiculous thoughts, the gout is too sincere a monitor to leave one under any such error. Pray, Madam, tell Lord and Lady Holland what I say: they have heard these idle tales; and they know so many of my follies, that I should be sorry they believed more of me than are true. If all arose from Madame Geoffrin calling me in joke *le nouveau Richelieu*, I give it under my hand that I resemble him in nothing but wrinkles.

Your ladyship is much in the right to forbear reading politics. I never look at the political letters that come hither in the Chronicles. I was sick to death of them before I set out; and perhaps should not have stirred from home, if I had not been sick of them and all they relate to. If anybody could write ballads and epigrams, *à la bonne heure*! But dull personal abuse in prose is tiresome indeed. A serious invective against a pickpocket, or written by a pickpocket, who has so little to do as to read?

The Dauphin continues languishing to his exit, and keeps everybody at Fontainebleau. There is a little bustle now about the parliament of Bretagne; but you may believe, Madam, that when I was tired of the squabbles at London, I did not propose to interest myself in quarrels at Hull or Liverpool.

Indeed, if the Duc de Chaulnes¹ commanded at Rennes, or Pomenars² was sent to prison, I might have a little curiosity. You wrong me in thinking I quoted a text from my Saint³ ludicrously. On the contrary, I am so true a bigot, that, if she could have talked nonsense, I should, like any other bigot, believe she was inspired.

The season, and the emptiness of Paris, prevent anything new from appearing. All I can send your ladyship is a very pretty logogriphe, made by the old blind Madame du Deffand, whom perhaps you know — certainly must have heard of. I sup there very often; ⁴ and she gave me this last night — you must guess it.

Quoique je forme un corps, je ne suis qu'une idée ;
Plus ma beauté vieillit, plus elle est décidée :
Il faut, pour me trouver, ignorer d'où je viens :
Je tiens tout de lui, qui réduit tout à rien.⁵

Lady Mary Chabot inquires often after your ladyship. Your other two friends are not yet returned to Paris; but I have had several obliging messages from the Duchesse d'Aiguillon.

It pleased me extremely, Madam, to find no mention of your own gout in your letter. I always apprehend it for you, as you try its temper to the utmost, especially by staying late in the country, which you know it hates. Lord! it has broken my spirit so, that I believe it might make me leave Strawberry at a minute's warning. It has forbid me tea, and been obeyed; and I thought that one of the most difficult points to carry with me. Do let us be well, Madam, and have no gouty notes to compare!

I am your ladyship's most faithful, humble servant.

¹ Governor of Britany in the time of Madame de Sévigné.

² See Madame de Sévigné's Letters.

³ Madame de Sévigné.

⁴ Madame du Deffand had, at this time, a supper at her house every Sunday evening, at which Walpole, during his stay at Paris, constantly made one of the company.—E.

⁵ The word is *noblesse*.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Nov. 21, 1765.

You must not be surprised when my letters arrive long after their date. I write them at my leisure, and send them when I find any Englishmen going to London, that I may not be kept in check, if they were to pass through both French and English posts.

Your letter to Madame Roland, and the books for her, will set out very securely in a day or two. My bookseller here happens to be of Rheims, and knows Madame Roland, *comme deux gouttes d'eau*. This perhaps is not a well-placed simile, but the French always use one, and when they are once established, and one knows the tune, it does not signify sixpence for the sense.

My gout and my stick have entirely left me. I totter still, it is true, but I trust shall be able to whisk about at Strawberry as well almost as ever. When that hour strikes, to be sure I shall not be very sorry. The sameness of the life here is worse than anything but English politics and the House of Commons. Indeed, I have a mind still to see more people here, more sights, and more of the Dumenil. The Dauphin, who is not dead yet, detains the whole court at Fontainebleau, whither I dare not venture, as the situation is very damp, and the lodgings abominable. Sights too, I have scarce seen any yet; and I must satisfy my curiosity; for hither, I think, I shall never come again. No, let us sit down quietly and comfortably, and enjoy our coming old age. Oh! if you are in earnest, and will transplant yourself to Roehampton, how happy I shall be! You know, if you believe an experience of above thirty years, that you are one of the very, very few, for whom I really care a straw. You know how long I have been vexed at seeing so little of you. What has one to do, when one grows tired of the world, as we both do, but to draw nearer and nearer, and gently waste the remains of life with the friends with whom one began it! Young and happy people will have no regard for us and our old stories, and they

are in the right: but we shall not tire one another; we shall laugh together when nobody is by to laugh at us, and we may think ourselves young enough when we see nobody younger. Roehampton is a delightful spot, at once cheerful and retired. You will amble in your chaise about Richmond-park: we shall see one another as often as we like; I shall frequently peep at London, and bring you tales of it, and we shall sometimes touch a card with the Clive, and laugh our fill; for I must tell you, I desire to die when I have nobody left to laugh with me. I have never yet seen or heard anything serious, that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the encyclopedists, the Humes, the Lyttletons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt, all are to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object; and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanack, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honestier than any of them. Oh! I am sick of visions and systems, that shove one another aside, and come over again, like the figures in a moving picture. Rabelais brightens up to me as I see more of the world; he treated it as it deserved, laughed at it all, and, as I judge from myself, ceased to hate it; for I find hatred an unjust preference. Adieu!

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Nov. 28, 1765.

WHAT, another letter! Yes, yes, Madam; though I must whip and spur, I must try to make my thanks keep up with your favours: for any other return, you have quite distanced me. This is to acknowledge the receipt of the Duchess d'Aiguillon—you may set what sum you please against the debt. She is delightful, and has much the most of a woman of quality of any I have seen, and more cheerful-

ness too; for, to show your ladyship that I am sincere, that my head is not turned, and that I retain some of my prejudices still, I avow that gaiety, whatever it was formerly, is no longer the growth of this country; and I will own too that Paris can produce women of quality that I should not call women of fashion: I will not use so ungentle a term as vulgar; but for their indelicacy, I could call it still worse. Yet with these faults, and the latter is an enormous one in my English eyes, many of the women are exceedingly agreeable. I cannot say so much for the men—always excepting the Duc de Nivernois. You would be entertained, for a quarter of an hour, with his Duchess—she is the Duke of Newcastle properly placed, that is, chattering incessantly out of devotion, and making interest against the devil that she may dispose of bishoprics in the next world.

Madame d'Egmont is expected to-day, which will run me again into arrears. I don't know how it is. Yes, I do: it is natural to impose on bounty, and I am like the rest of the world: I am going to abuse your goodness, *because* I know nobody's so great. Besides being the best friend in the world, you are the best *commissionnaire* in the world, Madam: you understand from friendship to scissors. The enclosed model was trusted to me, to have two pair made as well as possible—but I really blush at my impertinence. However, all the trouble I mean to give your ladyship is, to send your groom of the chambers to bespeak them; and a pair besides of the common size for a lady, as well made as possible, for the honour of England's steel.

The two knotting-bags from Madame Geoffrin went away by a clergyman two days ago; and I concerted all the tricks the doctor and I could think of, to elude the vigilance of the custom-house officers.

With this, I send your ladyship the *Orpheline Leguée*: its intended name was the *Anglomanie*—my only reason for sending it; for it has little merit, and had as slender success, being acted but five times. However, there is nothing else new.

The Dauphin continues in the same languishing and hopeless state, but with great coolness and firmness. Somebody

gave him t'other day "The Preparation for Death:"¹ he said, "C'est la nouvelle du jour."

I have nothing more to say, but what I have always to say, Madam, from the beginning of my letters to the end, that I am your ladyship's most obliged and most devoted humble servant.

Nov. 28, three o'clock.

Oh, Madam, Madam, Madam, what do you think I have found since I wrote my letter this morning? I am out of my wits! Never was anything like my luck; it never forsakes me! I have found Count Grammont's picture! I believe I shall see company upon it, certainly keep the day holy. I went to the Grand Augustins to see the pictures of the reception of the knights of the Holy Ghost: they carried me into a chamber full of their portraits; I was looking for Bassompierre; my laquais de louage opened a door, and said, "Here are more." One of the first that struck me was Philibert Comte de Grammont!² It is old, not at all handsome, but has a great deal of finesse in the countenance. I shall think of nothing now but having it copied. If I had seen or done nothing else, I should be content with my journey hither.

¹ The title of a French book of devotion.

² The witty Count de Grammont, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of James first Earl of Abercorn, by Mary, third sister of James first Duke of Ormond. Tradition reports, that Grammont, who is not recorded to have been a man of personal courage, having attached, if not engaged himself to Miss Hamilton, went off abruptly for France: the Count George Hamilton pursued and overtook him at Dover, when he thus addressed him: "My dear friend, I believe you have forgot a circumstance that should take place before you return to France." To which Grammont answered, "True, my dear friend; what a memory I have! I quite forgot that I was to marry your sister; but I will instantly accompany you back to London and rectify that forgetfulness." His celebrated Memoirs were written by his brother-in-law, Anthony, generally called Count Hamilton, who followed the fortunes of James the Second, and afterwards entered the French service.—E.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Nov. 29, 1765.

As I answered your short letter with a very long one, I shall be shorter in answer to your long, which I received late last night from Fontainebleau: it is not very necessary; but as Lord William Gordon sets out for England on Monday, I take that opportunity.

The Duke of Richmond tells me that Choiseul has promised everything. I wish it may be performed, and *speedily*, as it will give you an opportunity of opening the Parliament with great *éclat*. My opinion you know is, that this is the moment for pushing them and obtaining.

Thank you for all you say about my gout. We have had a week of very hard frost, that has done me great good, and rebraced me. The swelling of my legs is quite gone. What has done me more good, is having entirely left off tea, to which I believe the weakness of my stomach was owing, having had no sickness since. In short, I think I am cured of everything but my fears. You talk coolly of going as far as Naples, and propose my going with you. I would not go so far, if Naples was the direct road to the new Jerusalem. I have no thought or wish but to get home, and be quiet for the rest of my days, which I shall most certainly do the first moment the season will let me; and if I once get to London again, shall be scarce tempted ever to lie in an inn more. I have refused to go to Aubigné, though I should lie but one night on the road. You may guess what I have suffered, when I am grown so timorous about my health. However, I am again reverted to my system of water, and trying to recover my hardiness—but nothing has at all softened me towards physicians.

You see I have given you a serious answer, though I am rather disposed to smile at your proposal. Go to Italy! for what?—Oh! to quit—do you know, I think that as idle a thought as the other. Pray stay where you are, and do some good to your country, or retire when you cannot—but don't

put your finger in your eye and cry after the holidays and sugar-plums of Park-place. You have engaged and must go through, or be hindered. Could you tell the world the reason? Would not all men say you had found yourself incapable of what you had undertaken? I have no patience with your thinking so idly. It would be a reflection on your understanding and character, and a want of resolution unworthy of you.

My advice is, to ask for the first great government that falls, if you will not take your regiment again; to continue acting vigorously and honestly where you are. Things are never stable enough in our country to give you a prospect of a long slavery. Your defect is irresolution. When you have taken your post, act up to it; and if you are driven from it, your retirement will then be as honourable, and more satisfactory than your administration. I speak frankly, as my friendship for you directs. My way of acting (though a private instance) is agreeable to my doctrine. I determined, whenever our opposition should be over, to have done with politics; and you see I have adhered to my resolution by coming hither; and therefore you may be convinced that I speak my thoughts. I don't ask your pardon, because I should be forced to ask my own, if I did not tell you what I think the best for you. You have life and Park-place enough to come, and *you* have not had five months of gout. Make yourself independent honourably, which you may do by a government; but if you will take my advice, don't accept a ministerial place when you cease to be a minister. The former is a reward due to your profession and services; the latter is a degradation. You know the haughtiness of my spirit; I give you no advice but what I would follow.

I sent Lady Ailesbury the "Orpheline Leguée:" a poor performance; but the subject made me think she would like to see it. I am over head and ears at Count Caylus's¹ auc-

¹ The Count de Caylus, member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres, honorary member of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, and author of the "Recueil d'Antiquités Egyptiennes, Etrusques, Grecques, Romaines, et Gauloises," in seven volumes, 4to. died

tion, and have bought half of it for a song — but I am still in greater felicity and luck, having discovered, by mere accident, a portrait of Count Grammont, after having been in search of one these fifteen years, and assured there was no such thing. *Apropos*, I promised you my own: but besides that there is nobody here that excels in painting skeletons, seriously, their painters are bitter bad, and as much inferior to Reynolds and Ramsay, as Hudson to Vandyck. I had rather stay till my return. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Dec. 5, 1765.

I HAVE not above a note's worth to say; but as Lord Ossory sets out to-morrow, I just send you a line. The Dauphin, if he is still alive, which some folks doubt, is kept so only by cordials; though the Bishop of Glandeve has assured the Queen, that he had God's own word for his recovery, which she still believes, whether her son is dead or not.

The remonstrance of the Parliament of Paris, on the dissolution of that of Bretagne, is very decent; they are to have an audience next week. They do not touch on Chalotais, because the accusation against him is for treason. What do you think that treason is? A correspondence with Mr. Pitt, to whom he is made to say, that "Rennes is nearer to London than Paris." It is now believed that the anonymous letters, supposed to be written by Chalotais, were forged by a Jesuit—those to Mr. Pitt could not have even so good an author.

at Paris in September 1765, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was said to be the protector of the arts and the torment of the artists; for though he assisted them with his advice, and, better still, with his purse, he exacted from them, in return, the greatest deference to his opinion. Gibbon, in his *Journal* for May 1763, thus speaks of the Count:—"Je le vis trois ou quatre fois, et je vis un homme simple, uni, bon, et qui me témoignoit une bonté extrême. Si je n'en al point profité, je l'attribue moins à son caractère qu'à son genre de vie. Il se lève de grand matin, court les ateliers des artistes pendant tout le jour, et rentre chez lui à six heures du soir pour se mettre en robe de chambre, et s'enfermer dans son cabinet. Le moyen de voir ses amis?"—E.

The Duke of Richmond is still at Aubigné: I wonder he stays, for it is the hardest frost alive. Mr. Hume does not go to Ireland; where your brother finds he would by no means be welcome. I have a notion he will stay here till your brother's return.

The Duc de Praslin, it is said, will retire at Christmas. As La Borde, the great banker of the court, is trying to retire too, my cousin, who is much connected with La Borde, suspects that Choiseul is not very firm himself.

I have supped with Monsieur de Maurepas, and another night with Marshal Richelieu: the first is extremely agreeable and *sensible*; and, I am glad, not *minister*. The other is an old piece of tawdry, worn out, but endeavouring to brush itself up; and put me in mind of Lord Chesterfield, for they laugh before they know what he has said — and are in the right, for I think they would not laugh afterwards.

I send Lady Ailesbury the words and music of the prettiest opera comique in the world. I wish I could send her the actors too. Adieu!

December 9.

Lord Ossory put off his journey; which stopped this letter, and it will now go by Mr. Andrew Stuart.

The face of things is changed here; which I am impatient to tell you, that you may see it is truth, not system, which I pique myself on sending you. The vigour of the court has frightened the Parliaments. That of Pau has submitted. The procureurs, &c. of Rennes, who, it was said, would not plead before the new commission, were told, that if they did not plead the next day they should be hanged without a trial. No bribe ever operated faster!

I heard t'other day, that some Spanish minister, I forget his name, being dead, Squillace would take his department, and Grimaldi have that of the West Indies. He is the worst that could have it, as we have no greater enemy.

The Dauphin is certainly alive, but in the most shocking way possible; his bones worn through his skin, a great swelling behind, and so relaxed, that his intestines appear from that part; and yesterday the mortification was suspected.

I have received a long letter from Lady Ailesbury, for which I give her a thousand thanks; and would answer it directly, if I had not told you everything I know. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond are, I hear, at Fontainebleau: the moment they return, I will give the Duchess Lady Ailesbury's commission.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.¹

Paris, Dec. 5, 1765; but does not set out
till the 11th.

MADAM,

MISS HOTHAM need not be in pain for what to say when she gives me an account of your ladyship; which is all the trouble I thought of giving her. If she could make those accounts more favourable, I should be better pleased; but I know what an untractable brute the gout is, and the joy it takes in plaguing everybody that is connected with it. We have the sharpest frost here that ever lived; it has done me great good; and, if it has the same effect on your ladyship, I hope you are starved to death. Since Paris has begun to fill in spite of Fontainebleau, I am much reconciled to it, and have seen several people I like. I am established in two or three societies, where I sup every night; though I have still resisted whist, and am more constant to my old flame loo during its absence than I doubt I have been to my other passions. There is a young Comtesse d'Egmont, daughter of Marshal Richelieu, so pretty and pleasing, that, if I thought it would break anybody's heart in England, I would be in love with her. Nay, Madam, I might be so within all rules here. I am twenty years on the right side of red-heels, which her father wears still, and he has still a wrinkle to come before he leaves them off.

The Dauphin is still alive, but kept so only by cordials. Yet the Queen and Dauphiness have no doubt of his recovery,

¹ Now first collected.

having the Bishop of Glandeve's word for it, who got a promise from a vision under its own hand and seal. The Dauphin has certainly behaved with great courage and tranquillity, but is so touched with the tenderness and attention of his family, that he now expresses a wish to live.

If there is no talk in England of pollitics and parliaments, I can send your ladyship as much as you please from hence; or if you want English themselves, I can send you about fifty head; and I assure you we shall still be well stocked. There were three card-tables full of lords, ladies, gentlemen, and gentlewomen, the other night at Lady Berkeley's.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Jan. 2, 1766.

WHEN I came to Paris, Madam, I did not know that by New-year's-day I should find myself in Siberia; at least as cold. There have not been two good days together since the middle of October; however, I do not complain, as I am both well and well pleased, though I wish for a little of your sultry English weather, all French as I am. I have entirely left off dinners, and lead the life I always liked, of lying late in bed, and sitting up late. I am told of nothing but how contradictory this is to your ladyship's orders; but as I shall have dull dinners and triste evenings enough when I return to England, all your kindness cannot persuade me to sacrifice my pleasures here, too. Many of my opinions are fantastic; perhaps this is one, that nothing produces gout like doing anything one dislikes. I believe the gout, like a near relation, always visits one when one has some other plague. Your ladyship's dependence on the waters of Sunning-hill is, I hope, better founded; but in the mean time my system is full as pleasant.

Madame d'Aiguillon's goodness to me does not abate, nor Madame Geoffrin's. I have seen but little of Madame d'Egmont, who seems very good, and is universally in esteem. She is now in great affliction, having lost suddenly Monsieur Pignatelli, the minister at Parma, whom she bred up, and

whom she and her family had generously destined for her grand-daughter, an immense heiress. It was very delicate and touching what Madame d'Egmont said to her daughter-in-law on this occasion:—"Vous voyez, ma chère, combien j'aime mes enfans d'adoption!" This daughter-in-law is delightfully pretty, and civil, and gay, and conversable, though not a regular beauty like Madame de Monaco.

The bitterness of the frost deters me, Madam, from all sights; I console myself with good company, and still more, with being absent from bad. Negative as this satisfaction is, it is incredibly great, to live in a town like this, and to be sure every day of not meeting one face one hates! I scarce know a positive pleasure equal to it.

Your ladyship and Lord Holland shall laugh at me as much as you please for my dread of being thought *charming*; yet I shall not deny my panic, as surely nothing is so formidable as to have one's limbs on crutches and one's understanding in leading-strings. The Prince of Conti laughed at me t'other day on the same account. I was complaining to the old blind charming Madame du Deffand, that she preferred Mr. Crawford to me: "What," said the Prince, "does not she love you?" "No, Sir," I replied, "she likes me no better than if she had seen me."

Mr. Hume carries this letter and Rousseau to England.¹ I wish the former may not repent having engaged with the latter, who contradicts and quarrels with all mankind, in order to obtain their admiration. I think both his means and his end below such a genius. If I had talents like his, I should despise any suffrage below my own standard, and should blush to owe any part of my fame to singularities and affectations. But great parts seem like high towers erected

¹ The Parliament of Paris having issued an arrêt against Rousseau, on account of his opinions, Mr. Hume was applied to by a friend in Paris to discover for him a retreat in England, whither he accompanied him. The plan finally concluded on was, that he should be comfortably boarded in the mansion of Mr. Davenport, at Wootton, in the county of Derby; and Mr. Hume, by his interest with the government, obtained for him a pension of one hundred pounds a-year. On his arrival in London, he appeared in public in his Armenian dress, and excited much general notice.—E.

on high mountains, the more exposed to every wind, and readier to tumble. Charles Townshend is blown round the compass; Rousseau insists that the north and south blow at the same time; and Voltaire demolishes the Bible to erect fatalism in its stead:—so compatible are the greatest abilities and greatest absurdities!

Madame d'Aiguillon gave me the enclosed letter for your ladyship. I wish I had anything else to send you; but there are no new books, and the theatres are shut up for the Dauphin's death; who, I believe, is the greatest loss they have had since Harry IV.

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Paris, Jan. 1766.

IT is in vain, I know, my dear Sir, to scold you, though I have such a mind to it—nay, I must. Yes, you that will not lie a night at Strawberry in autumn for fear of the gout, to stay in the country till this time, and till you caught it! I know you will tell me, it did not come till you had been two days in town. Do, and I shall have no more pity for you than if I was your wife, and had wanted to come to town two months ago.

I am perfectly well, though to be sure Lapland is the torrid zone in comparison of Paris. We have had such a frost for this fortnight, that I went nine miles to dine in the country to-day, in a villa exactly like a green-house, except that there was no fire but in one room. We were four in a coach, and all our chinks stopped with furs, and yet all the glasses were frozen. We dined in a paved hall painted in fresco, with a fountain at one end; for in this country they live in perpetual opera, and persist in being young when they are old, and hot when they are frozen. At the end of the hall sat shivering three glorious maccaws, a vast cockatoo, and two poor parroquets, who squalled like the children in the wood after their nursery-fire! I am come home, and blowing my billets between every paragraph, yet can scarce move my

fingers. However, I must be dressed presently, and go to the Comtesse de la Marche,¹ who has appointed nine at night for my audience. It seems a little odd to us to be presented to a princess of the blood at that hour—but I told you, there is not a tittle in which our manners resemble one another. I was presented to her father-in-law the Prince of Conti last Friday. In the middle of the *levée* entered a young woman, too plain I thought to be anything but his near relation. I was confirmed in my opinion, by seeing her, after he had talked to her, go round the circle and do the honours of it. I asked a gentleman near me if that was the Comtesse de la Marche? He burst into a violent laughter, and then told me it was Mademoiselle Auguste, a dancer!—Now, who was in the wrong?

I give you these as samples of many scenes that have amused me, and which will be charming food at Strawberry. At the same time that I see all their ridicules, there is a *douceur* in the society of the women of fashion that captivates me. I like the way of life, though not lively; though the men are posts, and apt to be arrogant, and though there are twenty ingredients wanting to make the style perfect. I have totally washed my hands of their *savans* and philosophers, and do not even envy you Rousseau, who has all the *charlatanerie* of Count St. Germain² to make himself singular and talked of. I suppose Mrs. Montagu, my Lord Lyttelton, and a certain lady friend of mine, will be in raptures with him, especially as conducted by Mr. Hume. But, however I admire his parts, neither he nor any *Genius* I have known has had

¹ La Comtesse de la Marche, a princess of Modena, married to the only son of the Prince de Conti. Le Comte de la Marche was the only one of the French princes of the blood who uniformly sided with the court in the disputes with the Parliament of Paris.—E.

² The Comte de St. Germain had acquired a considerable military reputation in France by his conduct at Corbach in 1760; when he commanded the reserve, and saved the army by supporting the rear-guard and allowing the whole body to retire upon Cassel. Considering himself ill-used by the Marshal de Broglio, his commander-in-chief, he obtained leave to retire from the French service, and entered that of Denmark, from which he retired into private life in 1774. From this retirement he was summoned by Louis XVI. upon the death of the Comte de Mury, minister-at-war.—E.

common sense enough to balance the impertinence of their pretensions. They hate priests, but love dearly to have an altar at their feet; for which reason it is much pleasanter to read them than to know them. Adieu! my dear Sir!

Jan. 15.

This has been writ this week, and waiting for a conveyance, and as yet has got none. Favre tells me you are recovered, but you don't tell me so yourself. I enclose a trifle that I wrote lately,¹ which got about and has made enormous noise in a city where they run and cackle after an event, like a parcel of hens after an accidental husk of a grape. It has made me the fashion, and made Madame de Boufflers and the Prince of Conti very angry with me; the former intending to be rapt to the Temple of Fame by clinging to Rousseau's Armenian robe. I am peevish that with his parts he should be such a mountebank: but what made me more peevish was, that after receiving Wilkes with the greatest civilities, he paid court to Mr. Hume by complaining of Wilkes's visit and intrusion.²

Upon the whole, I would not but have come hither; for, since I am doomed to live in England, it is some comfort to have seen that the French are ten times more contemptible than we are. I am a little ungrateful; but I cannot help seeing with my eyes, though I find other people make nothing of seeing without theirs. I have endless histories to amuse you with when we meet, which shall be at the end of March. It is much more tiresome to be fashionable than unpopular;

¹ The letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau.—E.

² "One evening, at the Mitre, Johnson said sarcastically to me, 'It seems, Sir, you have kept very good company abroad—Rousseau and Wilkes!' I answered with a smile, 'My dear Sir, you don't call Rousseau bad company: do you really think *him* a bad man?'"—JOHNSON. 'Sir, if you are talking jestingly of this, I don't talk with you. If you mean to be serious, I think him one of the worst of men; a rascal, who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him, and it is a shame that he is protected in this country. Rousseau, Sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations.'" Boswell, vol. ii. p. 314, ed. 1835.—E.

I am used to the latter, and know how to behave under it: but I cannot stand for member of parliament of Paris. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Jan. 5, 1766.

LADY BEAULIEU acts like herself, and so do you in being persuaded that nobody will feel any satisfaction that comes to you with more transport than I do; you deserve her friendship, because you are more sensible to the grace of the action than to the thing itself; of which, besides approving the sentiment, I am glad, for if my Lady Cardigan¹ is as happy in drawing a straw, as in *picking straws*, you will certainly miss your green coat. Yet methinks you would make an excellent Robin Hood *reformé*, with *little John* your brother. How you would carol Mr. Percy's old ballads under the green-wood tree! I had rather have you in my *merry Sherwood* than at Greatworth, and should delight in your picture drawn as a bold forester, in a green frock, with your rosy hue, grey locks, and comely belly. In short, the favour itself, and the manner are so agreeable, that I shall be at least as much disappointed as you can be, if it fails. One is not ashamed to wear a feather from the hand of a friend. We both scorn to ask or accept boons; but it is pleasing to have life painted with images by the pencil of friendship. Visions you know have always been my pasture; and so far from growing old enough to quarrel with their emptiness, I almost think there is no wisdom comparable to that of exchanging what is called the realities of life for dreams. Old castles, old pictures, old histories, and the babble of old people, make one live back into centuries, that cannot disappoint one. One holds fast and surely what is past. The dead have exhausted their power of deceiving; one can trust Catherine of Medicis now. In short, you have opened a new landscape to my fancy; and my Lady

¹ Lady Mary Montagu, third daughter and coheiress of John second Duke of Montagu, and last of that creation; married, 7th July 1730, George Montagu, fourth Earl of Cardigan.—E.

Beaulieu will oblige me as much as you, if she puts the long bow into your hands. I don't know but the idea may produce some other Castle of Otranto.

The victorious arms of the present ministry in Parliament will make me protract my stay here, lest it should be thought I awaited the decision of the event; next to successful enemies, I dread triumphant friends. To be sure, Lord Temple and George Grenville are very proper to be tied to a conqueror's car, and to "drag their slow lengths along;" but it is too ridiculous to see Goody Newcastle exulting like old Marius in a seventh consulship. Don't tell it, but as far as I can calculate my own intention, I shall not set out before the twenty-fifth of March. That will meet your abode in London; and I shall get a day or two out of you for some chat at Strawberry on all I have seen and done here. For this reason I will anticipate nothing now, but bid you good-morrow, after telling you a little story. The canton of Berne ordered all the impressions of Helvetius's *Esprit* and Voltaire's *Pucelle* to be seized. The officer of justice employed by them came into the council and said, "*Magnifiques seigneurs, après toutes les recherches possibles, on n'a pu trouver dans toute la ville que très peu de l'Esprit, et pas une Pucelle.*" Adieu! Robin and John.

January 9th.

I had not sent away my letter, being so disappointed of a messenger, and now receive yours of December the thirtieth. My house is most heartily at your service, and I shall write to Favre to have it ready for you. You will see by the former part of this letter, that I do not think of being in England before the end of March. All I dislike in this contract is the fear, that if I drive you out of my house, I shall drive you out of town; and as you will find, I have not a bed to offer you but my own, and Favre's, in which your servant will lie, for I have stripped Arlington-street to furnish Strawberry. In the mean time you will be comfortable in my bed, and need have no trouble about Favre, as he lodges at his wife's while I am absent. Let them know in time to have the beds aired.

I don't understand one syllable of your paragraph about

Miss Talbot, Admiral Cornish, and Mr. Hampden's son. I thought she was married, and I forget to whom.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Saturday night, Jan. 11, 1766.

I HAVE just now, Madam, received the scissors, by General Vernon, from Mr. Conway's office. Unluckily, I had not received your ladyship's notification of them sooner, for want of a conveyance, and I wrote to my servant to inquire of yours how they had been sent; which I fear may have added a little trouble to all you had been so good as to take, and for which I give you ten thousand thanks: but your ladyship is so exact and friendly, that it almost discourages rather than encourages me. I cannot bring myself to think that ten thousand obligations are new letters of credit.

I have seen Mrs. F * * * *, and her husband may be as happy as he will: I cannot help pitying him. She told me it is *colder* here than in England; and in truth I believe so: I blow the fire between every paragraph, and am quite cut off from all sights. The agreeableness of the evenings makes me some amends. I am just going to sup at Madame d'Aiguillon's with Madame d'Egmont, and I hope Madame de Brionne, whom I have not yet seen; but she is not very well, and it is doubtful. My last new passion, and I think the strongest, is the Duchess de Choiseul. Her face is pretty, not very pretty; her person a little model. Cheerful, modest, full of attentions, with the happiest propriety of expression, and greatest quickness of reason and judgment, you would take her for the queen of an allegory: one dreads its finishing, as much as a lover, if she would admit one, would wish it should finish. In short, Madam, though *you* are the last person that will believe it, France is so agreeable, and England so much the reverse, that I don't know when I shall return. The civilities, the kindnesses, the honours I receive, are so many and so great, that I am continually forced to put myself in mind how little I am entitled to them, and how many of them I owe to your lady-

ship. I shall talk you to death at my return. Shall you bear to hear me tell you a thousand times over, that Madame Geoffrin is the most rational woman in the world, and Madame d'Aiguillon the most animated and most obliging? I think you will. Your ladyship *can* endure the panegyric of your friends. If you should grow impatient to hear them commended, you have nothing to do but to come over. The best air in the world is that where one is pleased: Sunning waters are nothing to it. The frost is so hard, it is impossible to have the gout; and though the fountain of youth is not here, the fountain of age is, which comes to just the same thing. One is never old here, or never thought so. One makes verses as if one was but seventeen — for example: —

ON MADAME DE FORCALQUIER SPEAKING ENGLISH.

Soft sounds that steal from fair Forcalquier's lips,
Like bee that murmuring the jasmin sips!
Are these my native accents? None so sweet,
So gracious, yet my ravish'd ears did meet.
O power of beauty! thy enchanting look
Can melodize each note in Nature's book.
The roughest wrath of Russians, when they swear,
Pronounced by thee, flows soft as Indian air;
And dulcet breath, attemper'd by thine eyes,
Gives British prose o'er Tuscan verse the prize.

You must not look, Madam, for much meaning in these lines; they were intended only to run smoothly, and to be easily comprehended by the fair scholar who is learning our language. Still less must you show them: they are not calculated for the meridian of London, where you know I dread being represented as a shepherd. Pray let them think that I am wrapped up in Canada bills, and have all the pamphlets sent over about the colonies and the stamp-act.

I am very sorry for the accounts your ladyship gives me of Lord Holland. He talks, I am told, of going to Naples: one would do a great deal for health, but I question if I could buy it at that expense. If Paris would answer his purpose, I should not wonder if he came hither; but to live with Italians must be woful, and would *ipso facto* make me ill. It is true I

am a bad judge: I never tasted illness but the gout, which, tormenting as it is, I prefer to all other distempers: one knows the fit will end, will leave one quite well, and dispenses with the nonsense of physicians, and absurdity is more painful than pain: at least the pain of the gout never takes away my spirits, which the other does.

I have never heard from Mr. Chute this century, but am glad the gout is rather his excuse than the cause, and that it lies only in his pen. I am in too good humour to quarrel with anybody, and consequently cannot be in haste to see England, where at least one is sure of being quarrelled with. If they vex me, I will come back hither directly: and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that your ladyship will not blame me.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Jan. 12, 1766.

I HAVE received your letter by General Vernon, and another, to which I have writ an answer, but was disappointed of a conveyance I expected. You shall have it with additions, by the first messenger that goes; but I cannot send it by the post, as I have spoken very freely of some persons your name, in which we agree thoroughly. These few lines are only to tell you I am not idle in writing to you.

I almost repent having come hither; for I like the way of life and many of the people so well, that I doubt I shall feel more regret at leaving Paris than I expected. It would sound vain to tell you the honours and distinctions I receive, and how much I am in fashion; yet when they come from the handsomest women in France, and the most respectable in point of character, can one help being a little proud? If I was twenty years younger, I should wish they were not quite so respectable. Madame de Brionne, whom I have never seen, and who was to have met me at supper last night at the charming Madame d'Egmont's, sent me an invitation by the latter for Wednesday next. I was engaged, and hesitated. I was told, "*Comment! savez-vous que c'est qu'elle ne feroit*

pas pour toute la France?" However, lest you should dread my returning a perfect old swain, I study my wrinkles, compare myself and my limbs to every plate of larks I see, and treat my understanding with at least as little mercy. Yet, do you know, my present fame is owing to a very trifling composition, but which has made incredible noise. I was one evening at Madame Geoffrin's joking on Rousseau's affectations and contradictions, and said some things that diverted them. When I came home, I put them into a letter, and showed it next day to Helvetius and the Duc de Nivernois; who were so pleased with it, that, after telling me some faults in the language, which you may be sure there were, they encouraged me to let it be seen. As you know I willingly laugh at mountebanks, *political* or literary, let their talents be ever so great, I was not averse. The copies have spread like wildfire; *et me voici à la mode!* I expect the end of my reign at the end of the week with great composure. Here is the letter:—

LE ROI DE PRUSSE A MONSIEUR ROUSSEAU.¹

MON CHER JEAN JACQUES,

Vous avez renoncé à Génève votre patrie; vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a décrété. Venez donc chez moi; j'admire vos talens; je m'amuse de vos rêveries, qui (soit dit en pas-

¹ How much Rousseau, who was naturally disposed to believe in plots and conspiracies against him, was annoyed by this jeu d'esprit, the reader will readily learn from the following letter, which he addressed to the editor of the London Chronicle shortly after his arrival in England:—

"Wootton, 3d March 1766.

"You have failed, Sir, in the respect which every private person owes to a crowned head, in attributing publicly to the King of Prussia a letter full of extravagance and malignity, of which, for these very reasons, you ought to have known he could not be the author. You have even dared to transcribe his signature, as if you had seen it written with his own hand. I inform you, Sir, this letter was fabricated at Paris; and what rends my heart is, that the impostor has accomplices in England. You owe to the King of Prussia, to truth, and to me, to print the letter which I write to you, and which I sign, as an atonement for a fault with which you would doubtless reproach yourself severely, if you knew to what a dark transaction you have rendered yourself accessory. I salute you, Sir, very sincerely.

ROUSSEAU."

sant) vous occupent trop, et trop long tems. Il faut à la fin être sage et heureux. Vous avez fait assez parler de vous par des singularités peu convenables à un véritable grand homme. Démontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun : cela les fâchera, sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible ; je vous veux du bien, et je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstinez à rejeter mon secours, attendez-vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez les tels que vous voudrez. Je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits : et ce qui sûrement ne vous arrivera pas vis à vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persécuter quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

Votre bon ami,

FRÉDÉRIC.

The Princesse de Ligne,¹ whose mother was an Englishwoman, made a good observation to me last night. She said, "Je suis roi, je puis vous procurer de malheurs," was plainly the stroke of an English pen. I said, then I had certainly not well imitated the character in which I wrote. You will say I am a bold man to attack both Voltaire and Rousseau. It is true ; but I shoot at their heel, at their vulnerable part.

I beg your pardon for taking up your time with these trifles. The day after to-morrow we go in cavalcade with the Duchess of Richmond to her audience ;² I have got my cravat and shammy shoes. Adieu !

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Paris, Jan. 18, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I HAD extreme satisfaction in receiving your letter, having been in great pain about you, and not knowing where to

¹ The Princess de Ligne was a daughter of the Marquis de Megières, by Miss Ogleshorpe, sister of General Ogleshorpe.—E.

² At Versailles, as ambassadress.

direct a letter. Favre¹ told me, you had had an accident; did not say what it was, but that you was not come to town.² He received all the letters and parcels safe; for which I give you many thanks, and a thousand more for your kindness in thinking of them, when you was suffering so much. It was a dreadful conclusion of your travels; but I trust will leave no consequences behind it. The weather is by no means favourable for a recovery, if it is as severe in England as at Paris. We have had two or three days of fog, rather than thaw; but the frost is set in again as sharp as ever. I persisted in going about to churches and convents, till I thought I should have lost my nose and fingers. I have submitted at last to the season, and lie a-bed all the morning; but I hope in February and March to recover the time I have lost. I shall not return to England before the end of March, being determined not to hazard anything. I continue perfectly well, and few things could tempt me to risk five months more of gout.

I will certainly bring you some pastils, and have them better packed, if it is possible. You know how happy I should be if you would send me any other commission. As you say nothing of the Eton living, I fear that prospect has failed you; which gives me great regret, as it would give me very sensible pleasure to have you fixed somewhere (and not far from me) for your ease and satisfaction.

I am glad the cathedral of Amiens answered your expectation; so has the Sainte Chapelle mine; you did not tell me what charming enamels I should find in the ante-chapel. I have seen another vast piece, and very fine, of the Constable Montmorenci, at the Maréchale Duchesse de Luxembourg's.

Rousseau is gone to England with Mr. Hume. You will very probably see a letter to Rousseau, in the name of the King of Prussia, writ to laugh at his affectations. It has made excessive noise here, and I believe quite ruined the author with many philosophers. When I tell you I was the author, it is telling you how cheap I hold their anger. If it

¹ A servant of Mr. Walpole's left in London.

² In disembarking at Dover, Mr. Cole met with an accident, that had confined him there three weeks to his bed.

does not reach you, you shall see it at Strawberry, where I flatter myself I shall see you this summer, and quite well. Adieu!

TO MR. GRAY.

Paris, Jan. 25, 1766.

I AM much indebted to you for your kind letter and advice; and though it is late to thank you for it, it is at least a stronger proof that I do not forget it. However, I am a little obstinate, as you know, on the chapter of health, and have persisted through this Siberian winter in not adding a grain to my clothes, and in going open-breasted without an under-waistcoat. In short, though I like extremely to live, it must be in my own way, as long as I can: it is not youth I court, but liberty; and I think making oneself tender is issuing a *general warrant* against one's own person. I suppose I shall submit to confinement when I cannot help it; but I am indifferent enough to life not to care if it ends soon after my prison begins.

I have not delayed so long to answer your letter, from not thinking of it, or from want of matter, but from want of time. I am constantly occupied, engaged, amused, till I cannot bring a hundredth part of what I have to say into the compass of a letter. You will lose nothing by this: you know my volubility, when I am full of new subjects; and I have at least many hours of conversation for you at my return. One does not learn a whole nation in four or five months; but, for the time, few, I believe, have seen, studied, or got so much acquainted with the French as I have.

By what I said of their religious or rather irreligious opinions, you must not conclude their people of quality atheists — at least, not the men. Happily for them, poor souls! they are not capable of going so far into thinking. They assent to a great deal, because it is the fashion, and because they don't know how to contradict. They are ashamed to defend the Roman-catholic religion, because it is quite ex-

ploded; but I am convinced they believe it in their hearts. They hate the Parliaments and the philosophers, and are rejoiced that they may still idolize royalty. At present, too, they are a little triumphant: the court has shown a little spirit, and the Parliaments much less: but as the Duc de Choiseul, who is very fluttering, unsettled, and inclined to the philosophers, has made a compromise with the Parliament of Bretagne, the Parliaments might venture out again, if, as I fancy will be the case, they are not glad to drop a cause, of which they began to be a little weary of the inconveniences.

The generality of the men, and more than the generality, are dull and empty. They have taken up gravity, thinking it was philosophy and English, and so have acquired nothing in the room of their natural levity and cheerfulness. However, as their high opinion of their own country remains, for which they can no longer assign any reason, they are contemptuous and reserved, instead of being ridiculously, consequently pardonably, impertinent. I have wondered, knowing my own countrymen, that we had attained such a superiority. I wonder no longer, and have a little more respect for English *heads* than I had.

The women do not seem of the same country: if they are less gay than they were, they are more informed, enough to make them very conversable. I know six or seven with very superior understandings; some of them with wit, or with softness, or very good sense.

Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common sense than I almost ever met with. Great quickness in discovering characters, penetration in going to the bottom of them, and a pencil that never fails in a likeness — seldom a favourable one. She exacts and preserves, spite of her birth and their nonsensical prejudices about nobility, great court and attention. This she acquires by a thousand little arts and offices of friendship: and by a freedom and severity, which seem to be her sole end of drawing a concourse to her; for she insists on scolding those she inveigles to her. She has little taste and less knowledge, but protects artisans and authors, and courts a

few people to have the credit of serving her dependents. She was bred under the famous Madame Tencin, who advised her never to refuse any man; for, said her mistress, though nine in ten should not care a farthing for you, the tenth may live to be an useful friend. She did not adopt or reject the whole plan, but fully retained the purport of the maxim. In short, she is an epitome of empire, subsisting by rewards and punishments. Her great enemy, Madame du Deffand, was for a short time mistress of the Regent, is now very old and stone-blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a-week; has everything new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, ay, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or anybody, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers. In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong: her judgment on every subject is as just as possible; on every point of conduct as wrong as possible: for she is all love and hatred, passionate for her friends to enthusiasm, still anxious to be loved, I don't mean by lovers, and a vehement enemy, but openly. As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and ennui are insupportable to her, and put her into the power of several worthless people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank; wink to one another and laugh at her; hate her because she has forty times more parts — and venture to hate her because she is not rich.¹ She has an old friend whom I must mention, a

¹ To the above portrait of Madame du Deffand it may be useful to subjoin the able developement of her character which appeared in the Quarterly Review for May 1811, in its critique on her Letters to Walpole:—"This lady seems to have united the lightness of the French character with the solidity of the English. She was easy and volatile, yet judicious and acute; sometimes profound and sometimes superficial. She had a wit playful, abundant, and well-toned; an admirable conception of the ridiculous, and great skill in exposing it; a turn for satire, which she indulged, not always in the best-natured manner, yet with irresistible effect; powers of expression varied, appropri-

Monsieur Pondeveyle,¹ author of the *Fat puni*, and the *Complaisant*, and of those pretty novels, the *Comte de Cominge*, the *Siege of Calais*, and *Les Malheurs de l'Amour*.² Would not you expect this old man to be very agreeable? He can be so, but seldom is: yet he has another very different and very amusing talent, the art of parody, and is unique in his kind. He composes tales to the tunes of long dances: for instance, he has adapted the Regent's *Daphnis and Chloe* to one, and made it ten times more indecent; but is so old, and sings it so well, that it is permitted in all companies. He has succeeded still better in *les caractères de la danse*, to which he has adapted words that express all the characters of love. With all this he has not the least idea of cheerfulness in conversation; seldom speaks but on grave subjects, and not often on them; is a humourist, very supercilious, and wrapt up in

ate, flowing from the source, and curious without research; a refined taste for letters, and a judgment both of men and books in a high degree enlightened and accurate. As her parts had been happily thrown together by nature, they were no less happy in the circumstances which attended their progress and developement. They were refined, not by a course of solitary study, but by desultory reading, and chiefly by living intercourse with the brightest geniuses of her age. Thus trained, they acquired a pliability of movement, which gave to all their exertions a bewitching air of freedom and negligence; and made even their last efforts seem only the exuberances or flowerings-off of a mind capable of higher excellencies, but unambitious to attain them. There was nothing to alarm or overpower. On whatever topic she touched, trivial or severe, it was alike *en badinant*; but in the midst of this sportiveness, her genius poured itself forth in a thousand delightful fancies, and scattered new graces and ornaments on every object within its sphere. In its wanderings from the trifles of the day to grave questions of morals or philosophy, it carelessly struck out, and as carelessly abandoned, the most profound truths; and while it aimed only to amuse, suddenly astonished and electrified by rapid traits of illumination, which opened the depths of difficult subjects, and roused the researches of more systematic reasoners. To these qualifications were added an independence in forming opinions and a boldness in avowing them, which wore at least the semblance of honesty; a perfect knowledge of the world, and that facility of manners, which in the commerce of society supplies the place of benevolence."—E.

¹ M. de Pontdeveyle, the younger brother of the Marquis d'Argental, the friend of Voltaire and of the King of Prussia. Their mother, Madame de Ferioles, was sister to the celebrated Madame de Tencin and to the Cardinal of the same name. He died in 1774.—E.

² Madame du Deffand, in a letter to Walpole of the 17th of March 1776, states the *Malheurs de l'Amour* to be the production of Madame de Tencin. She describes it as "un roman bien écrit, mais qui n'inspire que de la tristesse."—E.

admiration of his own country, as the only judge of his merit. His air and look are cold and forbidding; but ask him to sing, or praise his works, his eyes and smiles open and brighten up. In short, I can show him to you: the self-applauding poet in Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*, the second print, is so like his very features and very wig, that you would know him by it, if you came hither — for he certainly will not go to you.

Madame de Mirepoix's understanding is excellent of the useful kind, and can be so when she pleases of the agreeable kind. She has read, but seldom shows it, and has perfect taste. Her manner is cold, but very civil; and she conceals even the blood of Lorraine, without ever forgetting it. Nobody in France knows the world better, and nobody is personally so well with the King. She is false, artful, and insinuating beyond measure when it is her interest,¹ but indolent and a coward. She never had any passion but gaming, and always loses. For ever paying court, the sole produce of a life of art is to get money from the King to carry on a course of paying debts or contracting new ones, which she discharges as fast as she is able. She advertised devotion to get made *dame du palais* to the Queen; and the very next day this Princess of Lorraine was seen riding backwards with Madame Pompadour in the latter's coach. When the King was stabbed, and heartily frightened, the mistress took a panic too, and consulted D'Argenson,² whether she had not best make off in

¹ La Maréchale de Mirepoix was the first woman of consequence who countenanced and appeared in public at Versailles with Madame du Barri; while, on the other hand, her brother, the Prince de Beauvau and his wife, gave great offence by refusing to see her or be of any of her parties. Her person is thus described by Madame du Deffand:—"Sa figure est charmante, son teint est éblouissant; ses traits, sans être parfaits, sont si bien assortis, que personne n'a l'air plus jeune et n'est plus jolie."—E.

² Le Comte d'Argenson was minister-at-war, and, after Damien's attempt upon the life of the King of France in 1757, was disgraced, and exiled to his country-house at Ormes in Poitou. He was brother to the Marquis d'Argenson, who had been minister of foreign affairs, and died in 1756. He it was who is said to have addressed M. Bignon, his nephew, afterwards an academician, on conferring upon him the appointment of librarian to the King, "Mon neveu, voilà une belle occasion pour apprendre à lire."—E.

time. He hated her, and said, By all means. Madame de Mirepoix advised her to stay. The King recovered his spirits, D'Argenson was banished, and La Maréchale inherited part of the mistress's credit.—I must interrupt my history of illustrious women with an anecdote of Monsieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much acquainted, and who has one of the few heads which approach to good ones, and who luckily for us was disgraced, and the marine dropped, because it was his favourite object and province. He employed Pondeveyle to make a song on the Pompadour:¹ it was clever and bitter, and did not spare even Majesty. This was Maurepas absurd enough to sing at supper at Versailles.² Banishment ensued; and lest he should ever be restored, the mistress persuaded the King that he had poisoned her predecessor Madame de Chateauroux. Maurepas is very agreeable, and exceedingly cheerful; yet I have seen a transient silent cloud when politics are talked of.

Madame de Boufflers, who was in England,³ is a *savante*, mistress of the Prince of Conti, and very desirous of being his wife. She is two women, the upper and the lower. I need not tell you that the lower is gallant, and still has pretensions. The upper is very sensible, too, and has a measured eloquence that is just and pleasing — but all is spoiled by an unrelaxed attention to applause. You would think she was always sitting for her picture to her biographer.

¹ The following is the commencement of the song above alluded to by Walpole:—

“ Une petite bourgeoise,
Elevée à la grivoise,
Mesurant tout à sa toise,
Fait de la cour un tandis.
Le Roi, malgré son scrupule,
Pour elle froidement brûle.
Cette flamme ridicule
Excite dans tout Paris, ris, ris, ris,” &c.—E.

² Le Comte de Maurepas, who was married to a sister of the Duc de la Vallière, had been minister of marine, and disgraced, as Walpole says, at the instigation of the reigning mistress, Madame de Pompadour. Upon the death of Louis Quinze, he was immediately summoned to assist in the formation of the ministry of his successor.—E.

³ See vol. iv. p. 274.—E.

Madame de Rochfort¹ is different from all the rest. Her understanding is just and delicate; with a finesse of wit that is the result of reflection. Her manner is soft and feminine, and, though a *savante*, without any declared pretensions. She is the *decent* friend of Monsieur de Nivernois; for you must not believe a syllable of what you read in their novels. It requires the greatest curiosity, or the greatest habitude, to discover the smallest connexion between the sexes here. No familiarity, but under the veil of friendship, is permitted, and love's dictionary is as much prohibited, as at first sight one should think his ritual was. All you hear, and that pronounced with nonchalance, is, that *Monsieur un tel* has had *Madame une telle*. The Duc de Nivernois has parts, and writes at the top of the mediocre, but, as Madame Geoffrin says, is *manqué par tout*; *guerrier manqué, ambassadeur manqué, homme d'affaires manqué, and auteur manqué*—no, he is not *homme de naissance manqué*. He would think freely, but has some ambition of being governor to the Dauphin, and is more afraid of his wife and daughter, who are ecclesiastic fagots. The former out-chatters the Duke of Newcastle; and the latter, Madame de Gisors, exhausts Mr. Pitt's eloquence in defence of the Archbishop of Paris. Monsieur de Nivernois lives in a small circle of dependent admirers, and Madame de Rochfort is high-priestess for a small salary of credit.

The Duchess of Choiseul,² the only young one of these heroines, is not very pretty, but has fine eyes, and is a little model in wax-work, which not being allowed to speak for some time as incapable, has a hesitation and modesty, the latter of which the court has not cured, and the former of which is atoned for by the most interesting sound of voice, and forgotten in the most elegant turn and propriety of expression. Oh! it

¹ Madame de Rochefort, née Brancas.—E.

² La Duchesse du Choiseul, née du Chatel. The husband appears to have been more attached to her than Walpole supposed; at least if we may judge from his will, in which he desires, that they may be buried in the same grave, and expresses his gratification at the idea of reposing by the side of one whom he had, during his lifetime, cherished and respected so highly.—E.

is the gentlest, amiable, civil little creature that ever came out of a fairy egg ! So just in its phrases and thoughts, so attentive and good-natured ! Everybody loves it but its husband, who prefers his own sister the Duchesse de Grammont,¹ an Amazonian, fierce, haughty dame, who loves and hates arbitrarily, and is detested. Madame de Choiseul, passionately fond of her husband, was the martyr of this union, but at last submitted with a good grace ; has gained a little credit with him, and is still believed to idolize him. But I doubt it — she takes too much pains to profess it.

I cannot finish my list without adding a much more common character — but more complete in its kind than any of the foregoing, the Maréchale de Luxembourg.² She has been very handsome, very abandoned, and very mischievous. Her beauty is gone, her lovers are gone, and she thinks the devil is coming. This dejection has softened her into being rather agreeable, for she has wit and good-breeding ; but you would

¹ La Duchesse de Grammont, sister of the Duke of Choiseul, does not appear to have deserved the character which Walpole has here given of her. She was thus described, in 1761, by Mr. Hans Stanley, in a letter to Mr. Pitt:—"The Duchess is the only person who has any weight with her brother, the Duc de Choiseul. She never dissembles her contempt or dislike of any man, in whatever degree of elevation. It is said she might have supplied the place of Madame de Pompadour, if she had pleased. She treats the ceremonies and pageants of courts as things beneath her : she possesses a most uncommon share of understanding, and has very high notions of honour and reputation." The crowning act of her life militates strongly against Walpole's views. When brought before the Revolutionary tribunal, in April 1794, after having been seized by order of Robespierre, she astonished her judges by the grace and dignity of her demeanour ; and pleaded, not for her own life, but eloquently for that of her friend, la Duchesse du Chatelet : "Que ma mort soit décidée," she said ; "cela ne m'étonne pas ; mais," pointing to her friend, "pour cet ange, en quoi vous a-t-elle offensé ; elle qui n'a jamais fait tort à personne, et dont la vie entière n'offre qu'un tableau de vertu et de bienfaisance." Both suffered upon the same scaffold. It was this lady who was selected to be made an example of, from among many others who slighted Madame du Barri ; and for this she was exiled to the distance of fifteen leagues from Paris, or from wheresoever the court was assembled.—E.

² La Maréchale Duchesse de Luxembourg, sister to the Duc de Villeroy. Her first husband was the Duc de Boufflers, by whom she had a son, the Duc de Boufflers, who died at Genoa of the small-pox. She afterwards married the Maréchal Duc de Luxembourg, at whose country-seat, Montmorency, Jean Jacques Rousseau was long an inmate.—E.

swear, by the restlessness of her person and the horrors she cannot conceal, that she had signed the compact, and expected to be called upon in a week for the performance.

I could add many pictures, but none so remarkable. In those I send you, there is not a feature bestowed gratis or exaggerated. For the beauties, of which there are a few considerable, as Mesdames de Brionne, de Monaco, et d'Egmont, they have not yet lost their characters, nor got any.

You must not attribute my intimacy with Paris to curiosity alone. An accident unlocked the doors for me. That *passe-par-tout*, called the fashion, has made them fly open — and what do you think was that fashion? — I myself. — Yes, like Queen Elinor in the ballad, I sunk at Charing-cross, and have risen in the Fauxbourg St. Germain. A *plaisanterie* on Rousseau, whose arrival here in his way to you brought me acquainted with many anecdotes conformable to the idea I had conceived of him, got about, was liked much more than it deserved, spread like wild-fire, and made me the subject of conversation. Rousseau's devotees were offended. Madame de Boufflers, with a tone of sentiment, and the accents of lamenting humanity, abused me heartily, and then complained to myself with the utmost softness. I acted contrition, but had like to have spoiled all, by growing dreadfully tired of a second lecture from the Prince of Conti, who took up the ball, and made himself the hero of a history wherein he had nothing to do. I listened, did not understand half he said (nor he neither), forgot the rest, said Yes when I should have said No, yawned when I should have smiled, and was very penitent when I should have rejoiced at my pardon. Madame de Boufflers was more distressed, for he owned twenty times more than I had said: she frowned, and made him signs; but she had wound up his clack, and there was no stopping it. The moment she grew angry, the lord of the house grew charmed, and it has been my fault if I am not at the head of a numerous sect: — but, when I left a triumphant party in England, I did not come hither to be at the head of a fashion. However, I have been sent for about like an African prince or a learned canary-bird, and was, in particular, carried by force

to the Princess of Talmond,¹ the Queen's cousin, who lives in a charitable apartment in the Luxembourg, and was sitting on a small bed hung with saints and Sobieskis, in a corner of one of those vast chambers, by two blinking tapers. I stumbled over a cat, a foot-stool, and a chamber-pot in my journey to her presence. She could not find a syllable to say to me, and the visit ended with her begging a lap-dog. Thank the Lord! though this is the first month, it is the last week, of my reign; and I shall resign my crown with great satisfaction to a *bouillie* of chestnuts, which is just invented, and whose annals will be illustrated by so many indigestions, that Paris will not want anything else these three weeks. I will enclose the fatal letter after I have finished this enormous one; to which I will only add, that nothing has interrupted my Sévigné researches but the frost. The Abbé de Malesherbes has given me full power to ransack Livry. I did not tell you, that by great accident, when I thought on nothing less, I stumbled on an original picture of the Comte de Grammont. Adieu! You are generally in London in March: I shall be there by the end of it.²

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Feb. 3, 1766.

I HAD the honour of writing to your ladyship on the 4th and 12th of last month, which I only mention, because the latter went by the post, which I have found is not always a safe conveyance.

I am sorry to inform you, Madam, that you will not see

¹ The Princess of Talmond was born in Poland, and said to be allied to the Queen, Marie Leczinska, with whom she came to France, and there married a prince of the house of Bouillon.—E.

² Gray, in reference to this letter, writes thus to Dr. Wharton, on the 5th of March:—"Mr. Walpole writes me now and then a long and lively letter from Paris, to which place he went the last summer, with the gout upon him; sometimes in his limbs; often in his stomach and head. He has got somehow well, (not by means of the climate, one would think,) goes to all public places, sees all the best company, and is very much in fashion. He says he sunk, like Queen Eleanor, at Charing-cross, and has risen again at Paris. He returns again in April; but his health is certainly in a deplorable state." Works, vol. iv. p. 79.—E.

Madame Geoffrin this year, as she goes to Poland in May. The King has invited her, promised her an apartment exactly in her own way, and that she shall see nobody but whom she chooses to see. This will not surprise you, Madam; but what I shall add, will; though I must beg your ladyship not to mention it even to her, as it is an absolute secret here, as she does not know that I know it, and as it was trusted to me by a friend of yours. In short, there are thoughts of sending her with a public character, or at least with a commission from hence — a very extraordinary honour, and I think never bestowed but on the Maréchale de Guébriant. As the Dussons have been talked of, and as Madame Geoffrin has enemies, its being known might make her uneasy that it was known. I should have told it to no mortal but your ladyship; but I could not resist giving you such a pleasure. In your answer, Madam, I need not warn you not to specify what I have told you.

My favour here continues; and favour never displeases. To me, too, it is a novelty, and I naturally love curiosities. However, I must be looking towards home, and have perhaps only been treasuring up regret. At worst I have filled my mind with a new set of ideas; some resource to a man who was heartily tired of his old ones. When I tell your ladyship that I play at whisk, and bear even French music, you will not wonder at any change in me. Yet I am far from pretending to like everybody, or everything I see. There are some chapters on which I still fear we shall not agree; but I will do your ladyship the justice to own, that you have never said a syllable too much in behalf of the friends to whom you was so good as to recommend me. Madame d'Egmont, whom I have mentioned but little, is one of the best women in the world, and, though not at all striking at first, gains upon one much. Colonel Gordon, with this letter, brings you, Madam, some more seeds from her. I have a box of pomatums for you from Madame de Boufflers, which shall go by the next conveyance that offers. As he waits for my parcel, I can only repeat how much I am your ladyship's most obliged and faithful humble servant.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Feb. 4, 1766.

I WRITE on small paper, that the nothing I have to say may look like a letter. Paris, that supplies me with diversions, affords me no news. England sends me none, on which I care to talk by the post. All seems in confusion; but I have done with politics!

The marriage of your cousins puts me in mind of the two owls, whom the Vizier in some Eastern tale told the Sultan were treating on a match between their children, on whom they were to settle I don't know how many ruined villages. Trouble not your head about it. Our ancestors were rogues, and so will our posterity be.

Madame Roland has sent to me, by Lady Jerningham,¹ to beg my works. She shall certainly have them when I return to England; but how comes she to forget that you and I are friends? or does she think that all Englishmen quarrel on party? If she does, methinks she is a good deal in the right, and it is one of the reasons why I have bid adieu to politics, that I may not be expected to love those I hate, and hate those I love. I supped last night with the Duchess de Choiseul, and saw a magnificent robe she is to wear to-day for a great wedding between a Biron² and a Boufflers. It is of blue satin, embroidered all over in a mosaie, diamond-wise, with gold: in every diamond is a silver star edged with gold, and

¹ Mary, eldest daughter, and eventually heiress, of Francis Plowden, Esq. by Mary, eldest daughter of the Hon. John Stafford Howard, younger son of the unfortunate Lord Stafford, wife of Sir George Jerningham.—E.

² The Duc de Lauzun, who, upon the death of his uncle, the Maréchal de Biron, became Duc de Biron, married the heiress and only child of the Duc de Boufflers, who died at Genoa. The marriage proved an unhappy one, and the Duchess twice took refuge in England at the breaking out of the French revolution; but having, in 1793, unadvisedly returned to Paris, she perished on the scaffold in one of the bloody proscriptions of Robespierre. At the beginning of that revolution, the Duke espoused the popular cause, and even commanded an army under the orders of the legislative assembly; but in the storms that succeeded, being altogether unequal either to stem the torrent of popular fury or to direct its course, he fell by the guillotine early in 1794.—E.

surrounded with spangles in the same way; it is trimmed with double sables, crossed with frogs and tassels of gold; her head, neck, breast, and arms, covered with diamonds. She will be quite the fairy queen, for it is the prettiest little reasonable amiable Titania you ever saw; but Oberon does not love it. He prefers a great mortal Hermione his sister. I long to hear that you are lodged in Arlington-street, and invested with your green livery; and I love Lord Beaulieu for his *custom*. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Sunday, Feb. 23.

I CANNOT know that you are in my house, and not say, you are welcome. Indeed you are, and I am heartily glad you are pleased there. I have neither matter nor time for more, as I have heard of an opportunity of sending this away immediately with some other letters. News do not happen here as in London; the Parliaments meet, draw up a remonstrance, ask a day for presenting it, have the day named a week after, and so forth. At their rate of going on, if Methusalem was first president, he would not see the end of a single question. As your histories are somewhat more precipitate, I wait for their coming to some settlement, and then will return; but, if the old ministers are to be replaced, bastille for bastille, I think I had rather stay where I am. I am not half so much afraid of any power, as the French are of Mr. Pitt. Adieu!

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Paris, Feb. 28, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

As you cannot, I believe, get a copy of the letter to Rousseau, and are impatient for it, I send it you; though the brevity of it will not answer your expectation. It is no answer to any of his works, and is only a laugh at his affecta-

tions. I hear he does not succeed in England, where singularities are no curiosity. Yet he must stay there, or give up all his pretensions. To quit a country where he may live at ease, and unpersecuted, will be owning that tranquillity is not what he seeks. If he again seeks persecution, who will pity him? I should think even bigots would let him alone out of contempt.

I have executed your commission in a way that I hope will please you. As you tell me you have a blue cup and saucer, and a red one, and would have them completed to six, without being all alike, I have bought one other blue, one other red, and two sprigged, in the same manner, with colours; so you will have just three pair, which seems preferable to six odd ones; and which, indeed, at nineteen livres a-piece, I think I could not have found.

I shall keep pretty near to the time I proposed returning; though I am a little tempted to wait for the appearance of leaves. As I may never come hither again, I am disposed to see a little of their villas and gardens, though it will vex me to lose spring and lilac-tide at Strawberry. The weather has been so bad, and continues so cold, that I have not yet seen all I intend in Paris. To-day, I have been to the Plaine de Sablon, by the Bois de Boulogne, to see a horse-race rid in person by the Count Lauragais and Lord Forbes.¹ All Paris was in motion by nine o'clock this morning, and the coaches and crowds were innumerable at so novel a sight. Would you believe it, that there was an Englishman to whom it was quite as new? That Englishman was I: though I live within two miles of Hounslow, have been fifty times in my life at Newmarket, and have passed through it at the time of the races, I never before saw a complete one. I once went from Cambridge on purpose; saw the beginning, was tired, and went away. If there was to be a review in Lapland, perhaps I might see a review, too; which yet I have never seen. Lauragais was distanced at the second circuit. What added to

¹ James, sixteenth Baron, who married, in 1760, Catherine, only daughter of Sir Robert Innes, Bart. of Orton. He was Deputy-governor of Fort William, and died there in 1804.—E.

the singularity was, that at the same instant his brother was gone to church to be married. But, as Lauragais is at variance with his father and wife, he chose this expedient to show he was not at the wedding. Adieu !

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, March 3, 1766.

I WRITE because I ought, and because I have promised you I would, and because I have an opportunity by Monsieur de Lillebonne, and in spite of a better reason for being silent, which is, that I have nothing to say. People marry, die, and are promoted here, about whom neither you nor I care a straw. No, truly, and I am heartily tired of them, as you may believe when I am preparing to return. There is a man in the next room actually nailing my boxes; yet it will be the beginning of April before I am at home. I have not had so much as a cold in all this Siberian winter, and I will not venture the tempting the gout by lying in a bad inn, till the weather is warmer. I wish, too, to see a few leaves out at Versailles, &c. If I stayed till August I could not see many; for there is not a tree for twenty miles, that is not hacked and hewed, till it looks like the stumps that beggars thrust into coaches to excite charity and miscarriages.

I am going this evening in search of Madame Roland; I doubt we shall both miss each other's lilies and roses: she may have got some pionies in their room, but mine are replaced with crocuses.

I love Lord Harcourt for his civility to you; and I would fain see you situated under the greenwood-tree, even by a compromise. You may imagine I am pleased with the defeat, hisses, and mortification of George Grenville, and the more by the disappointment it has occasioned here. If you have a mind to vex them thoroughly, you must make Mr. Pitt minister.¹ They have not forgot him, whatever we have done.

¹ Mr. Gerard Hamilton, in a letter to Mr. Calcraft, of the 7th, says:—

The King has suddenly been here this morning to hold a *lit de justice* : I don't yet know the particulars, except that it was occasioned by some bold remonstrances of the Parliament on the subject of that of Bretagne. Louis told me when I waked, that the Duke de *Chevreuil*, the governor of Paris, was just gone by in great state. I long to chat with Mr. Chute and you in the blue room at Strawberry: though I have little to write, I have a great deal to say. How do you like his new house? has he no gout? Are your cousins Cortes and Pizarro heartily mortified that they are not to roast and plunder the Americans? Is Goody Carlisle disappointed at not being appointed grand inquisitor? Adieu! I will not seal this till I have seen or missed Madame Roland. Yours ever.

P. S. I have been prevented going to Madame Roland, and must defer giving an account of her by this letter.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, March 10, 1766.

THERE are two points, Madam, on which I must write to your ladyship, though I have been confined these three or four days with an inflammation in my eyes. My watchings and revellings had, I doubt, heated my blood, and prepared it to receive a stroke of cold, which in truth was amply administered. We were two-and-twenty at the *Maréchale du Luxembourg's*, and supped in a temple rather than in a hall. It is vaulted at top with gods and goddesses, and paved with marble; but the god of fire was not of the number. However, as this is neither of my points, I shall say no more of it.

I send your ladyship Lady Albemarle's box, which Madame Geoffrin brought to me herself yesterday. I think it very neat and charming, and it exceeds the commission but by a guinea and half. It is lined with wood between the two

“Grenville and the Duke of Bedford's people continue to oppose, in every stage, the passage of the bill for the repeal of the Stamp-act. The reports of the day are, that Mr. Pitt will go into the House of Lords, and form an arrangement, which he will countenance.”—E.

golds, as the price and necessary size would not admit metal enough without, to leave it of any solidity.

The other point I am indeed ashamed to mention so late. I am more guilty than even about the scissors. Lord Hertford sent me word a fortnight ago, that an ensigny was vacant, to which he should recommend Mr. Fitzgerald. I forgot both to thank him and to acquaint your ladyship, who probably know it without my communication. I have certainly lost my memory! This is so idle and young, that I begin to fear I have acquired something of the *fashionable man*, which I so much dreaded. It is to England then that I must return to recover friendship and attention? I literally wrote to Lord Hertford, and forgot to thank him. Sure I did not use to be so abominable! I cannot account for it; I am as black as ink, and must turn — *Methodist*, to fancy that repentance can wash me white again. No, I will not; for then I may sin again, and trust to the same nostrum.

I had the honour of sending your ladyship the funeral sermon on the Dauphin, and a tract to laugh at sermons: "Your bane and antidote are both before you." The first is by the Archbishop of Toulouse,¹ who is thought the first man of the clergy. It has some sense, no pathetic, no eloquence, and, I think, clearly no belief in his own doctrine. The latter is by the Abbé Coyer,² written livelily, upon a single idea; and,

¹ Brionne de Lomenie, Archbishop of Toulouse, and afterwards Cardinal de Lomenie, or as he was nicknamed by the populace of Paris, "Cardinal de l'Ignominie," was great-nephew to Madame du Deffand. The spirit of political intrigue raised him to the administration of affairs during the last struggles of the old régime, and exposed him to the contempt he deserved for aspiring to such a situation at such a moment. He was arrested at the commencement of the Revolution, and escaped the guillotine by dying in one of the prisons at Paris in 1794.—E.

² This pamphlet of the Abbé Coyer, which was entitled "On Preaching," produced a great sensation in Paris at the time of its publication. Its object is to prove, that those who have occupied themselves in preaching to others, ever since the world began, whether poets, priests, or philosophers, have been but a parcel of prattlers, listened to if eloquent, laughed at if dull; but who have never corrected anybody: the true preacher being the government, which joins to the moral maxims which it inculcates the force of example and the power of execution. Baron de Grimm characterizes the Abbé as being "l'homme du monde le plus lourd, l'ennui personnifié," and relates the following anecdote of him during his visit to Voltaire at the Château de Ferney:—"The

though I agree upon the inutility of the remedy he rejects, I have no better opinion of that he would substitute. Preaching has not failed from the beginning of the world till to-day, not because inadequate to the disease, but because the disease is incurable. If one preached to lions and tigers, would it cure them of thirsting for blood, and sucking it when they have an opportunity? No; but when they are whelped in the Tower, and both caressed and beaten, do they turn out a jot more tame when they are grown up? So far from it, all the kindness in the world, all the attention, cannot make even a monkey (that is no beast of prey) remember a pair of scissors or an ensigny.

Adieu, Madam! and pray don't forgive me, till I have forgiven myself. I dare not close my letter with any professions; for could you believe them in one that had so much reason to think himself

Your most obedient humble servant?

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, March 12, 1766.

I CAN write but two lines, for I have been confined these four or five days with a violent inflammation in my eyes, and which has prevented my returning to Madame Roland. I did not find her at home, but left your letter. My right eye is well again, and I have been to take air.

How can you *ask leave* to carry anybody to Strawberry? May not you do what you please with me and mine? Does not Arlington-street comprehend Strawberry? why don't you go and lie there if you like it? It will be, I think, the middle of April before I return; I have lost a week by this confinement, and would fain satisfy my curiosity entirely, now I am here. I have seen enough, and too much, of the people. I

first day, the philosopher bore his company with tolerable politeness; but the next morning he interrupted him in a long prosing narrative of his travels, by this question: 'Savez-vous bien, M. l'Abbé, la différence qu'il y a entre Don Quichotte et vous? c'est que Don Quichotte prenait toutes les auberges pour des châteaux; et vous, vous prenez tous les châteaux pour des auberges.' The Abbé died in 1782.—E.

am glad you are upon civil terms with Habculeo. The less I esteem folks, the less I would quarrel with them.

I don't wonder that Colman and Garrick write ill in concert,¹ when they write ill separately; however, I am heartily glad the Clive shines. Adieu! Commend me to Charles-street. Kiss Fanny, and Mufti, and Ponto for me, when you go to Strawberry: dear souls, I long to kiss them myself.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, March 21, 1766.

You make me very happy, in telling me you have been so comfortable in my house. If you would set up a bed there, you need never go out of it. I want to invite you, not to expel you. April the tenth my pilgrimage will end, and the fifteenth, or sixteenth, you may expect to see me, not much fattened with the flesh-pots of Egypt, but almost as glad to come amongst you again as I was to leave you.

Your Madame Roland is not half so fond of me as she tells me; I have been twice at her door, left your letter and my own direction, but have not received so much as a message to tell me she is sorry she was not at home. Perhaps this is her first vision of Paris, and it is natural for a Frenchwoman to have her head turned with it; though what she takes for rivers of emerald, and hotels of ruby and topaz, are to my eyes, that have been purged with euphrasy and rue, a filthy stream, in which everything is washed without being cleaned, and dirty houses, ugly streets, worse shops, and churches loaded with bad pictures.² Such is the material part of this

¹ The popular comedy of *The Clandestine Marriage*, the joint production of Garrick and Colman, had just been brought out at Drury-lane theatre.—E.

² Walpole's picture of Paris, in 1766, is not much more favourable than that of Peter Heylin, who visited that city in the preceding century:—"This I am confident of," says Peter, "that the nastiest lane in London is frankincense and juniper to the sweetest street in this city. The ancient by-word was (and there is good reason for it) '*il destaint comme la fange de Paris*:' had I the power of making proverbs, I would only change '*il destaint*' into '*il put*,' and make the by-word ten

paradise; for the corporeal, if Madame Roland admires it, I have nothing to say; however, I shall not be sorry to make one at Lady Frances Elliot's. Thank you for admiring my deaf old woman; if I could bring my old blind one with me, I should resign this paradise as willingly as if it was built of opal, and designed by a fisherman, who thought that what makes a fine necklace would make a finer habitation.

We did not want your sun; it has shone here for a fortnight with all its lustre; but yesterday a north wind, blown by the Czarina herself I believe, arrived, and declared a month of March of full age. This morning it snowed; and now, clouds of dust are whisking about the streets and quays, edged with an east wind, that gets under one's very shirt. I should not be quite sorry if a little of it tapped my lilacs on their green noses, and bade them wait for their master.

The Princess of Talmond sent me this morning a picture of two pug-dogs, and a black and white greyhound, wretchedly painted. I could not conceive what I was to do with this daub, but in her note she warned me not to hope to keep it. It was only to imprint on my memory the size, and features, and spots of Diana, her departed greyhound, in order that I might get her exactly such another. Don't you think my memory will return well stored, if it is littered with defunct lap-dogs. She is so devout, that I did not dare send her word, that I am not possessed of a twig of Jacob's broom, with which he streaked cattle as he pleased.

Toother day, in the street, I saw a child in a leading-string, whose nurse gave it a farthing for a beggar; the babe delivered its mite with a grace, and a twirl of the hand. I don't think your cousin T * * * 's first grandson will be so well-bred. Adieu! Yours ever.

times more orthodox. That which most amazed me is, that in such a perpetuated constancy of stinks, there should yet be found so large and admirable a variety—a variety so special and distinct, that any chemical nose (I dare lay my life on it), after two or three perambulations, would hunt out blindfold each several street by the smell, as perfectly as another by the eye.”—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, April 3, 1766.

ONE must be just to all the world: Madame Roland, I find, has been in the country, and at Versailles, and was so obliging as to call on me this morning, but I was so dis-obliging as not to be awake. I was dreaming dreams; in short, I had dined at Livry; yes, yes, at Livry, with a Langlade and De la Rochefoucaulds. The abbey is now possessed by an Abbé de Malherbe, with whom I am acquainted, and who had given me a general invitation. I put it off to the last moment, that the *bois* and *allées* might set off the scene a little, and contribute to the vision; but it did not want it. Livry is situated in the Forêt de Bondi, very agreeably on a flat, but with hills near it, and in prospect. There is a great air of simplicity and rural about it, more regular than our taste, but with an old-fashioned tranquillity, and nothing of *colifichet*. Not a tree exists that remembers the charming woman, because in this country an old tree is a traitor, and forfeits its head to the crown; but the plantations are not young, and might very well be as they were in her time. The Abbé's house is decent and snug; a few paces from it is the sacred pavilion built for Madame de Sévigné by her uncle, and much as it was in her day; a small saloon below for dinner, then an arcade, but the niches now closed, and painted in fresco with medallions of her, the Grignan, the Fayette, and the Rochefoucauld. Above, a handsome large room, with a chimney-piece in the best taste of Louis the Fourteenth's time; a holy family in good relief over it, and the cypher of her uncle Coulanges; a neat little bed-chamber within, and two or three clean little chambers over them. On one side of the garden, leading to the great road, is a little bridge of wood, on which the dear woman used to wait for the courier that brought her daughter's letters. Judge with what veneration and satisfaction I set my foot upon it! If you will come to France with me next year, we will go and sacrifice on that sacred spot together.

On the road to Livry I passed a new house, on the pilasters of the gate to which were two sphynxes in stone, with their heads coquely reclined, straw hats, and French cloaks slightly pinned, and not hiding their bosoms. I don't know whether I or Memphis would have been more diverted. I shall set out this day se'nnight, the tenth, and be in London about the fifteenth or sixteenth, if the wind is fair. Adieu! Yours ever.

P. S. I need not say, I suppose, that this letter is to Mr. Chute, too.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, April 6, 1766.

In a certain city of Europe¹ it is the custom to wear slouched hats, long cloaks, and high capes. Scandal and the government called this dress *going in mask*, and pretended that it contributed to assassination. An ordonnance was published, commanding free-born hats to be cocked, cloaks to be shortened, and capes laid aside. All the world obeyed for the first day; but the next, everything returned into its old channel. In the evening a tumult arose, and cries of "God bless the King! God bless the kingdom! but confusion to Squillaci, the prime minister."² The word was no sooner given, but his house was beset, the windows broken, and the gates attempted. The guards came and fired on the weavers³ of cloaks. The weavers returned the fire, and many fell on each side. As the hour of supper approached and the mob grew hungry, they recollected a tax upon bread, and demanded the repeal. The King yielded to both requests, and hats and loaves were set at liberty. The people were not contented, and still insisted on the permission of murdering the first minister; though his Majesty assured his faithful commons

¹ This account alludes to the insurrection at Madrid, on the attempt of the court to introduce the French dress in Spain.

² Squillace, an Italian, whom the King was obliged to banish.

³ Alluding to the mobs of silk-weavers which had taken place in London.

that the minister was never consulted on acts of government, and was only his private friend, who sometimes called upon him in an evening to drink a glass of wine and talk botany. The people were incredulous, and continued in mutiny when the last letters came away. If you should happen to suppose, as I did, that this *history* arrived in London, do not be alarmed; for it was at Madrid; and a nation who has borne the inquisition cannot support a cocked hat. So necessary it is for governors to know when lead or a feather will turn the balance of human understandings, or will not!

I should not have entrenched on Lord George's¹ province of sending you news of revolutions, but he is at Aubigné; and I thought it right to advertise you in time, in case you should have a mind to send a bale of slouched hats to the support of the mutineers. As I have worn a flapped hat all my life, when I have worn any at all, I think myself qualified, and would offer my service to command them; but, being persuaded that you are a faithful observer of treaties, though a friend to repeals, I shall come and receive your commands in person. In the mean time I cannot help figuring what a pompous protest my Lord Lyttelton might draw up in the character of an old grandee against the revocation of the act for cocked hats.

Lady Ailesbury forgot to send me word of your recovery, as she promised; but I was so lucky as to hear it from other hands. Pray take care of yourself, and do not imagine that you are as weak as I am, and can escape the scythe, as I do, by being low: your life is of more consequence. If you don't believe me, step into the street and ask the first man you meet.

This is Sunday, and Thursday is fixed for my departure, unless the *Clairon* should return to the stage on Tuesday se'nnight, as is said; and I do not know whether I should not be tempted to borrow two or three days more, having never seen her: yet my lilacs pull hard, and I have not a farthing left in the world. Be sure you do not leave a cranny open for

¹ Lord George Lenox, only brother to the Duke of Richmond.

George Grenville to wriggle in, till I have got all my things out of the custom-house. Adieu ! Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, April 8, 1766.

I SENT you a few lines by the post yesterday with the first accounts of the insurrection at Madrid. I have since seen Stahremberg,¹ the imperial minister, who has had a courier from thence ; and if Lord Rochford^c has not sent one, you will not be sorry to know more particulars. The mob disarmed the Invalids ; stopped all coaches, to prevent Squillaci's flight ; and meeting the Duke de Medina Celi, forced him and the Duke d'Arcos to carry their demands to the King. His most frightened Majesty granted them directly ; on which his highness the people dispatched a monk with their demands in writing, couched in four articles : the diminution of the gabel on bread and oil ; the revocation of the ordonnance on hats and cloaks ; the banishment of Squillaci ; and the abolition of some other tax, I don't know what. The King signed all ; yet was still forced to appear in a balcony, and promise to observe what he had granted. Squillaci was sent with an escort to Carthagena, to embark for Naples, and the first commissioner of the treasury appointed to succeed him ; which does not look much like observation of the conditions. Some say Ensenada is recalled, and that Grimaldi is in no good odour with the people. If the latter and Squillaci are dismissed, we get rid of two enemies.

The tumult ceased on the grant of the demands ; but the King retiring that night to Aranjuez, the insurrection was renewed the next morning, on pretence that this flight was a breach of the capitulation. The people seized the gates of the capital, and permitted nobody to go out. In this state were things when the courier came away. The ordonnance

¹ Prince Stahremberg : he had married a daughter of the Duc d'Arembert, by his Duchess, née la Marcke.

² William Henry Zulestein de Nassau, Earl of Rochford, who was at this time the English ambassador extraordinary at the court of Spain.

against going in disguise looks as if some suspicions had been conceived; and yet their confidence was so great as not to have two thousand guards in the town. The pitiful behaviour of the court makes one think that the Italians were frightened, and that the Spanish part of the ministry were not sorry it took that turn. As I suppose there is no great city in Spain which has not at least a bigger bundle of grievances than the capital, one shall not wonder if the pusillanimous behaviour of the King encourages them to redress themselves too.

There is what is called a change of the ministry here; but it is only a crossing over and figuring in. The Duc de Praslin has wished to retire for some time; and for this last fortnight there has been much talk of his being replaced by the Duc d'Aiguillon, the Duc de Nivernois, &c.; but it is plain, though not believed till *now*, that the Duc de Choiseul is all-powerful. To purchase the stay of his cousin Praslin, on whom he can depend, and to leave no cranny open, he has ceded the marine and colonies to the Duc de Praslin, and taken the foreign and military department himself. His cousin is, besides, named *chef du conseil des finances*; a very honourable, very dignified, and very idle place, and never filled since the Duc de Bethune had it. Praslin's hopeful cub, the Viscount, whom you saw in England last year, goes to Naples; and the Marquis de Durfort to Vienna—a cold, dry, proud man, with the figure and manner of Lord Cornbury.

Great matters are expected to-day from the Parliament, which re-assembles. A mousquetaire, his piece loaded with a *lettre de cachet*, went about a fortnight ago to the notary who keeps the parliamentary registers, and demanded them. They were refused—but given up, on the *lettre de cachet* being produced. The Parliament intends to try the notary for breach of trust, which I suppose will make his fortune; though he has not the merit of perjury, like Carteret Webb.

There have been insurrections at Bourdeaux and Toulouse, on the militia, and twenty-seven persons were killed at the latter: but both are appeased. These things are so much in vogue, that I wonder the French do not dress *à la révolte*.

The Queen is in a very dangerous way. This will be my last letter; but I am not sure I shall set out before the middle of next week.

Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, May 10, 1766.

At last I am come back, dear Sir, and in good health. I have brought you four cups and saucers, one red and white, one blue and white, and two coloured; and a little box of pastils. Tell me whether and how I shall convey them to you; or whether you will, as I hope, come to Strawberry this summer, and fetch them yourself; but if you are in the least hurry, I will send them.

I flatter myself you have quite recovered your accident, and have no remains of lameness. The spring is very wet and cold, but Strawberry alone contains more verdure than all France.

I scrambled very well through the custom-house at Dover, and have got all my china safe from *that* here in town. You will see the fruits when you come to Strawberry Hill. Adieu!

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, May 13, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I AM forced to do a very awkward thing, and send you back one of your letters, and, what is still worse, opened. The case was this: I received your two at dinner, opened one and laid the other in my lap; but forgetting that I had taken one out of the first, I took up the wrong and broke it open, without perceiving my mistake, till I saw the words, *Dear Sister*. I give you my honour I read no farther, but had torn it too much to send it away. Pray excuse me; and another time I beg you will put an envelope, for you write just where the seal comes; and besides, place the seals so together, that

though I did not quite open the fourth letter, yet it stuck so to the outer seal, that I could not help tearing it a little. Adieu !

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, May 25, 1766.

WHEN the weather will please to be in a little better temper, I will call upon you to perform your promise ; but I cannot in conscience invite you to a fire-side. The Guerchys and French dined here last Monday, and it rained so that we could no more walk in the garden than Noah could. I came again to-day, but shall return to town to-morrow, as I hate to have no sun in May, but what I can make with a peck of coals.

I know no news, but that the Duke of Richmond is secretary of state,¹ and that your cousin North has refused the vice-treasurer of Ireland. It cost him bitter pangs, not to preserve his virtue, but his vicious connections. He goggled his eyes, and groped in his money-pocket ; more than half consented ; nay, so much more, that when he got home he wrote an excuse to Lord Rockingham, which made it plain that he thought he had accepted. As nobody was dipped deeper in the warrants and prosecution of Wilkes, there is no condoling with the ministers on missing so foul a bargain. They are only to be pitied, that they can purchase nothing but damaged goods.

So, my Lord Grandison² is dead ! Does the General inherit much ? Have you heard the great loss the church of England has had ? It is not avowed ; but hear the evidence and judge. On Sunday last, George Selwyn was strolling home to dinner at half an hour after four. He saw my Lady

¹ When the Duke of Grafton quitted the seals, they were offered first to Lord Egmont, then to Lord Hardwicke, who both declined them ; “ but, after their going a-begging for some time,” says Lord Chesterfield, “ the Duke of Richmond begged them, and has them, *faute de mieux*.”—E.

² John Villiers, fifth Viscount Grandison. He had been elevated to the earldom in 1721 ; which title became extinct, and the viscounty devolved upon William third Earl of Jersey.—E.

Townshend's coach stop at Caraccioli's¹ chapel. He watched, saw her go in; her footman laughed; he followed. She went up to the altar, a woman brought her a cushion; she knelt, crossed herself, and prayed. He stole up, and knelt by her. Conceive her face, if you can, when she turned and found his close to her. In his demure voice, he said, "Pray, Madam, how long has your ladyship left the pale of our church?" She looked furies, and made no answer. Next day he went to her, and she turned it off upon curiosity; but is anything more natural? No, she certainly means to go armed with every viaticum, the church of England in one hand, Methodism in the other, and the Host in her mouth.

Have you ranged your forest, and seen your lodge yourself? I could almost wish it may not answer, and that you may cast an eye towards our neighbourhood. My Lady Shelburne² has taken a house here, and it has produced a *bon-mot* from Mrs. Clive. You know my Lady Suffolk is *deaf*; and I have talked much of a charming old passion I have at Paris, who is *blind*; "Well," said the Clive, "if the new Countess is but *lame*, I shall have no chance of ever seeing you." Good night!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1766.

I DON'T know when I shall see you, but therefore must not I write to you? yet I have as little to say as may be. I could cry through a whole page over the bad weather. I have but a lock of hay, you know; and I cannot get it dry, unless I bring it to the fire. I would give half-a-crown for a pennyworth of sun. It is abominable to be ruined in coals in the middle of June.

¹ The Marquis de Carraccioli, ambassador from the court of Naples.—E.

² Mary Countess of Shelburne, widow of the Hon. John Fitzmaurice, first Earl of Shelburne. She was likewise his first cousin, being the daughter of the Hon. William Fitzmaurice, of Gallane, in the county of Kerry.—E.

What pleasure have you to come! there is a new thing published, that will make you split your cheeks with laughing. It is called the *New Bath Guide*.¹ It stole into the world, and for a fortnight no soul looked into it, concluding its name was its true name. No such thing. It is a set of letters in verse, in all kind of verses, describing the life at Bath, and incidentally everything else; but so much wit, so much humour, fun, and poetry, so much originality, never met together before. Then the man has a better ear than Dryden or Handel. *Apropos* to Dryden, he has burlesqued his *St. Cecilia*, that you will never read it again without laughing. There is a description of a milliner's box in all the terms of landscape, *painted lawns and chequered shades*, a Moravian ode, and a Methodist ditty, that are incomparable, and the best names that ever were composed. I can say it by heart, though a quarto, and if I had time would write it you down; for it is not yet reprinted, and not one to be had.

There are two volumes, too, of Swift's Correspondence, that will not amuse you less in another way, though abominable, for there are letters of twenty persons now alive; fifty of Lady Betty Germain, one that does her great honour, in which she defends her friend my Lady Suffolk, with all the spirit in the world,² against that brute, who hated everybody

¹ By Christopher Anstey. This production became highly popular for its pointed and original humour, and led to numerous imitations. Gray, in a letter to Dr. Wharton, says—"Have you read the *New Bath Guide*? It is the only thing in fashion, and is a new and original kind of humour. Miss Prue's conversation I doubt you will paste down, as Sir W. St. Quintyn did before he carried it to his daughter; yet I remember you all read *Crazy Tales* without pasting." Works, vol. iv. p. 81.—E.

² The letter in question is dated Feb. 8, 1732-3, and the following is the passage to which Walpole refers:—"Those out of power and place always see the faults of those in, with dreadful large spectacles. The strongest in my memory is Sir Robert Walpole, being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720, because the South Sea did not rise high enough; and since that, he has been to the full as well banged about, because it did rise too high. I am determined never wholly to believe any side or party against the other; so my house receives them altogether, and those people meet here that have, and would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good qualities and virtues, I love and admire; in which number is Lady Suffolk, because I know her to be a wise, discreet, honest, and sincere courtier."—E.

that he hoped would get him a mitre, and did not. His own Journal sent to Stella during the four last years of the Queen, is a fund of entertainment. You will see his insolence in full colours, and, at the same time, how daily vain he was of being noticed by the ministers he affected to treat arrogantly. His panic at the Mohocks is comical; but what strikes one, is bringing before one's eyes the incidents of a curious period. He goes to the rehearsal of Cato, and says the *drab* that acted Cato's daughter could not say her part. This was only Mrs. Oldfield. I was saying before George Selwyn, that this journal put me in mind of the present time, there was the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system; but I added, "There is nothing new under the sun." "No," said Selwyn, "nor under the grandson."

My Lord Chesterfield has done me much honour: he told Mrs. Anne Pitt that he would subscribe to any politics I should lay down. When she repeated this to me, I said, "Pray tell him I have laid down politics."

I am got into puns, and will tell you an excellent one of the King of France, though it does not spell any better than Selwyn's. You must have heard of Count Lauragais, and his horse-race, and his quacking his horse till he killed it. At his return the King asked him what he had been doing in England? "Sire, j'ai appris à penser"—"Des chevaux?" replied the King.¹ Good night! I am tired, and going to bed. Yours ever.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Strawberry Hill, June 28, 1766.

It is consonant to your ladyship's long experienced goodness, to remove my error as soon as you could. In fact, the same post that brought Madame d'Aiguillon's letter to you, brought me a confession from Madame du Deffand of her guilt.² I am not the less obliged to your ladyship for *inform-*

¹ See *anté*, p. 21.—E.

² Madame du Deffand had sent Mr. Walpole a snuff-box, on the lid

ing against the true criminal. It is well for me, however, that I hesitated, and did not, as Monsieur de Guerchy pressed me to do, constitute myself prisoner. What a ridiculous vain-glorious figure I should have made at Versailles, with a laboured letter and my present ! I still shudder when I think of it, and have scolded¹ Madame du Deffand black and blue. However, I feel very comfortable; and though it will be imputed to my own vanity, that I showed the box as Madame de Choiseul's present, I resign the glory, and submit to the shame with great satisfaction. I have no pain in receiving

of which was a portrait of Madame de Sévigné, accompanied by a letter written in her name from the Elysian Fields, and addressed to Mr. Walpole; who did not at first suspect Madame du Deffand as the author, but thought both the present and letter had come from the Duchess of Choiseul. [“ One of the principal features, and it must be called, when carried to such excess, one of the principal weaknesses of Mr. Walpole's character, was a fear of ridicule—a fear which, like most others, often leads to greater danger than that which it seeks to avoid. At the commencement of his acquaintance with Madame du Deffand he was near fifty, and she above seventy years of age, and entirely blind. She had already long passed the first epoch in the life of a Frenchwoman, that of gallantry, and had as long been established as a *bel esprit*; and it is to be remembered, that in the ante-revolutionary world of Paris these epochas in life were as determined, and as strictly observed, as the changes of dress on a particular day of the different seasons; and that a woman endeavouring to attract lovers after she had ceased to be *galante*, would have been not less ridiculous than her wearing velvet when all the rest of the world were in *demi-saisons*. Madame du Deffand, therefore, old and blind, had no more idea of attracting Mr. Walpole to her as a lover than she had of the possibility of any one suspecting her of such an intention; and indulged her lively feelings, and the violent fancy she had taken for his conversation and character, in every expression of admiration and attachment which she really felt, and which she never supposed capable of misinterpretation. By himself they were not misinterpreted; but he seems to have had ever before his eyes a very unnecessary dread of their being so by others—a fear lest Madame du Deffand's extreme partiality and high opinion should expose him to suspicions of entertaining the same opinion of himself, or of its leading her to some extravagant mark of attachment; and all this, he persuaded himself, was to be exposed in their letters to all the clerks of the post-office at Paris and all the idlers at Versailles. This accounts for the ungracious language in which he often replied to the importunities of her anxious affection; a language so foreign to his heart, and so contrary to his own habits in friendship: this too accounts for his constantly repressing on her part all effusions of sentiment, all disquisitions on the human heart, and all communications of its vexations, weaknesses, and pains.” Preface to “ Letters of Madame du Deffand to Mr. Walpole.”—E.]

¹ “ Vous avez si bien fait,” replied Madame du Deffand, “ par vos leçons, vos préceptes, vos *gronderies*, et, le pis de tous, par vos ironies, que vous êtes presque parvenu à me rendre fausse, ou, pour le moins, fort dissimulée.”—E.

this present from Madame du Deffand, and must own have great pleasure that nobody but she could write that most charming of all letters. Did not Lord Chesterfield think it so, Madam? I doubt our friend Mr. Hume must allow that not only Madame de Boufflers, but Voltaire himself, could not have written so well. When I give up Madame de Sévigné herself, I think his sacrifices will be trifling.

Pray, Madam, continue your waters; and, if possible, wash away that original sin, the gout. What would one give for a little rainbow to tell one one should never have it again! Well, but then one should have a burning fever — for I think the greatest comfort that good-natured divines give us is, that we are not to be drowned any more, in order that we may be burned. It will not at least be this summer; here is nothing but haycocks swimming round me. If it should cease raining by Monday se'nnight, I think of dining with your ladyship at Old Windsor; and if Mr. Bateman presses me mightily, I may take a bed there.

As I have a waste of paper before me, and nothing more to say, I have a mind to fill it with a translation of a tale that I found lately in the *Dictionnaire d'Anecdotes*, taken from a German author. The novelty of it struck me, and I put it into verse — ill enough; but, as the old Duchess of Rutland used to say of a lie, it will do for news into the country.

“ From Time's usurping power, I see,
Not Acheron itself is free.
His wasting hand my subjects feel,
Grow old, and wrinkle though in Hell.
Decrepit is Alecto grown,
Megæra worn to skin and bone;
And t'other beldam is so old,
She has not spirits left to scold.
Go, Hermes, bid my brother Jove
Send three new Furies from above.”
To Mercury thus Pluto said:
The winged deity obey'd.

It was about the self-same season
That Juno, with as little reason,
Rung for her abigail; and, you know,
Iris is chambermaid to Juno.

“ Iris, d’ye hear? Mind what I say;
 I want three maids — inquire — No, stay!
 Three virgins — Yes, unspotted all;
 No characters equivocal.
 Go find me three, whose manners pure
 Can Envy’s sharpest tooth endure.”
 The goddess curtsy’d, and retired;
 From London to Pekin inquired;
 Search’d huts and palaces—in vain;
 And tired, to Heaven came back again.
 “ Alone! are you return’d alone?
 How wicked must the world be grown!
 What has my profligate been doing?
 On earth has he been spreading ruin?
 Come, tell me all.”— Fair Iris sigh’d,
 And thus disconsolate replied:—
 “ ’Tis true, O Queen! three maids I found—
 The like are not on Christian ground—
 So chaste, severe, immaculate,
 The very name of man they hate:
 These — but, alas! I came too late;
 For Hermes had been there before—
 In triumph off to Pluto bore
 Three sisters, whom yourself would own
 The true supports of Virtue’s throne.”
 “ To Pluto! — Mercy!” cried the Queen,
 “ What can my brother Pluto mean?
 Poor man! he doats, or mad he sure is!
 What can he want them for?”—“ Three Furies.”

You will say I am an *infernal* poet; but everybody cannot
 write as they do *aux Champs Elysées*. Adieu, Madam!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, July 10, 1766.

DON’T you think a complete year enough for any admi-
 nistration to last? One, who at least can remove them,
 though he cannot make them, thinks so; and, accordingly,
 yesterday notified that he had sent for Mr. Pitt.¹ Not a jot

¹ On the 7th, the King addressed a letter to Mr. Pitt, expressing a
 desire to have his thoughts how an able and dignified ministry might be
 formed, and requesting him to come to town for that salutary purpose.

more is known; but as this set is sacrificed to their resolution of having nothing to do with Lord Bute, the new list will probably not be composed of such hostile ingredients. The arrangement I believe settled in the outlines; if it is not, it may still never take place: it will not be the first time this egg has been addled. One is very sure that many people on all sides will be displeased, and I think no side quite contented. Your cousins, the house of Yorke, Lord George Sackville, Newcastle, and Lord Rockingham, will certainly not be of the elect. What Lord Temple will do, or if anything will be done for George Grenville, are great points of curiosity. The plan will probably be, to pick and cull from all quarters, and break all parties, as much as possible.¹ From this moment I date the wane of Mr. Pitt's glory; he will want the thorough-bass of drums and trumpets, and is not made for peace. The dismissal of a most popular administration, a leaven of Bute, whom, too, he can never trust, and the numbers he will discontent, will be considerable objects against him.

For my own part, I am much pleased, and much diverted. I have nothing to do but to sit by and laugh; a humour you know I am apt to indulge. You shall hear from me again soon.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, July 21, 1766.

You may strike up your sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer; for Mr. Pitt² comes in, and Lord Temple does not. Can I

The letter will be found in the Chatham Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 436.—E.

¹ "Here are great bustles at court," writes Lord Chesterfield, on the 11th, "and a great change of persons is certainly very near. My conjecture is, that, be the new settlement what it will, Mr. Pitt will be at the head of it. If he is, I presume, qu'il aura mis de l'eau dans son vin par rapport à Mylord Bute: when that shall come to be known, as known it certainly will soon be, he may bid adieu to his popularity."—E.

² Mr. Pitt was gazetted, on the 30th of July, Viscount Pitt, of Burton Pynsent, and Earl of Chatham. The same gazette contained the notification of his appointment as lord privy seal, in the room of the Duke of Newcastle. "What shall I say to you about the ministry?" writes

send you a more welcome affirmative or negative? My sack-but is not very sweet, and here is the ode I have made for it:—

When Britain heard the woful news,
That Temple was to be minister,
To look upon it could she choose
But as an omen most sinister?
But when she heard he did refuse,
In spite of Lady Chat. his sister,
What could she do but laugh, O Muse?
And so she did, till she — her.

If that snake had wriggled in, he would have drawn after him the whole herd of vipers; his brother Demogorgon and all. 'Tis a blessed deliverance.

The changes I should think now would be few. They are not yet known; but I am content already, and shall go to Strawberry to-morrow, where I shall be happy to receive you and Mr. John any day after Sunday next, the twenty-seventh, and for as many days as ever you will afford me. Let me know your mind by the return of the post. Strawberry is in perfection: the verdure has all the bloom of spring: the orange-trees are loaded with blossoms, the gallery all sun and gold, Mrs. Clive all sun and vermilion — in short, come away to
Yours ever.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, and I hate to steal and not tell, that my ode is imitated from Fontaine.

Gray to Dr. Wharton: "I am as angry as a common-councilman of London about my Lord Chatham, but a little more patient, and will hold my tongue till the end of the year. In the mean time, I do mutter in secret, and to you, that to quit the House of Commons, his natural strength, to sap his own popularity and grandeur, (which no man but himself could have done,) by assuming a foolish title; and to hope that he could win by it, and attach him to a court that hate him, and will dismiss him as soon as ever they dare, was the weakest thing that ever was done by so great a man. Had it not been for this, I should have rejoiced at the breach between him and Lord Temple, and at the union between him and the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway: but patience! we shall see!" Works, vol. iv. p. 83.—E.

TO DAVID HUME, ESQ.¹

Arlington Street, July 26, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR set of literary friends are what a set of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly absurd. They hold a consistory to consult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very necessary for your character to give them the pleasure of seeing Rousseau exposed, not because he has provoked you, but them. If Rousseau prints, you must; but I certainly would not till he does.²

I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the King of Prussia's letter; but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof; for I not only suppressed the letter while you stayed there, out of delicacy to you, but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear Sir, to make use of what I say in your justification, either to Rousseau or anybody else. I should be very sorry to have you blamed on my account; I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what the literati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am

¹ On the celebrated quarrel between Hume and Rousseau, D'Alembert, and the other literary friends of the former, met at Paris, and were unanimous in advising him to publish the particulars. This Hume at first refused, but determined to collect them, and for that purpose had written to Mr. Walpole respecting the pretended letter from the King of Prussia.

² "Your friend Rousseau, I doubt, grows tired of Mr. Davenport and Derbyshire: he has picked up a quarrel with David Hume, and writes him letters of fourteen pages folio, upbraiding him with all his *noirceurs*; take one only as a specimen. He says, that at Calais they chanced to sleep in the same room together, and that he overheard David talking in his sleep, and saying, 'Ah! je le tiens, ce Jean Jacques là.' In short, I fear, for want of persecution and admiration (for these are his real complaints), he will go back to the Continent." Gray to Wharton; Works, vol. iv. p. 82.—E.

far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungrateful heart, as Rousseau has shown in your case, into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men. You may trust your sentence to such, who are as respectable judges as any that have pored over ten thousand more volumes.

P. S. I will look out the letter and the dates as soon as I go to Strawberry Hill.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, Sept. 18, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I AM exceedingly obliged to you for your very friendly letter, and hurt at the absurdity of the newspapers that occasioned the alarm. Sure I am not of consequence enough to be lied about! It is true I am ill, have been extremely so, and have been ill long, but with nothing like paralytic, as they have reported me. It has been this long disorder alone that has prevented my profiting of your company at Strawberry, according to the leave you gave me of asking it. I have lived upon the road between that place and this, never settled there, and uncertain whether I should go to Bath or abroad. Yesterday se'nnight I grew exceedingly ill indeed, with what they say has been the gout in my stomach, bowels, back, and kidneys. The worst seems over, and I have been to take the air to-day for the first time, but bore it so ill that I don't know how soon I shall be able to set out for Bath, whither they want me to go immediately. As that journey makes it very uncertain when I shall be at Strawberry again, and as you must want your cups and pastils, will you tell me if I can convey them to you any way safely? Excuse my saying more to-day, as I am so faint and weak; but it was impossible not to acknowledge your kindness the first minute I was able. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 18, 1766.

I AM this moment come hither with Mr. Chute, who has showed me your most kind and friendly letter, for which I give you a thousand thanks. It did not surprise me, for you cannot alter. I have been most extremely ill; indeed, never well since I saw you. However, I think it is over, and that the gout is gone without leaving a codicil in my foot. Weak I am to the greatest degree, and no wonder. Such explosions make terrible havoc in a body of paper. I shall go to the Bath in a few days, which they tell me will make my quire of paper hold out a vast while! as to that, I am neither credulous nor earnest. If it can keep me from pain and preserve me the power of motion, I shall be content. Mr. Chute, who has been good beyond measure, goes with me for a few days. A thousand thanks and compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Whetenhall and Mr. John, and excuse my writing more, as I am a little fatigued with my little journey.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Bath, Oct. 2, 1766.

I ARRIVED yesterday at noon, and bore my journey perfectly well, except that I had the head-ache all yesterday; but it is gone to-day, or at least made way for a little giddiness which the water gave me this morning at first. If it does not do me good very soon, I shall leave it; for I dislike the place exceedingly, and am disappointed in it. Their new buildings that are so admired, look like a collection of little hospitals; the rest is detestable; and all crammed together, and surrounded with perpendicular hills that have no beauty. The river is paltry enough to be the Seine or Tyber. Oh! how unlike my lovely Thames!

I met my Lord Chatham's coach yesterday full of such Grenville-looking children, that I shall not go to see him this

day or two; and to-day I spoke to Lady Rockingham in the street. My Lords Chancellor and President are here, and Lord and Lady Powis. Lady Malpas arrived yesterday. I shall visit Miss Rich to-morrow. In the next apartment to mine lodges * * * * *. I have not seen him some years; and he is grown either mad or superannuated, and talks without cessation or coherence: you would think all the articles in a dictionary were prating together at once. The Bedfords are expected this week. There are forty thousand others that I neither know nor intend to know. In short, it is living in a fair, and I am heartily sick of it already. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Bath, Oct. 5, 1766.

YES, thank you, I am quite well again; and if I had not a mind to continue so, I would not remain here a day longer, for I am tired to death of the place. I sit down by the waters of Babylon and weep, when I think of thee, oh Strawberry! The elements certainly agree with me, but I shun the gnomes and salamanders, and have not once been at the rooms. Mr. Chute stays with me till Tuesday; when he is gone, I do not know what I shall do; for I cannot play at cribbage by myself, and the alternative is to see my Lady Vane open the ball, and glimmer at fifty-four. All my comfort is, that I lodge close to the cross bath, by which means I avoid the pump-room and all its works. We go to dine and see Bristol to-morrow, which will terminate our sights, for we are afraid of your noble cousins at Badminton; and, as Mrs. Allen is dead, and Warburton entered upon the premises, you may swear we shall not go thither.

Lord Chatham, the late and present Chancellors, and sundry more, are here; and their graces of Bedford expected. I think I shall make your Mrs. Trevor and Lady Lucy a visit; but it is such an age since we met, that I suppose we shall not know one another by sight. Adieu! These watering places, that mimic a capital, and add vulgarisms and fami-

liarities of their own, seem to me like abigails in cast gowns, and I am not young enough to take up with either.

Yours ever.

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Bath, Oct. 10, 1766.

I AM impatient to hear that your charity to me has not ended in the gout to yourself—all my comfort is, if you have it, that you have good Lady Brown to nurse you.

My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's.¹ They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long, that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not converted); but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution: they have very neat mahogany stands for branches, and brackets of the same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *hautpas* of four steps, advancing in the middle: at each end of the broadest part are two of *my* eagles, with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit. Scarlet armed chairs to all three. On either hand, a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in a dark niche, is a plain table within rails; so you see the throne is for the apostle. Wesley is a lean elderly man, fresh-coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupeçon* of curl at the ends. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast, and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was

¹ The idea of adapting the psalms of the church to secular tunes had been put in practice long before Wesley's day. The celebrated Clement Marot wrote a number of psalms to suit the popular airs of his time, for the accommodation of the ladies of the French court who were devoutly inclined; but he left it to Wesley to assign as a reason for doing so, that there were no just grounds for letting the devil have all the best tunes to himself.—E.

like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice, and acted very ugly enthusiasm; decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, "I *thanks* God for everything." Except a few from curiosity, and *some honourable women*, the congregation was very mean. There was a Scotch Countess of Buchan¹, who is carrying a pure rosy vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich, if that was *the author of the poets*. I believe she meant me and the Noble Authors.

The Bedfords came last night. Lord Chatham was with me yesterday two hours; looks and walks well, and is in excellent political spirits.

Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Bath, Oct. 18, 1766.

WELL, I went last night to see Lady Lucy and Mrs. Trevor, was let in, and received with great kindness. I found them little altered; Lady Lucy was much undressed, but looks better than when I saw her last, and as well as one could expect; no shyness nor singularity, but very easy and conversable. They have a very pretty house, with two excellent rooms on a floor, and extremely well furnished. You may be sure your name was much in request. If I had not been engaged, I could have stayed much longer with satisfaction; and if I am doomed, as probably I shall be, to come hither again, they would be a great resource to me; for I find much more pleasure now in renewing old acquaintances than in forming new.

The waters do not benefit me so much as at first; the pains in my stomach return almost every morning, but do not seem the least allied to the gout. This decrease of their virtue is not near so great a disappointment to me as you might imagine; for I am so childish as not to think health itself a com-

¹ Agnes, second daughter of Sir James Steuart of Goodtrees; married, in January 1739, to Henry David, fifth Earl of Buchan. She was the mother of the celebrated Lord Erskine.—E.

compensation for passing my time very disagreeably. I can bear the loss of youth heroically, provided I am comfortable, and can amuse myself as I like. But health does not give one the sort of spirits that make one like diversions, public places, and mixed company. Living here is being a shopkeeper, who is glad of all kinds of customers; but does not suit me, who am leaving off trade. I shall depart on Wednesday, even on the penalty of coming again. To have lived three weeks in a fair appears to me a century! I am not at all in love with their country, which so charms everybody. Mountains are very good frames to a prospect, but here they run against one's nose, nor can one stir out of the town without clambering. It is true one may live as retired as one pleases, and may always have a small society. The place is healthy, everything is cheap, and the provisions better than ever I tasted. Still I have taken an insupportable aversion to it, which I feel rather than can account for; I do not think you would dislike it: so you see I am just in general, though very partial as to my own particular.

You have raised my curiosity about Lord Scarsdale's, yet I question whether I shall ever take the trouble of visiting it. I grow every year more averse to stirring from home, and putting myself out of my way. If I can but be tolerably well at Strawberry, my wishes are bounded. If I am to live at watering-places, and keep what is called *good hours*, life itself will be very indifferent to me. I do not talk very sensibly, but I have a contempt for that fictitious character styled philosophy; I feel what I feel, and say I feel what I do feel. Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Bath, Oct. 18, 1766.

You have made me laugh, and somebody else makes me stare. How can one wonder at anything he does, when he knows so little of the world? I suppose the next step will be to propose me for groom of the bedchamber to the new Duke

of Cumberland. But why me? Here is that hopeful young fellow, Sir John Rushout, the oldest member of the House, and, as extremes meet, very proper to begin again; why overlook him? However, as the secret is kept from me myself, I am perfectly easy about it. I shall call to-day or to-morrow to ask his commands, but certainly shall not obey those you mention.¹

The waters certainly are not so beneficial to me as at first: I have almost every morning my pain in my stomach. I do not pretend this to be the cause of my leaving Bath. The truth is, I cannot bear it any longer. You laugh at my regularity; but the contrary habit is so strong in me, that I cannot continue such sobriety. The public rooms, and the loo, where we play in a circle, like the hazard on Twelfth-night, are insupportable. This coming into the world again, when I am so weary of it, is as bad and ridiculous as moving an address would be. I have no affectation; for affectation is a monster at nine-and-forty; but if I cannot live quietly, privately, and comfortably, I am perfectly indifferent about living at all. I would not kill myself, for that is a philosopher's affectation, and I will come hither again, if I must; but I shall always drive very near, before I submit to do anything I do not like. In short, I must be as foolish as I please, as long as I can keep without the limits of absurdity. What has an old man to do but to preserve himself from parade on one hand, and ridicule on the other?² Charming youth may indulge itself

¹ Mr. Conway had intimated to Walpole, that it was the wish of Lord Chatham, that he should move the address on the King's speech at the opening of the session.—E.

² On the topic of *ridicule*, Walpole had, a few days before, thus expressed himself in a letter to Madame du Deffand:—"Il y avoit longtemps avant la date de notre connaissance, que cette crainte de ridicule s'étoit plantée dans mon esprit, et vous devez assurément vous ressouvenir à quel point elle me possédoit, et combien de fois je vous en ai entretenu. N'allez pas lui chercher une naissance récente. Dès le moment que je cessais d'être jeune, j'ai eu une peur horrible de devenir un veillard ridicule." To this the lady replied—"Vos craintes sur le ridicule sont des terreurs paniques, mais on ne guérit point de la peur; je n'ai point une semblable foiblesse; je sais qu'à mon âge on est à l'abri de donner du scandale; si l'on aime, on n'a point à s'en cacher; l'amitié ne sera jamais un sentiment ridicule, quand elle ne fait pas faire des folies; mais gardons-nous d'en préférer le nom, puisque vous avez de si bonnes raisons de la vouloir proscrire."—E.

in either, may be censured, will be envied, and has time to correct. Adieu !

Monday evening.

You are a delightful manager of the House of Commons, to reckon 540, instead of 565 ! Sandwich was more accurate in lists, and would not have miscounted 25, which are something in a division.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 22, 1766.

THEY may say what they will, but it does one ten times more good to leave Bath than to go to it. I may sometimes drink the waters, as Mr. Bentley used to say I invited company hither that I did not care for, that I might enjoy the pleasure of their going away. My health is certainly mended, but I did not feel the satisfaction of it till I got home. I have still a little rheumatism in one shoulder, which was not dipped in Styx, and is still mortal; but, while I went to the rooms, or stayed in my chambers in a dull court, I thought I had twenty complaints. I don't perceive one of them.

Having no companion but such as the place afforded, and which I did not accept, my excursions were very few; besides that the city is so guarded with mountains, that I had not patience to be jolted like a pea in a drum, in my chaise alone. I did go to Bristol, the dirtiest great shop I ever saw, with so foul a river, that, had I seen the least appearance of cleanliness, I should have concluded they washed all their linen in it, as they do at Paris. Going into the town, I was struck with a large Gothic building, coal-black, and striped with white; I took it for the devil's cathedral. When I came nearer, I found it was an uniform castle, lately built, and serving for stables and offices to a smart false Gothic house on the other side of the road.

The real cathedral is very neat, and has pretty tombs, besides the two windows of painted glass, given by Mrs. Ellen Gwyn. There is a new church besides of St. Nicholas, neat

and truly Gothic, besides a charming old church at the other end of the town. The cathedral, or abbey, at Bath, is glaring and crowded with modern tablet-monuments; among others, I found two, of my cousin Sir Erasmus Phillips, and of Colonel Madan. Your cousin Bishop Montagu decked it much. I dined one day with an agreeable family, two miles from Bath, a Captain Miller¹ and his wife, and her mother, Mrs. Riggs. They have a small new-built house, with a bow-window, directly opposite to which the Avon falls in a wide cascade, a church behind it in a vale, into which two mountains descend, leaving an opening into the distant country. A large village, with houses of gentry, is on one of the hills to the left. Their garden is little, but pretty, and watered with several small rivulets among the bushes. Meadows fall down to the road; and above, the garden is terminated by another view of the river, the city, and the mountains. 'Tis a very diminutive principality, with large pretensions.

I must tell you a quotation I lighted upon t'other day from Persius, the application of which has much diverted Mr. Chute. You know my Lord Milton,² from nephew of the old usurer Damer, of Dublin, has endeavoured to erect himself into the representative of the ancient Barons Damory—

“ — Memento turbinis exit
Marcus Dama.”

Apropos, or rather not *àpropos*, I wish you joy of the restoration of the dukedom in your house, though I believe we both think it very hard upon my Lady Beaulieu.

I made a second visit to Lady Lucy and Mrs. Trevor, and saw the latter one night at the rooms. She did not appear to me so little altered as in the dusk of her own chamber. Adieu!

Yours ever.

¹ Captain John Miller, of Ballicasey, in the county of Clare. In the preceding year he had married Anne, the only daughter of Edward Riggs, Esq. In 1778, he was created an Irish baronet, and in 1784, chosen representative for Newport in parliament. See *post*, Walpole's letter to General Conway, of the 15th of January 1775.—E.

² Joseph Damer Lord Milton, of Shrone Hill, in the kingdom of Ireland, was created a baron of Great Britain in May 1762, by the title of Baron Milton of Milton Abbey, Dorsetshire.—E.

TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.¹

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 5, 1766.

SIR,

ON my return from Bath, I found your very kind and agreeable present of the papers in King Charles's time;² for which and all your other obliging favours I give you a thousand thanks.

I was particularly pleased with your just and sensible preface against the squeamish or bigoted persons who would bury in oblivion the faults and follies of princes, and who thence contribute to their guilt; for if princes, who living are above control, should think that no censure is to attend them when dead, it would be new encouragement to them to play the fool and act the tyrant. When they are so kind as to specify their crimes under their own hands, it would be foppish delicacy indeed to suppress them. I hope you will proceed, Sir, and with the same impartiality. It was justice due to Charles to publish the extravagancies of his enemies too. The comparison can never be fairly made, but when we see the evidence on both sides. I have done so in the trifles I have published, and have as much offended some by what I have said of the Presbyterians at the beginning of my third volume of the Painters, as I had others by condemnation of King Charles in my Noble Authors. In the second volume of my Anecdotes I praised him where he deserved praise; for truth is my sole object, and it is some proof, when one offends both sides. I am, Sir, your most obliged and obedient servant.

¹ Now first collected. In the March of this year, Sir David Dalrymple was made a judge of the Court of Session, when he assumed the name of Lord Hailes, by which he is best known.—E.

² “The Memorials and Letters relating to the History of Britain in the Reigns of James the First and Charles the First, published from the originals in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh,” had just appeared, in two volumes, octavo.—E.

TO DAVID HUME, ESQ.

Nov. 6, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

You have, I own, surprised me by suffering your quarrel with Rousseau to be printed, contrary to your determination when you left London, and against the advice of all your best friends here; I may add, contrary to your own nature, which has always inclined you to despise literary squabbles, the jest and scorn of all men of sense. Indeed, I am sorry you have let yourself be over-persuaded, and so are all that I have seen who wish you well: I ought rather to use your own word *extorted*. You say your Parisian friends *extorted* your consent to this publication. I believe so. Your good sense could not approve what your good heart could not refuse. You add, that they told you "Rousseau had sent letters of defiance against you all over Europe? Good God! my dear Sir, could you pay any regard to such fustian? All Europe laughs at being dragged every day into these idle quarrels, with which Europe only * * *. Your friends talk as loftily as of a challenge between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First. What are become of all the controversies since the days of Scaliger and Scioppius, of Billingsgate memory? Why, they sleep in oblivion, till some Bayle drags them out of their dust, and takes mighty pains to ascertain the date of each author's death, which is of no more consequence to the world than the day of his birth. Many a country squire quarrels with his neighbour about game and manors; yet they never print their wrangles, though as much abuse passes between them as if they could quote all the philippics of the learned.

You have acted, as I should have expected if you *would* print, with sense, temper, and decency, and, what is still more uncommon, with your usual modesty. I cannot say so much for your editors. But editors and commentators are seldom modest. Even to this day that race ape the dictatorial tone of the commentators at the restoration of learning, when the mob thought that Greek and Latin could give men the sense

which they wanted in their native languages. But *Europe* is now grown a little wiser, and holds these magnificent pretensions in proper contempt.

What I have said is to explain why I am sorry my letter makes a part of this controversy. When I sent it to you, it was for your justification; and, had it been necessary, I could have added as much more, having been witness to your anxious and boundless friendship for Rousseau. I told you, you might make what use of it you pleased. Indeed, at that time I did not—could not think of its being printed, you seeming so averse to any publication on that head. However, I by no means take it ill, nor regret my part, if it tends to vindicate your honour.

I must confess that I am more concerned that you have suffered my letter to be curtailed; nor should I have consented to that if you had asked me. I guessed that your friends consulted your interest less than their own inclination to expose Rousseau; and I think their omission of what I said on that subject proves I was not mistaken in my guess. My letter hinted, too, my contempt of learned men and their miserable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I should not have been sorry that that opinion should have appeared at the same time. In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men; and I have often thought that young men ought to be made scholars, lest they should grow to reverence learned blockheads, and think there is any merit in having read more foolish books than other folks; which, as there are a thousand nonsensical books for one good one, must be the case of any man who has read much more than other people.

Your friend D'Alembert, who, I suppose, has read a vast deal, is, it seems, offended with my letter to Rousseau.¹ He

¹ For writing the pretended letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau, Walpole was severely censured by Warburton, in a letter to Hurd:—"As to Rousseau," says the Bishop, "I entirely agree with you, that his long letter to his brother philosopher, Hume, shows him to be a frank lunatic. His passion of tears, his suspicion of his friends in the midst of their services, and his incapacity of being set right, all consign him to Monro. Walpole's pleasantry upon him had baseness in its very

is certainly as much at liberty to blame it, as I was to write it. Unfortunately, he does not convince me; nor can I think but that if Rousseau may attack all governments and all religions, I might attack him: especially on his affectation and affected misfortunes; which you and your editors have proved *are affected*. D'Alembert might be offended at Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; and he is in the right. I am a very indifferent author; and there is nothing so vexatious to an indifferent author as to be confounded with another of the same class. I should be sorry to have his eloges and translations of scraps of Tacitus laid to me. However, I can forgive him anything, provided he never translates me. Adieu! my dear Sir. I am apt to laugh, you know, and therefore you will excuse me, though I do not treat your friends up to the pomp of their claims. They may treat me as freely: I shall not laugh the less, and I promise you I will never enter into a controversy with them. Yours ever.

TO DAVID HUME, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 11, 1766.

INDEED, dear Sir, it was not necessary to make me any apology. D'Alembert is certainly at liberty to say what he pleases of my letter; and undoubtedly you cannot think that it signifies a straw to me what he says. But how can you be surprised at his printing a thing that he sent you so long ago? All *my* surprise consists in your suffering him to curtail my letter to you, when you might be sure he would print his own at length. I am glad, however, that he has mangled mine: it not only shows his equity, but is the strongest presumption

conception. It was written when the poor man had determined to seek an asylum in England; and is, therefore, justly and generously condemned by D'Alembert. This considered, Hume failed both in honour and friendship not to show his dislike; which neglect seems to have kindled the first spark of combustion in this madman's brain. However, the contestation is very amusing; and I shall be very sorry if it stops, now it is in so good a train. I should be well pleased, particularly, to see so seraphic a madman attack so insufferable a coxcomb as Walpole; and I think they are only fit for one another."—E.

that he was conscious I guessed right, when I supposed he urged you to publish, from his own private pique to Rousseau.

What you surmise of his censuring my letter because I am a friend of Madame du Deffand, is astonishing indeed, and not to be credited, unless you had suggested it. Having never thought him anything like a *superior genius*,¹ as you term him, I concluded his vanity was hurt by Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; but, to carry resentment to a woman, to an old and blind woman, so far as to hate a friend of hers *qui ne lui avoit point fait de mal*, is strangely weak and lamentable. I thought he was a philosopher, and that philosophers were virtuous, upright men, who loved wisdom, and were above the little passions and foibles of humanity. I thought they assumed that proud title as an earnest to the world, that they intended to be something more than mortal; that they engaged themselves to be patterns of excellence, and would utter no opinion, would pronounce no decision, but what they believed the quintessence of truth; that they always acted without prejudice and respect of persons. Indeed, we know that the ancient philosophers were a ridiculous composition of arrogance, disputation, and contradictions; that some of them acted against all ideas of decency; that others affected to doubt of their own senses; that some, for venting unintelligible nonsense, pretended to think themselves superior to kings; that they gave themselves airs of accounting for all that we do and do not see—and yet, that no two of them agreed in a single hypothesis; that one thought fire, another water, the origin of all things; and that some were even so absurd and impious, as to displace God, and enthrone matter in his place. I do not mean to disparage such wise men, for we are really obliged to them: they anticipated and helped us off with an exceeding deal of nonsense, through which we might possibly have passed, if they had not prevented us. But, when in this enlightened age, as it is called,

¹ “I believe I said he was a man of *superior parts*, not a *superior genius*; which are words, if I mistake not, of a very different import.” Hume.—E.

I saw the term *philosophers* revived, I concluded the jargon would be omitted, and that we should be blessed with only the cream of sapience; and one had more reason still to expect this from any *superior genius*. But, alas! my dear Sir, what a tumble is here! Your D'Alembert is a mere mortal oracle. Who but would have laughed, if, when the buffoon Aristophanes ridiculed Socrates, Plato had condemned the former, not for making sport with a great man in distress, but because Plato hated some blind old woman with whom Aristophanes was acquainted!

D'Alembert's conduct is the more unjust, as I never heard Madame du Deffand talk of him above three times in the seven months that I passed at Paris; and never, though she does not love him, with any reflection to his prejudice. I remember, the first time I ever heard her mention his name, I said I have been told he was a good mimic, but could not think him a good writer. (Craufurd¹ remembers this, and it is a proof that I always thought of D'Alembert as I do now.) She took it up with warmth, defended his parts, and said he was extremely amusing. For her quarrel with him, I never troubled my head about it one way or other; which you will not wonder at. You know in England we read their works, but seldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them sufficiently paid if their books sell, and of course leave them to their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence. In France, they spoil us; but that was no business of mine. I, who am an author, must own this conduct very sensible; for in truth we are a most useless tribe.

That D'Alembert should have omitted passages in which you was so good as to mention me with approbation, agrees with his peevishness, not with his philosophy. However, for God's sake do not reinstate the passages. I do not love compliments, and will never give my consent to receive any. I have no doubt of your kind intentions to me, but beg they may rest there. I am much more diverted with the philo-

¹ John Craufurd, Esq. of Auchinames, in Scotland.—E.

sopher D'Alembert's underhand dealings, than I should have been pleased with panegyric even from you.

Allow me to make one more remark, and I have done with this trifling business for ever. Your moral friend pronounces me ill-natured for laughing at an unhappy man who had never offended me. Rousseau certainly never did offend me. I believed, from many symptoms in his writings, and from what I heard of him, that his love of singularity made him choose to invite misfortunes, and that he hung out many more than he felt. I, who affect no philosophy, nor pretend to more virtue than my neighbours, thought this ridiculous in a man who is really a *superior genius*, and joked upon it in a few lines never certainly intended to appear in print. The sage D'Alembert reprehends this — and where? In a book published to expose Rousseau, and which confirms by serious proofs what I had hinted at in jest. What! does a philosopher condemn me, and in the very same breath, only with ten times more ill-nature, act exactly as I had done? Oh! but you will say, Rousseau had offended D'Alembert by ascribing the King of Prussia's letter to him. Worse and worse: if Rousseau is unhappy, a philosopher should have pardoned. Revenge is so unbecoming the *rex regum*, the man who is *præcipuè sanus — nisi cum pituita molesta est*. If Rousseau's misfortunes are affected, what becomes of my ill-nature? In short, my dear Sir, to conclude as D'Alembert concludes his book, I do believe in the virtue of Mr. Hume, but not much in that of philosophers. Adieu! Yours ever.

P. S. It occurs to me, that you may be apprehensive of my being indiscreet enough to let D'Alembert learn your suspicions of him on Madame du Deffand's account! but you may be perfectly easy on that head. Though I like such an advantage over him, and should be glad he saw this letter, and knew how little formidable I think him, I shall certainly not make an ill use of a private letter, and had much rather wave any triumph, than give a friend a moment's pain. I love to laugh at an impertinent *savant*, but respect learning when joined to such goodness as yours, and never confound ostentation and modesty.

I wrote to you last Thursday; and, by Lady Hertford's advice, directed my letter to Nine-Wells: I hope you will receive it.

Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 12, 1766.

PRAY what are you doing?
 Or reading or feeding?
 Or drinking or thinking?
 Or praying or playing?
 Or walking or talking?
 Or riding about to your neighbours?¹

I AM sure you are not writing, for I have not had a word from you this century; nay, nor you from me. In truth, we have had a busy month, and many grumbles of a state-quake; but the session has however ended very triumphantly for the great Earl. I mean, we are adjourned for the holidays for above a month, after two divisions of one hundred and sixty-six to forty-eight, and one hundred and forty to fifty-six.² The Earl chaffered for the Bedfords, and who so willing as they?³ However, the bargain went off, and they are forced

¹ Thus playfully imitated by Lord Byron, in December 1816:—

“What are you doing now, oh Thomas Moore?
 Sighing or suing now?
 Rhyming or wooing now?
 Billing or cooing now?
 Which, Thomas Moore?”—E.

² On the bill of indemnity for those concerned in the embargo on the exportation of corn.—E.

³ The following is Lord Chesterfield's account of this negotiation:—
 “No mortal can comprehend the present state of affairs. Eight or nine persons, of some consequence, have resigned their employments; upon which, Lord Chatham made overtures to the Duke of Bedford and his people; but they could by no means agree, and his grace went the next day, full of wrath, to Woburn; so that negotiation is entirely at an end. People wait to see who Lord Chatham will take in, for some he must have; even he cannot be alone, *contra mundum*. Such a state of affairs, to be sure, was never seen before, in this or in any other country. When this ministry shall be settled, it will be the sixth in six years' time.”—E.

to return to George Grenville. Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes have made a jaunt to the same quarter, but could carry only eight along with them, which swelled that little minority to fifty-six. I trust and I hope it will not rise higher in haste. Your cousin, I hear, has been two hours with the Earl, but to what purpose I know not. Nugent is made Lord Clare, I think to no purpose at all.

I came hither to-day for two or three days, and to empty my head. The weather is very warm and comfortable. When do you move your tents southward? I left little news in town, except politics. That pretty young woman, Lady Fortrose,¹ Lady Harrington's eldest daughter, is at the point of death, killed, like Coventry and others, by white lead, of which nothing could break her. Lord Beauchamp is going to marry the second Miss Windsor.² It is odd that those two ugly girls, though such great fortunes, should get the two best figures in England, him and Lord Mount-Stuart.

The Duke of York is erecting a theatre at his own palace, and is to play Lothario in the Fair Penitent himself. *Apropos*, have you seen that delightful paper composed out of scraps in the newspapers? I laughed till I cried, and literally burst out so loud, that I thought Favre, who was waiting in the next room, would conclude I was in a fit; I mean the paper that says,

"This day his Majesty will go in state to fifteen notorious," &c. &c.³

¹ Caroline, eldest daughter of William second Earl of Harrington; married, on the 7th of October 1765, to Kenneth M'Kenzie, created Baron of Aneloe, Viscount Fortrose and Earl of Seaforth in the peerage of Ireland. Her ladyship died on the 9th of February 1767.—E.

² Francis Lord Beauchamp, son of the first Marquis of Hertford. His first wife, by whom he had no issue, was Alice Elizabeth, youngest daughter and coheirress of Herbert second Viscount Windsor. This lady died in 1772; when his lordship married, secondly, in 1776, Isabella Anne, daughter and heiress of Charles Ingram, Viscount Irvine of Scotland.—E.

³ Cross-readings from the Public Advertiser, by Caleb Whitefoord. [The paper was entitled, "A New Method of reading the Newspapers," and was subscribed, "Papyrius Cursor;" a signature which Dr. Johnson thought singularly happy, it being the real name of an ancient Roman,

It is the newest piece of humour, except the Bath Guide, that I have seen of many years. Adieu! Do let me hear from you soon. How does brother John? Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1766.

I WROTE to you last post on the very day I ought to have received yours; but being at Strawberry, did not get it in time. Thank you for your offer of a doe; you know when I dine at home here, it is quite alone, and venison frightens my little meal; yet, as half of it is designed for *dimidium animæ meæ* Mrs. Clive (a pretty round half), I must not refuse it; venison will make such a figure at her Christmas gambols! only let me know when and how I am to receive it, that she may prepare the rest of her banquet; I will convey it to her. I don't like your wintering so late in the country. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1767.

I AM going to eat some of your venison, and dare to say it is very good; I am sure you are, and thank you for it. Catherine, I do not doubt, is up to the elbows in currant jelly and gratitude. I have lost poor Louis, who died last week at

and expressive of the thing done in this lively conceit—of which the following may serve a specimen:—

“Yesterday Dr. Jones preached at St. James’s
The sword of state was carried—
There was a numerous and brilliant court;
Last night the Princess Royal was baptized;
This morning the Right Hon. the Speaker—
This day his Majesty will go in state to
Their R. H. the Dukes of York & Gloucester
At noon, her R. H. the Princess-dowager was
Several changes are talked of at court,
At a very full meeting of common-council,
An indictment for murder is preferred against
Yesterday the new Lord Mayor was sworn in,
This morning will be married the Lord Viscount
Escaped from the New Gaol, Terence M'Dermot,

and performed it with ease in less than 15 minutes.
before Sir J. Fielding, & committed to Newgate.
a down look, and cast with one eye.
Mary, alias Moll Hacket, alias Black Moll,
was convicted of keeping a disorderly house.
fifteen notorious common prostitutes.
were bound over to their good behaviour.
married to Mr. Jenkins, an eminent tailor.
consisting of 9040 triple bob-majors.
the greatest show of horned cattle this season.
the worshipful company of Apothecaries.
and afterwards tossed and gored several persons.
and afterwards hung in chains, pursuant to his sentence.
if he will return, he will be kindly received, &c.”—

Strawberry. He had no fault but what has fallen upon himself, poor soul! drinking: his honesty and good-nature were complete; and I am heartily concerned for him, which I shall seldom say so sincerely.

There has been printed a dull complimentary letter to me on the quarrel of Hume and Rousseau. In one of the reviews they are so obliging as to say I wrote it myself: it is so dull, that I should think they wrote it themselves—a kind of abuse I should dislike much more than their criticism.

Are not you frozen, perished? How do you keep yourself alive on your mountain? I scarce stir from my fire-side. I have scarce been at Strawberry for a day this whole Christmas, and there is less appearance of a thaw to-day than ever. There has been dreadful havoc at Margate and Aldborough, and along the coast. At Calais, the sea rose above sixty feet perpendicular, which makes people conclude there has been an earthquake somewhere or other. I shall not think of my journey to France yet; I suffered too much with the cold last year at Paris, where they have not the least idea of comfortable, but sup in stone halls, with all the doors open. Adieu! I must go dress for the drawing-room of the Princess of Wales. Yours ever.

TO DR. DUCAREL.

April 25, 1767.

MR. WALPOLE has been out of town, or should have thanked Dr. Ducarel sooner for the obliging favour of his most curious and valuable work,¹ which Mr. Walpole has read with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. He will be very much obliged to Dr. Ducarel if he will favour him with a set of the prints separate; which Mr. Walpole would be glad to put into his volumes of English Heads; and shall be happy to have an opportunity of returning these obligations.

¹ Entitled "Anglo-Norman Antiquities considered, in a Tour through part of Normandy."—E.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, July 29, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM very sorry that I must speak of a loss that will give you and Lady Strafford concern; an essential loss to me, who am deprived of a most agreeable friend, with whom I passed here many hours. I need not say I mean poor Lady Suffolk.¹ I was with her two hours on Saturday night; and, indeed, found her much changed, though I did not apprehend her in danger. I was going to say she complained—but you know she never did complain—of the gout and rheumatism all over her, particularly in her face. It was a cold night, and she sat below stairs when she should have been in bed; and I doubt this want of care was prejudicial. I sent next morning. She had a bad night; but grew much better in the evening. Lady Dalkeith came to her; and, when she was gone, Lady Suffolk said to Lord Chetwynd, “She would eat her supper in her bed-chamber.” He went up with her, and thought the appearances promised a good night: but she was scarce sat down in her chair, before she pressed her hand to her side, and died in half an hour.

I believe both your lordship and Lady Strafford will be surprised to hear that she was by no means in the situation that most people thought. Lord Chetwynd and myself were the only persons at all acquainted with her affairs, and they were far from being even easy to her. It is due to her memory to say, that I never saw more strict honour and justice. She bore *knowingly* the imputation of being covetous, at a time that the strictest economy could by no means prevent her exceeding her income considerably. The anguish of the last years of her life, though concealed, flowed from the apprehension of not satisfying her few wishes, which were, not to be in debt, and to make a provision for Miss Hotham.² I can give your lordship strong instances of the sacrifices she tried

¹ Henrietta Hobart, Countess of Suffolk. She died at Marble Hall, on the 24th of July.—E.

² Her great-niece.

to make to her principles. I have not yet heard if her will is opened; but it will surprise those who thought her rich. Lord Chetwynd's friendship to her has been unalterably kind and zealous, and is not ceased. He stays in the house with Miss Hotham till some of her family come to take her away. I have perhaps dwelt too long on this subject; but, as it was not permitted me to do her justice when alive, I own I cannot help wishing that those who had a regard for her, may now at least know how much more she deserved it than even they suspected. In truth, I never knew a woman more respectable for her honour and principles, and have lost few persons in my life whom I shall miss so much. I am, &c.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, July 31, 1767.

I FIND one must cast you into debt, if one has a mind to hear of you. You would drop one with all your heart, if one would let you alone. Did not you talk of passing by Strawberry in June, on a visit to the Bishop? I did not summon you, because I have not been sure of my own motions for two days together for these three months. At last all is subsided; the administration will go on pretty much as it was, with Mr. Conway for part of it. The fools and the rogues, or, if you like proper names, the Rockinghams and the Grenvilles, have bungled their own game, quarrelled, and thrown it away.

Where are you? What are you doing? Where are you going or staying? I shall trip to Paris in about a fortnight, for a month or six weeks. Indeed, I have had such a loss in poor Lady Suffolk,¹ that my autumns at Strawberry will suffer exceedingly, and will not be repaired by my Lord Buckingham. I have been in pain, too, and am not yet quite easy about my brother, who is in a bad state of health. Have you

¹ "Votre pauvre sourde!" writes Madame du Deffand to Walpole, on the 3rd of August. "Ah! mon Dieu! que j'en suis fâchée; c'est une véritable perte, et je la partage: j'aimais qu'elle vécût; j'aimais son amitié pour vous; j'aimais votre attachement pour elle: tout cela, ce me semble, m'était bon."—E.

waded through or into Lord Lyttelton?¹ How dull one may be, if one will but take pains for six or seven-and-twenty years together! Except one day's gout, which I cured with the bootikins, I have been quite well since I saw you: nay, with a microscope you would perceive I am fatter. Mr. Hawkins saw it with his naked eye, and told me it was common for lean people to grow fat when they grow old. I am afraid the latter is more certain than the former, and I submit to it with a good grace. There is no keeping off age by sticking roses and sweet peas in one's hair, as Miss Chudleigh does still.

If you are not totally abandoned, you will send me a line before I go. The Clive has been desperately nervous; but I have convinced her it did not become her, and she has recovered her rubicundity. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Friday, Aug. 7, 1767.

As I am turned knight-errant, and going again in search of my old fairy,² I will certainly transport your enchanted

¹ His "History of the Life of King Henry the Second, and of the Age in which he lived," in four volumes quarto.—E.

² Madame du Deffand. The following passages from her letters to Walpole will best explain the reasons which induced him to undertake the journey:—"Paris, 5 Juillet. Je crois entrevoir que votre séjour ici vous inquiète, et que la complaisance qui vous amène vous coûte beaucoup; mais, mon Tuteur, songez au plaisir que vous me ferez, quelle sera ma reconnaissance. Je ne vous dirai point combien cette visite m'est nécessaire; vous jugerez par vous-même si je vous en ai imposé sur rien, et si vous pourrez jamais vous repentir des marques d'amitié que vous m'avez données. Mon Dieu! que nous aurons de sujets de conversations!"—"Dimanche, 23 Août. Enfin, enfin, il n'y a plus de mer qui nous sépare; j'ai l'espérance de vous voir dès aujourd'hui. J'ai prié hier Madame Simonetti d'envoyer chez moi au moment de votre arrivée; si vous voulez venir chez moi, comme j'espère, vous aurez sur le champ mon carrosse. Je me flatte que demain vous dinerez et souperez avec moi tête-à-tête; nous en aurons bien à dire. Sans cette maudite compagnie que j'ai si sottement rassemblée, vous m'auriez trouvée chez vous à la descente de votre chaise; cela vous auroit fort déplu, mais je m'en serois moquée." Madame Simonetti kept the Hôtel garni du Parc Royal, Rue du Colombier. In a journal which Walpole kept of this journey to Paris, is the following entry:—"August 23. Arrived at

casket, and will endeavour to procure some talisman, that may secrete it from the eyes of those unheroic harpies, the officers of the custom-house. You must take care to let me have it before to-morrow se'nnight.

The house at Twickenham, with which you fell in love, is still unmarried; but they ask a hundred and thirty pounds a-year for it. If they asked one hundred and thirty thousand pounds for it, perhaps my Lord Clive might snap it up; but that not being the case, I don't doubt but it will fall, and I flatter myself that you and it may meet at last upon reasonable terms. That of General Trapaud is to be had at fifty pounds a-year, but with a fine on entrance of five hundred pounds. As I propose to return by the beginning of October, perhaps I may see you, and then you may review both. Since the loss of poor Lady Suffolk, I am more desirous than ever of having you in my neighbourhood, as I have not a rational acquaintance left. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.¹

Paris, Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1767.

LAST night, by Lord Rochford's courier, we heard of Charles Townshend's death;² for which, indeed, your letter had prepared me. As a man of incomparable parts, and most entertaining to a spectator, I regret his death. His good-humour prevented one from hating him, and his levity from loving him; but, in a political light, I own I cannot look upon it as a misfortune. His treachery alarmed me, and I apprehended everything from it. It was not advisable to throw him into the arms of the Opposition. His death avoids both kinds of mischief. I take for granted you will have Lord

Paris a quarter before seven; at eight, to Madame du Deffand's; found the Clairon acting Agrippine and Phèdre. Not tall; but I liked her acting better than I expected. Supped there with her, and the Duchesses de Villeroy, d'Aiguillon, &c. &c."—E.

¹ Now first printed.

² Mr. Charles Townshend died very unexpectedly, on the 4th of September; he being then only in his forty-second year.—E.

North for chancellor of the exchequer.¹ He is very inferior to Charles in parts; but what he wants in those, will be supplied by firmness and spirit.

With regard to my brother, I should apprehend nothing, were he like other men; but I shall not be astonished, if he throws his life away; and I have seen so much of the precariousness of it lately, that I am prepared for the event, if it shall happen. I will say nothing about Mr. Harris; he is an old man, and his death will be natural. For Lord Chatham, he is really or intentionally mad,—but I still doubt which of the two. Thomas Walpole has writ to his brother here, that the day before Lord Chatham set out for Pynsent, he executed a letter of attorney, with full powers to his wife, and the moment it was signed he began singing.²

You may depend upon it I shall only stay here to the end of the month; but if you should want me sooner, I will set out at a moment's warning, on your sending me a line by Lord Rochford's courier. This goes by Lady Mary Coke, who sets out to-morrow morning early, on the notice of Mr. Townshend's death, or she would have stayed ten days longer. I sent you a letter by Mr. Fletcher, but I fear he did not go away till the day before yesterday.

¹ "The chancellorship of the exchequer," says Adolphus, "was filled up *ad interim* by Lord Mansfield. It was offered to Lord North, who, for some reasons which are not precisely known, declined accepting it. The offer was subsequently made to Lord Barrington; who declared his readiness to undertake the office, if a renewed application to Lord North should fail: a fresh negotiation was attempted with the Duke of Bedford, but without effect, and at length Lord North was prevailed on to accept the office. Mr. Thomas Townshend succeeded Lord North as paymaster, and Mr. Jenkinson was appointed a lord of the treasury; Lord Northampton and General Conway resigning, Lord Gower was made president of the council; Lord Weymouth, secretary of state; and Lord Sandwich, joint postmaster-general. These promotions indicated an accommodation between the ministry and the Bedford party; and the cabinet was further strengthened by the appointment of Lord Hillsborough to the office of secretary of state for America. The ministry, thus modelled, was called the Duke of Grafton's administration; for, although Lord Chatham still retained his place, he was incapable of transacting business."—E.

² Lord Chatham's enemies were constantly insinuating, that his illness was a *political* one. For the *real* state of his health at the time Walpole was penning this uncharitable passage, see Lady Chatham's letter to Mr. Nuthall of the 17th of August, and his lordship's own grateful and affectionate letter to Mr. Thomas Walpole of the 30th of October. Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 282, 289.—E.

I am just come from dining *en famille* with the Duke de Choiseul: he was very civil—but much more civil to Mr. Wood,¹ who dined there too. I forgive this gratitude to the *peacemakers*. I must finish; for I am going to Lady Mary, and then return to sup with the Duchess de Choiseul, who is not civilier to anybody than to me. Adieu! Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, Oct. 24, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

It is an age since we have had any correspondence. My long and dangerous illness last year, with my journey to Bath; my long attendance in Parliament all winter, spring, and to the beginning of summer; and my journey to France since, from whence I returned but last week,² prevented my asking the pleasure of seeing you at Strawberry-hill.

I wish to hear that you have enjoyed your health, and shall be glad of any news of you. The season is too late, and the Parliament too near opening, for me to propose a winter journey to you. If you should happen to think at all of London, I trust you would do me the favour to call on me. In short, this is only a letter of inquiry after you, and to show you that I am always most truly yours.

¹ Mr. Robert Wood. He was under-secretary of state at the time of the treaty of Paris.—E.

² Walpole left Paris the 9th of October; on the morning of which day Madame du Deffand thus resumes her correspondence with him:—"Que de lâcheté, de foiblesse, et de ridicules je vous ai laissé voir! Je m'étois bien promis le contraire; mais, mais—oubliez tout cela, pardonnez-le-moi, mon Tuteur, et ne pensez plus à votre Petite que pour vous dire qu'elle est raisonnable, obéissante, et par-dessus tout reconnaissante; que son respect, oui, je dis respect, que sa crainte, mais sa crainte filiale, son tendre mais sérieux attachement, feront jusqu'à son dernier moment le bonheur de sa vie. Qu'importe d'être vieille, d'être aveugle; qu'importe le lieu qu'on habite; qu'importe que tout ce qui environne soit sot ou extravagant: quand l'ame est fortement occupée, il ne lui manque rien que l'objet qui l'occupe; et quand cet objet répond à ce qu'on sent pour lui, on n'a plus rien à désirer."—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, Nov. 1, 1767.

THE house is taken that you wot of, but I believe you may have General Trapaud's for fifty pounds a-year, and a fine of two hundred and fifty, which is less by half, look you, than you was told at first. A jury of matrons, composed of Lady Frances, my Dame Bramston, Lady Pembroke, and Lady Carberry, and the merry Catholic Lady Brown, have sat upon it, and decide that you should take it. But you must come and treat in person, and may hold the congress here. I hear Lord Guildford is much better, so that the exchequer will still find you in funds. You will not dislike to hear, shall you, that Mr. Conway does not take the appointments of secretary of state. If it grows the fashion to give up above five thousand pounds a-year, this ministry will last for ever; for I do not think the Opposition will struggle for places without salaries. If my Lord Ligonier does not go to heaven, or Sir Robert Rich to the devil soon, our General will run considerably in debt; but he had better be too poor than too rich. I would not have him die like old Pulteney, loaded with the spoils of other families and the crimes of his own. Adieu! I will not write to you any more, so you may as well come. Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 19, 1767.

You are now, I reckon, settled in your new habitation:¹ I would not interrupt you in your journeyings, dear Sir, but am not at all pleased that you are seated so little to your mind; and yet I think you will stay there. Cambridge and Ely are neighbourhoods to your taste, and if you do not again shift your quarters, I shall make them and you a visit: Ely I

¹ Mr. Cole had lately removed from Blecheley, Bucks, to Waterbeach, near Cambridge.

have never seen. I could have wished that you had preferred this part of the world; and yet, I trust, I shall see you here oftener than I have done of late. This, to my great satisfaction, is my last session of Parliament; to which, and to politics, I shall ever bid adieu!

I did not go to Paris for my health, though I found the journey and the sea-sickness, which I had never experienced before, contributed to it greatly. I have not been so well for some years as I am at present, and if I continue to plump up as I do at present, I do not know but by the time we may meet, whether you may not discover, without a microscope, that I am really fatter. I went to make a visit to my dear old blind woman, and to see some things I could not see in winter.

For the Catholic religion, I think it very consumptive. With a little patience, if Whitfield, Wesley, my Lady Huntingdon, and that rogue Madan¹ live, I do not doubt but we shall have something very like it here. And yet I had rather live at the end of a tawdry religion, than at the beginning; which is always more stern and hypocritic.

I shall be very glad to see your laborious work of the maps; you are indefatigable, I know: I think mapping would try my patience more than anything.

My Richard the Third will go to press this week, and you shall have one of the first copies, which I think will be in about a month, if you will tell me how to convey it: direct to Arlington-street. Mr. Gray went to Cambridge yesterday se'nnight: I wait for some papers from him for my purpose. I grieve for your sufferings by the inundation; but you are not only an hermit, but, what is better, a real philosopher. Let me hear from you soon. Yours ever.

¹ The Rev. Martin Madan, author of "Thelyphthora," a defence of a plurality of wives. In 1767, he subjected himself to much obloquy, by dissuading a clerical friend from giving up a benefice, which he had accepted under a solemn promise of eventual resignation.—E.

TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.¹

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 17, 1768.

I WILL begin, Sir, with telling you that I have seen Mr. Sherriff and his son. The father desired my opinion on sending his son to Italy. I own I could by no means advise it. Where a genius is indubitable and has already made much progress, the study of antique and the works of the great masters may improve a young man extremely, and open lights to him which he might never discover of himself: but it is very different sending a young man to Rome to try whether he has genius or not; which may be ascertained with infinitely less trouble and expense at home. Young Mr. Sherriff has certainly a disposition to drawing; but that may not be genius. His misfortune may have made him embrace it as a resource in his melancholy hours. Labouring under the misfortune of deafness, his friends should consider to what unhappiness they may expose him. His family have naturally applied to alleviate his misfortune, and to cultivate the parts they saw in him: but who, in so long a journey and at such a distance, is to attend him in the same affectionate manner? Can he shift for himself, especially without the language? who will take the trouble at Rome of assisting him, instructing him, pointing out to him what he should study? who will facilitate the means to him of gaining access to palaces and churches, and obtain permission for him to work there? I felt so much for the distresses he must undergo, that I could not see the benefits to accrue, and those eventual, as a compensation. Surely, Sir, it were better to place him here with some painter for a year or two. He does not seem to me to be grounded enough for such an expedition.

I will beg to know how I may convey my Richard to you, which will be published to-morrow fortnight. I do not wonder you could not guess the discovery I have made. It is

¹ Now first collected.

one of the most marvellous that ever was made. In short, it is the original coronation roll of Richard the Third, by which it appears that very magnificent robes were ordered for Edward the Fifth, and that he did, or was to have walked at his uncle's coronation. This most valuable monument is in the Great Wardrobe. It is not, though the most extraordinary, the only thing that will much surprise you in my work. But I will not anticipate what little amusement you may find there. I am, Sir, &c.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, Feb. 1, 1768.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE waited for the impression of my Richard, to send you the whole parcel together. This moment I have conveyed to Mr. Cartwright a large bundle for you, containing Richard the Third,¹ the four volumes of the new edition of the Anecdotes, and six prints of your relation Tuer. You will find his head very small: but the original was too inconsiderable to allow it to be larger. I have sent you no Patagonèans;² for they are out of print: I have only my own copy, and could not get another. Pray tell me how, or what you heard of it; and tell me sincerely, for I did not know it had made any noise.

I shall be much obliged to you for the extract relating to the Academy of which a Walpole was president. I doubt if he was of our branch; and rather think he was of the younger and Roman Catholic branch.

Are you reconciled to your new habitation? Don't you find it too damp? and if you do, don't deceive yourself, and

¹ "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third, by Mr. Horace Walpole;" London, 1768, 4to. Two editions of this work, which occasioned a good deal of historical controversy, were published during the year.—E.

² "An Account of the Giants lately discovered; in a Letter to a Friend in the Country;" London, 1766, 8vo. It was afterwards translated into French by the Chevalier Redmond, an Irish officer in the French service.—E.

try to surmount it, but remove immediately. Health is the most important of all considerations. Adieu ! dear Sir.

TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.¹

Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1768.

I HAVE sent to Mr. Cadell my Historic Doubts, Sir, for you. I hope they may draw forth more materials, which I shall be very ready either to subscribe to or adopt. In this view I must beg you, Sir, to look into Speed's History of England, and in his account of Perkin Warbeck you will find Bishop Leslie often quoted. May I trouble you to ask, to what work that alludes, and whether in print or MS.? Bishop Leslie lived under Queen Elizabeth, and though he could know nothing of Perkin Warbeck, was yet near enough to the time to have had much better materials than we have. May I ask, too, if Perkin Warbeck's Proclamation exists anywhere authentically? You will see in my book the reason of all these questions.

I am so much hurried with it just now, that you will excuse my being so brief. I can attribute to nothing but the curiosity of the subject, the great demand for it; though it was sold publicly but yesterday, and twelve hundred and fifty copies were printed, Dodsley has been with me this morning to tell me he must prepare another edition directly. I am, Sir, &c.

TO MR. GRAY.

Arlington Street, Feb. 18, 1768.

YOU have sent me a long and very obliging letter, and yet I am extremely out of humour with you. I saw *Poems* by *Mr. Gray* advertised: I called directly at Dodsley's to

¹ Now first collected.

know if this was to be more than a new edition? He was not at home himself, but his foreman told me he thought there were some new pieces, and notes to the whole. It was very unkind, not only to go out of town without mentioning them to me, without showing them to me, but not to say a word of them in this letter. Do you think I am indifferent, or not curious, about what you write? I have ceased to ask you, because you have so long refused to show me anything. You could not suppose I thought that you never write. No; but I concluded you did not intend, at least yet, to publish what you had written. As you did intend it, I might have expected a month's preference. You will do me the justice to own that I had always rather have seen your writings than have shown you mine; which you know are the most hasty trifles in the world, and which, though I may be fond of the subject when fresh, I constantly forget in a very short time after they are published. This would sound like affectation to others, but will not to you. It would be affected, even to you, to say I am indifferent to fame. I certainly am not, but I am indifferent to almost anything I have done to acquire it. The greater part are mere compilations; and no wonder they are, as you say, incorrect, when they are commonly written with people in the room, as Richard and the Noble Authors were. But I doubt there is a more intrinsic fault in them: which is, that I cannot correct them. If I write tolerably, it must be at once; I can neither mend nor add. The articles of Lord Capel and Lord Peterborough, in the second edition of the Noble Authors, cost me more trouble than all the rest together: and you may perceive that the worst part of Richard, in point of ease and style, is what relates to the papers you gave me on Jane Shore, because it was tacked on so long afterwards, and when my impetus was chilled. If some time or other you will take the trouble of pointing out the inaccuracies of it, I shall be much obliged to you: at present I shall meddle no more with it. It has taken its fate; nor did I mean to complain. I found it was condemned indeed beforehand, which was what I alluded to. Since publication

(as has happened to me before) the success has gone beyond my expectation.

Not only at Cambridge, but here, there have been people wise enough to think me too free with the King of Prussia!¹ A newspaper has talked of my known inveteracy to him. Truly, I love him as well as I do most kings. The greater offence is my reflection on Lord Clarendon. It is forgotten that I had overpraised him before. Pray turn to the new State Papers, from which, *it is said*, he composed his history. You will find they are the papers from which he did *not* compose his history. And yet I admire my Lord Clarendon more than these pretended admirers do. But I do not intend to justify myself. I can as little satisfy those who complain that I do not let them know what *really did* happen. If this inquiry can ferret out any truth, I shall be glad. I have picked up a few more circumstances. I now want to know what Perkin Warbeck's Proclamation was, which Speed in his history says is preserved by Bishop Leslie. If you look in Speed, perhaps you will be able to assist me.

The Duke of Richmond and Lord Lyttelton agree with you, that I have not disculpated Richard of the murder of Henry VI. I own to you, it is the crime of which in my own mind I believe him most guiltless. Had I thought he committed it, I should never have taken the trouble to apologize for the rest. I am not at all positive or obstinate on your other objections, nor know exactly what I believe on many points of this story. And I am so sincere, that, except a few notes hereafter, I shall leave the matter to be settled or discussed by others. As you have written much too little, I have written a great deal too much, and think

¹ Gray, in a letter to Walpole, of the 14th, had said—"I have heard it objected, that you raise doubts and difficulties, and do not satisfy them by telling us what is really the case. I have heard you charged with disrespect to the King of Prussia; and, above all, to King William and the Revolution. My own objections are little more essential: they relate chiefly to inaccuracies of style, which either debase the expression or obscure the meaning. As to your arguments, most of the principal parts are made out with a clearness and evidence that no one would expect, where materials are so scarce. Yet I still suspect Richard of the murder of Henry the Sixth." Works, vol. iv. p. 105.—E.

only of finishing the two or three other things I have begun—and of those, nothing but the last volume of *Painters* is designed for the present public. What has one to do when turned fifty, but really think of *finishing*?¹

I am much obliged and flattered by Mr. Mason's approbation, and particularly by having had almost the same thought with him. I said, "People need not be angry at my excusing Richard; I have not diminished their fund of hatred, I have only transferred it from Richard to Henry." Well, but I have found you close with Mason—No doubt, cry prating I, something will come out.²—Oh! no—leave us, both of you, to *Annabellas* and *Epistles to Ferney*,³ that give Voltaire an account of his own tragedies, to *Macarony fables* that are more unintelligible than *Pilpay's* are in the original, to Mr. Thornton's hurdy-gurdy poetry,⁴ and to Mr. * * * *, who has imitated himself worse than any fop in a magazine would have done. In truth, if you should abandon us, I could not wonder—When Garrick's prologues and epilogues, his own *Cymons* and farces, and the comedies of the fools that pay court to him, are the delight of the age, it does not deserve anything better.

Pray read the new account of Corsica. What relates to Paoli will amuse you much. There is a deal about the island

¹ To this Gray, on the 25th, replied—"To what you say to me so civilly, that I ought to write more, I answer in your own words, (like the Pamphleteer, who is going to refute you out of your own mouth,) what has one to do, when *turned of fifty*, but really to think of finishing? However, I will be candid (for you seem to be so with me), and avow to you, that, till fourscore and ten, whenever the humour takes me, I will write, because I like it; and because I like myself better when I do so. If I do not write much, it is because I cannot." Works, vol. iv. p. 111.—E.

² "I found him close with Swift."—"Indeed?"—"No doubt," Cries prating Balbus, "something will come out." Pope.

³ Keate's "*Ferney*; an *Epistle to M. Voltaire*."—E.

⁴ His burlesque *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*; with the humour of which Dr. Johnson was much diverted, and used to repeat this passage—

"In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
And clattering and battering and clapping combine,
With a rap and a tap, while the hollow side sounds,
Up and down leaps the flap, and with rattling rebounds."—E.

and its divisions that one does not care a straw for. The author, Boswell,¹ is a strange being, and, like Cambridge, has a rage of knowing anybody that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris in spite of my teeth and my doors, and I see has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me about King Theodore. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and exhorted Rousseau to do so too: but as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see he now is a little sick of Rousseau himself; but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me. However, his book will I am sure entertain you.²

I will add but a word or two more. I am criticised for the expression *tinker up* in the preface. Is this one of those that you object to? I own I think such a low expression, placed to ridicule an absurd instance of wise folly, very forcible. Replace it with an elevated word or phrase, and to my conception it becomes as flat as possible.

George Selwyn says I may, if I please, write historic doubts on the present Duke of Grafton too. Indeed, they would be doubts, for I know nothing certainly.

Will you be so kind as to look into Leslie De Rebus Scotorum, and see if Perkin's Proclamation is there, and if there, how authenticated. You will find in Speed my reason for asking this. I have written in such a hurry, I believe you will scarce be able to read my letter—and as I have just been

¹ "Your history," wrote Dr. Johnson to Boswell, "is like other histories, but your journal is, in a very high degree, curious and delightful: there is between them that difference which there will always be found between notions borrowed from without and notions generated within. Your history was copied from books; your journal rose out of your own experience and observation. I know not whether I could name any narrative by which curiosity is better excited or better gratified."—E.

² To this Gray replies—"Mr. Boswell's book has pleased and moved me strangely; all, I mean, that relates to Paoli. He is a man born two thousand years after his time! The pamphlet proves what I have always maintained, that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity. Of Mr. Boswell's truth I have not the least suspicion, because I am sure he could invent nothing of this kind. The true title of this part of his work is a Dialogue between a Green Goose and a Hero." Works, vol. iv. p. 112.—E.

writing French, perhaps the sense may not be clearer than the writing. Adieu!

TO MR. GRAY.

Arlington Street, Friday night, Feb. 26, 1768.

I PLAGUE you to death, but I must reply a few more words. I shall be very glad to see in print, and to have those that are worthy see your ancient Odes; but I was in hopes there were some pieces, too, that I had not seen. I am sorry there are not.¹

I troubled you about Perkin's Proclamation, because Mr. Hume lays great stress upon it, and insists, that if Perkin affirmed his brother was killed, it must have been true, if he was true Duke of York. Mr. Hume would have persuaded me that the Proclamation is in Stowe, but I can find no such thing there; nor, what is more, in Casley's Catalogue, which I have twice looked over carefully. I wrote to Sir David Dalrymple in Scotland, to inquire after it; because I would produce it if I could, though it should make against me: but he, I believe, thinking I inquired with the contrary view, replied very drily, that it was published at York, and was not to be found in Scotland. Whether he is displeased that I have plucked a hair from the tresses of their great historian; or whether, as I suspect, he is offended for King William; this reply was all the notice he took of my letter and book. I only smiled; as I must do when I find one party is angry with me on King William's, and the other on Lord Clarendon's account.

¹ Gray, in his letter of the 25th, had said — "The Long Story was to be totally omitted, as its only use (that of explaining the plates) was gone; but, to supply the place of it in bulk, lest *my works* should be mistaken for the works of a flea or a pismire, I promised to send him an equal weight of poetry or prose; so I put up about two ounces of stuff, viz. The Fatal Sisters; The Descent of Odin; a bit of something from the Welch, and certain little Notes, partly from justice, partly from ill-temper, just to tell the gentle reader that Edward I. was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor. This is literally all; and with all this, I shall be but a shrimp of an author." Works, vol. iv. p. 110.—E.

The answer advertised is Guthrie's, who is furious that I have taken no notice of *his* History. I shall take as little of his pamphlet; but his end will be answered, if he sells that and one or two copies of his History.¹ Mr. Hume, I am told, has drawn up an answer too, which I shall see, and, if I can, will get him to publish; for, if I should ever choose to say anything more on this subject, I had rather reply to him than to hackney-writers:—to the latter, indeed, I never will reply. A few notes I have to add that will be very material; and I wish to get some account of a book that was once sold at Osborn's, that exists perhaps at Cambridge, and of which I found a memorandum t'other day in my note-book. It is called *A Paradox, or Apology for Richard the Third*, by Sir William Cornwallis.² If you could discover it, I should be much obliged to you.

Lord Sandwich, with whom I have not exchanged a syllable since the general warrants, very obligingly sent me an account of the roll at Kimbolton; and has since, at my desire, borrowed it for me and sent it to town.³ It is as long as my Lord Lyttelton's History; but by what I can read of it (for it is both ill written and much decayed), it is not a roll of kings, but of all that have been possessed of, or been Earls of Warwick: or have not—for one of the first earls is *Æneas*. How, or wherefore, I do not know, but amongst the first is Richard the Third, in whose reign it was finished, and with whom it concludes. He is there again with his wife and son, and Edward the Fourth, and Clarence and his wife, and Edward their son (who unluckily is a little old man), and Margaret Countess of Salisbury, their daughter.—But why do I say with these? There is everybody else too—

¹ Gray, in his answer of the 6th of March, says—"Guthrie, you see, has vented himself in the Critical Review. His History I never saw, nor is it here, nor do I know any one that ever saw it. He is a rascal; but rascals may chance to meet with curious records." Works, vol. iv. p. 116.—E.

² "The Praise of King Richard the Third," which was published by Sir William Cornwallis, Knight, the celebrated "Essayist," in 1617, is reprinted in the third volume of the Somers' Collection of Tracts.—E.

³ From this roll were taken the two plates of portraits in the Historic Doubts.

and what is most meritorious, the habits of all the times are admirably well observed from the most savage ages. Each figure is tricked with a pen, well drawn, but neither coloured nor shaded. Richard is straight, but thinner than my print; his hair short, and exactly curled in the same manner; not so handsome as mine, but what one might really believe intended for the same countenance, as drawn by a different painter, especially when so small; for the figures in general are not so long as one's finger. His queen is ugly, and with just such a square forehead as in my print, but I cannot say like it. Nor, indeed, where forty-five figures out of fifty (I have not counted the number) must have been imaginary, can one lay great stress on the five. I shall, however, have these figures copied, especially as I know of no other image of the son. Mr. Astle is to come to me to-morrow morning to explain the writing.

I wish you had told me in what age your Franciscan friars lived; and what the passage in Comines is. I am very ready to make *amende honorable*. Thank you for the notes on the Noble Authors. They shall be inserted when I make a new edition, for the sake of the trouble the person has taken, though they are of little consequence. Dodsley has asked me for a new edition; but I have had little heart to undertake such work, no more than to mend my old linen. It is pity one cannot be born an ancient, and have commentators to do such jobs for one! Adieu! Yours ever.

Saturday morning.

On reading over your letter again this morning, I do find the age in which the friars lived — I read and write in such a hurry, that I think I neither know what I read or say.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, March 12, 1768.

THE house, &c. described in the enclosed advertisement I should think might suit you; I am sure its being in my neighbourhood would make me glad, if it did. I know no

more than what you will find in this scrap of paper, nor what the rent is, nor whether it has a chamber as big as Westminster-hall; but as you have flown about the world, and are returned to your ark without finding a place to rest your foot, I should think you might as well inquire about the house I notify to you, as set out with your caravan to Greatworth, like a Tartar chief; especially as the laws of this country will not permit you to stop in the first meadow you like, and turn your horses to grazing, without saying by your leave.

As my senatorial dignity is gone,¹ and the sight of my name is no longer worth threepence, I shall not put you to the expense of a cover, and I hope the advertisement will not be taxed, as I seal it to the paper. In short, I retain so much iniquity from the last infamous Parliament that you see I would still cheat the public. The comfort I feel in sitting peaceably here, instead of being at Lynn in the high fever of a contested election, which at best would end in my being carried about that large town like the figure of a pope at a bonfire, is very great. I do not think, when that function is over, that I shall repent my resolution. What could I see but sons and grandsons playing over the same knaveries, that I have seen their fathers and grandfathers act? Could I hear oratory beyond my Lord Chatham's? Will there ever be parts equal to Charles Townshend's? Will George Grenville cease to be the most tiresome of beings? Will he not be constantly whining, and droning, and interrupting, like a cigala² in a sultry day in Italy.

Guthrie has published two criticisms on my Richard;³ one

¹ Walpole had retired from Parliament at the general election in the beginning of this year.—E.

² "The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper-bell's that rose the boughs along."

Don Juan, c. iii. st. 106.—E.

³ Walpole's work is thus characterized by Sir Walter Scott:—"The Historical Doubts are an acute and curious example how minute antiquarian research may shake our faith in the facts most pointedly averred by general history. It is remarkable also to observe how, in defending a system, which was probably at first adopted as a mere literary exercise,

abusive in the Critical Review; t'other very civil and even flattering in a pamphlet; both so stupid and contemptible, that I rather prefer the first, as making some attempt at vivacity; but in point of argument, nay, and of humour, at which he makes an effort too, both things are below scorn. As an instance of the former, he says, the Duke of Clarence might die of drinking sack, and so be said to be drowned in a butt of malmsey; of the latter sort, are his calling the Lady Bridget *Lady Biddy*, and the Duke of York *poor little fellow*! I will weary you with no more such stuff!

The weather is so very March, that I cannot enjoy my new holidays at Strawberry yet; I sit reading and writing close to the fire.

Sterne has published two little volumes, called *Sentimental Travels*. They are very pleasing, though too much dilated, and infinitely preferable to his tiresome *Tristram Shandy*, of which I never could get through three volumes. In these there is great good-nature and strokes of delicacy. Gray has added to his poems three ancient Odes from Norway and Wales. The subjects of the two first are grand and picturesque, and there is *his* genuine vein in them; but they are not interesting, and do not, like his other poems, touch any passion. Our human feelings, which he masters at will in his former pieces, are here not affected.¹ Who can care through what horrors a Runic savage arrived at all the joys and glories they could conceive, the supreme felicity of boozing ale out of the skull of an enemy in Odin's hall? Oh! yes, just now perhaps these odes would be toasted at many a contested election. Adieu! Yours ever.

Mr. Walpole's doubts acquired, in his own eyes, the respectability of certainties, in which he could not brook controversy." *Prose Works*; vol. iii. p. 304.—E.

¹ "They strike, rather than please; the images are magnified by affectation; the language is laboured into harshness. The mind of the writer seems to work with unnatural violence. Double, double, toil and trouble! There is too little appearance of ease and nature." Johnson.—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

· Strawberry Hill, April 15, 1768.

MR. CHUTE tells me that you have taken a new house in Squireland, and have given yourself up for two years more to port and parsons. I am very angry, and resign you to the works of the devil or the church, I don't care which. You will get the gout, turn Methodist, and expect to ride to heaven upon your own great toe. I was happy with your telling me how well you love me, and though I don't love loving, I could have poured out all the fulness of my heart to such an old and true friend; but what am I the better for it, if I am to see you but two or three days in the year? I thought you would at last come and while away the remainder of life on the banks of the Thames in gaiety and old tales. I have quitted the stage, and the Clive is preparing to leave it. We shall neither of us ever be grave: dowagers roost all round us, and you could never want cards or mirth. Will you end like a fat farmer, repeating annually the price of oats, and discussing stale newspapers? There have you got, I hear, into an old gallery, that has not been glazed since Queen Elizabeth, and under the nose of an infant Duke and Duchess, that will understand you no more than if you wore a ruff and a coif, and talked to them of a call of serjeants the year of the Spanish armada! Your wit and humour will be as much lost upon them, as if you talked the dialect of Chaucer; for with all the divinity of wit, it grows out of fashion like a fardingale. I am convinced that the young men at White's already laugh at George Selwyn's *bon-mots* only by tradition. I avoid talking before the youth of the age as I would dancing before them; for if one's tongue don't move in the steps of the day, and thinks to please by its old graces, it is only an object of ridicule, like Mrs. Hobart in her cotillon. I tell you we should get together, and comfort ourselves with reflecting on the brave days that we have known — not that I think people were a jot more clever or wise in our youth than

they are now; but as my system is always to live in a vision as much as I can, and as visions don't increase with years, there is nothing so natural as to think one remembers what one does not remember.

I have finished my tragedy,¹ but as you would not bear the subject, I will say no more of it, but that Mr. Chute, who is not easily pleased, likes it, and Gray, who is still more difficult, approves it.² I am not yet intoxicated enough with it to think it would do for the stage, though I wish to see it acted; but, as Mrs. Pritchard³ leaves the stage next month, I know nobody could play the Countess; nor am I disposed to expose myself to the impertinences of that jackanapes Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases. I have written an epilogue in character for the Clive, which she would speak admirably; but I am not so sure that she would like to speak it. Mr. Conway, Lady Aylesbury, Lady Lyttelton, and Miss Rich, are to come hither the day after to-morrow, and Mr. Conway and I are to read my play to them; for I have not strength enough to go through the whole alone.⁴

My press is revived, and is printing a French play written

¹ The Mysterious Mother. See vol. i. p. xxxix.—E.

² Of this tragedy Lord Byron was also an approver: "It is the fashion," he says, "to underrate Horace Walpole; firstly, because he was a nobleman; and secondly, because he was a gentleman; but, to say nothing of the composition of his incomparable Letters, and of the Castle of Otranto, he is the *ultimus Romanorum*, the author of the Mysterious Mother; a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play".—E.

³ This celebrated actress, who excelled alike in tragedy and comedy, took leave of the stage in May, in the part of Lady Macbeth, and died at Bath in the following August.—E.

⁴ Walpole, in a letter to Madame du Deffand, of the 11th of March, speaking of the "*Honnête Criminel*," a copy of which she had sent him, gives her the following account of his own tragedy:—"L'Honnête Criminel me paroit assez médiocre. Ma propre tragédie a de bien plus grands défauts, mais au moins elle ne ressemble pas au ton compassé et réglé du siècle. Il ne vous plairoit pas assurément; il n'y a pas de beaux sentimens: il n'y a que des passions sans enveloppe, des crimes, des repentis, et des horreurs. Je crois qu'il y a beaucoup plus de mauvais que de bon, et je sais sûrement que depuis le premier acte jusqu'à la dernière scène l'intérêt languit au lieu d'augmenter: peut-il avoir un plus grand défaut?"—E.

by the old President Henault.¹ It was damned many years ago at Paris, and yet I think is better than some that have succeeded, and much better than any of *our* modern tragedies. I print it to please the old man, as he was exceedingly kind to me at Paris; but I doubt whether he will live till it is finished.² He is to have a hundred copies, and there are to be but a hundred more, of which you shall have one.

Adieu! though I am very angry with you, I deserve all your friendship, by that I have for you, witness my anger and disappointment. Yours ever.

P. S. Send me your new direction, and tell me when I must begin to use it.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, April 16, 1768.

WELL, dear Sir, does your new habitation improve as the spring advances? There has been dry weather and east wind enough to parch the fens. We find that the severe beginning of this last winter has made terrible havoc among the evergreens, though of old standing. Half my cypresses have been bewitched, and turned into brooms; and the laurustinus is everywhere perished. I am Goth enough to choose now and then to believe in prognostics; and I hope this destruction imports, that, though foreigners should take root here, they cannot last in this climate. I would fain persuade myself, that we are to be our own empire to eternity.

The Duke of Manchester has lent me an invaluable curiosity: I mean invaluable to us antiquaries: but perhaps I have already mentioned it to you; I forget whether I have or no. It is the original roll of the Earls of Warwick, as long as my gallery, and drawn by John Rous³ himself. Ay, and what is more, there are portraits of Richard III, his

¹ *Cornélie*, a manuscript tragedy, written by the President Henault in early life.—E.

² He died in November 1770, at the age of eighty-six.—E.

³ John Rous, the historian of Warwickshire, “who,” according to Walpole, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, “drew his own portrait, and other semblances, but in too rude a style to be called painting.”—E.

Queen, and son ; the two former corresponding almost exactly with my print ; and a panegyric on the virtues of Richard, and a satire, upwards and downwards, on the illegal marriage of Edward IV, and on the extortions of Henry VII. I have had these, and seven other portraits copied, and shall, some time or other, give plates of them. But I wait for an excuse ; I mean till Mr. Hume shall publish a few remarks he has made on my book : they are very far from substantial ; yet still better than any other trash that has been written against it, nothing of which deserves an answer.

I have long had thoughts of drawing up something for London like St. Foix's *Rues de Paris*,¹ and have made some collections. I wish you would be so good, in the course of your reading, to mark down any passage to that end : as where any great houses of the nobility were situated ; or in what street any memorable event happened. I fear the subject will not furnish much till later times, as our princes kept their courts up and down the country in such a vagrant manner.

I expect Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason to pass the day with me here to-morrow. When I am more settled here I shall put you in mind of your promise to bestow more than one day on me.

I hope the Methodist, your neighbour, does not, like his patriarch Whitfield, encourage the people to forge, murder, &c. in order to have the benefit of being converted at the gallows. That arch-rogue preached lately a funeral sermon on one Gibson, hanged for forgery, and told his audience, that he could assure them Gibson was now in heaven, and that another fellow, executed at the same time, had the happiness of touching Gibson's coat as he was turned off. As little as you and I agree about a hundred years ago, I don't desire a reign of fanatics. Oxford has begun with these rascals, and I hope Cambridge will wake. I don't mean that I would have them persecuted, which is what they wish ; but I would have the clergy fight them and ridicule them. Adieu ! dear Sir.

Yours ever.

¹ *Essais Historiques sur Paris*, par Germain-François-Poulain de Saint Foix ; of which an English translation was published in 1767.—E.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, June 6, 1768.

You have told me what makes me both sorry and glad.¹ Long have I expected the appearance of Ely, and thought it at the eve of coming forth. Now you tell me it is not half written; but then I am rejoiced you are to write it. Pray do; the author is very much in the right to make you author for him. I cannot say you have addressed yourself quite so judiciously as he has. I never heard of Cardinal Lewis de Luxembourg in my days, nor have a scrap of the history of Normandy, but Ducarel's tour to the Conqueror's kitchen. But the best way will be to come and rummage my library yourself: not to set me to writing the lives of prelates: I shall strip them stark, and you will have them to re-consecrate. Cardinal Morton is at your service: pray say *for* him, and *of* me, what you please. I have very slender opinion of his integrity; but, as I am not spiteful, it would be hard to exact from you a less favourable account of him than I conclude your piety will bestow on all his predecessors and successors. Seriously, you know how little I take contradiction to heart, and beg you will have no scruples about defending Morton. When I bestow but a momentary smile on the abuse of my answerers, I am not likely to stint a friend in a fair and obliging remark.

The man that you mention, who calls himself "Impartialis," is, I suppose, some hackney historian, I shall never inquire whom, angry at being censured in the lump, and not named. I foretold he would drop his criticisms before he entered on Perkin Warbeck, which I knew he could not answer; and so it happened. Good night to him!

¹ This is in reply to one of Mr. Cole's letters, wherein he had informed Mr. Walpole, that he had undertaken to write the history of some of the Bishops of Ely for the History of Ely Cathedral, and requested some particulars relating to Cardinal Lewis de Luxembourg; and to be informed the meaning of the French word *sotalle* or *sotelle*. Mr. Cole also proposed to controvert an opinion of Mr. Walpole's respecting Cardinal Morton.

Unfortunately, I am no culinary antiquary: the Bishop of Carlisle, who is, I have oft heard talk of a *sotelle*, as an ancient dish. He is rambling between London, Hagley, and Carlisle, that I do not know where to consult him: but, if the book is not printed before winter, I am sure he could translate your bill of fare into modern phrase. As I trust I shall see you some time this summer, you might bring your papers with you, and we will try what we can make of them. Tell me, do, when it will be most convenient for you to come, from now to the end of October. At the same time, I will beg to see the letters of the university to King Richard; and shall be still more obliged to you for the print of Jane Shore.¹ I have a very bad mezzotinto of her, either from the picture at Cambridge or Eton.

I wish I could return these favours by contributing to the decoration of your new old house: but, as you know, I erected an old house, not demolished one. I had no windows, or frames for windows, but what I bespoke on purpose for the places where they are. My painted glass was so exhausted, before I got through my design, that I was forced to have the windows in the gallery painted on purpose by Pecket. What scraps I have remaining are so bad I cannot make you pay for the carriage of them, as I think there is not one whole piece; but you shall see them when you come hither, and I will search if I can find anything for your purpose. I am sure I owe it you. Adieu! Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 15, 1768.

No, I cannot be so false as to say I am glad you are pleased with your situation. You are so apt to take root, that it requires ten years to dig you out again when you once begin to settle. As you go pitching your tent up and down, I

¹ This appears, from the copy of Cole's previous letter, to have been an engraving done by Mr. Tyson of Bennet's College, from the picture in the Provost's lodge.

wish you were still more a Tartar, and shifted your quarters perpetually. Yes, I will come and see you; but tell me first, when do your Duke and Duchess travel to the north? I know that he is a very amiable lad, and I do not know that she is not as amiable a *laddess*, but I had rather see their house comfortably when they are not there.

I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason: it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, *this is a bad summer!* as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and make our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable, unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.

There is indeed a natural warmth in this country, which, as you say, I am very glad not to enjoy any longer; I mean the hot-house in St. Stephen's chapel. My own sagacity makes me very vain, though there was very little merit in it. I had seen so much of all parties, that I had little esteem left for any; it is most indifferent to me who is in or who is out, or which is set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my Lord Mans-

field. I see the country going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it. That is mortifying; but what signifies who has the undoing it? I seldom suffer myself to think on this subject: *my* patriotism could do no good, and my philosophy can make me be at peace.

I am sorry you are likely to lose your poor cousin Lady Hinchinbrook;¹ I heard a very bad account of her when I was last in town. Your letter to Madame Roland shall be taken care of; but as you are so scrupulous of making me pay postage, I must remember not to overcharge you, as I can frank my idle letters no longer; therefore, good night!

P. S. I was in town last week, and found Mr. Chute still confined. He had a return in his shoulder, but I think it more rheumatism than gout.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.²

Strawberry Hill, June 16, 1768.

I AM glad you have writ to me, for I wanted to write to you, and did not know what to say. I have been but two nights in town, and then heard of nothing but Wilkes, of whom I am tired to death, and of T. Townshend, the truth of whose story I did not know; and indeed the tone of the age has made me so uncharitable, that I concluded his ill-humour was put on, in order to be mollified with the reversion of his father's place, which I know he has long wanted; and the destination of the Pay-office has been so long notified, that I had no notion of his not liking the arrangement. For the new Paymaster,³ I could not think him worth writing a letter on purpose. By your letter and the enclosed I find Townshend has been very ill-treated, and I like his spirit in

¹ Elizabeth, wife of John Viscount Hinchinbroke, afterwards fifth Earl of Sandwich, was the only surviving daughter of George, second and last Earl of Halifax. Her ladyship died on the 1st of July 1768, leaving a son, George Viscount Hinchinbroke, who died *sine prole*, in 1790.—E.

² Now first printed. In the preceding January Mr. Conway had resigned his situation of secretary of state for the northern department.—E.

³ Mr. Rigby.

not bearing such neglect and contempt, though wrapped up in 2700*l.* a-year.

What can one say of the Duke of Grafton, but that his whole conduct is childish, insolent, inconstant, and absurd—nay, ruinous? Because we are not in confusion enough, he makes everything as bad as possible, neglecting on one hand, and taking no precaution on the other. I neither see how it is possible for him to remain minister, nor whom to put in his place. No government, no police, London and Middlesex distracted, the colonies in rebellion, Ireland ready to be so, and France arrogant, and on the point of being hostile! Lord Bute accused of all and dying of a panic; George Grenville wanting to make rage desperate; Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Portland, and the Cavendishes thinking we have no enemies but Lord Bute and Dyson, and that four mutes and an epigram can set everything to rights; the Duke of Grafton like an apprentice, thinking the world should be postponed to a whore and a horse-race; and the Bedfords not caring what disgraces we undergo, while each of them has 3000*l.* a-year and three thousand bottles of claret and champagne! Not but that I believe these last good folks are still not satisfied with the satisfaction of their wishes. They have the favour of the Duke of Grafton, but neither his confidence nor his company; so that they can neither sell the places in his gift nor his secrets. Indeed, they have not the same reasons to be displeased with him as you have; for they were his enemies and you his friend—and therefore he embraced them and dropped you, and I believe would be puzzled to give a tolerable reason for either.

As this is the light in which I see our present situation, you will not wonder that I am happy to have nothing to do with it. Not that, were it more flourishing, I would ever meddle again. I have no good opinion of any of our factions, nor think highly of either their heads or their hearts. I can amuse myself much more to my satisfaction; and, had I not lived to see my country at the period of its greatest glory, I should bear our present state much better. I cannot mend it, and therefore will think as little of it as I can. The Duke of

Northumberland asked me to dine at Sion to-morrow; but, as his vanity of governing Middlesex makes him absurdly meditate to contest the county, I concluded he wanted my interest here, and therefore excused myself; for I will have nothing to do with it.

I shall like much to come to Park-place, if your present company stays, or if the Fitzroys or the Richmonds are there; but I desire to be excused from the Cavendishes, who have in a manner left me off, because I am so unlucky as not to think Lord Rockingham as great a man as my Lord Chatham, and Lord John more able than either. If you will let me know when they leave you, you shall see me: but they would not be glad of my company, nor I of theirs.

My hay and I are drowned; I comfort myself with a fire, but I cannot treat the other with any sun, at least not with one that has more warmth than the sun in a harlequin-farce.

I went this morning to see the Duchess of Grafton, who has got an excellent house and fine prospect, but melancholy enough, and so I thought was she herself: I did not ask wherefore.

I go to town to-morrow to see the Devil upon Two Sticks,¹ as I did last week, but could not get in. I have now secured a place in my niece Cholmondeley's box, and am to have the additional entertainment of Mrs. Macauley in the same company; who goes to see herself represented, and I suppose figures herself very like Socrates.

I shall send this letter by the coach, as it is rather free spoken, and Sandwich may be prying.

Mr. Chute has found the subject of my tragedy, which I thought happened in Tillotson's time, in the Queen of Navarre's Tales; and what is very remarkable, I had laid my plot at Narbonne and about the beginning of the Reformation, and it really did happen in Languedoc and in the time of Francis the First. Is not this singular?²

I hope your canary hen was really with egg by the blue-

¹ Foote's successful comedy of *The Devil upon Two Sticks* was first acted at the Haymarket on the 31st of May.—E.

² See vol. i. p. xxxix.—E.

bird, and that he will not plead that they are none of his and sue for a divorce. Adieu !

TO MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE.

Strawberry Hill, June 21, 1768.

SIR,

YOU read English with so much more facility than I can write French, that I hope you will excuse my making use of my own tongue to thank you for the honour of your letter. If I employed your language, my ignorance in it might betray me into expressions that would not do justice to the sentiments I feel at being so distinguished.

It is true, Sir, I have ventured to contest the history of Richard the Third, as it has been delivered down to us: and I shall obey your commands, and send it to you, though with fear and trembling; for though I have given it to the world, as it is called, yet, as you have justly observed, *that* world is comprised within a very small circle of readers—and undoubtedly I could not expect that you would do me the honour of being one of the number. Nor do I fear you, Sir, only as the first genius in Europe, who has illustrated every science; I have a more intimate dependence on you than you suspect. Without knowing it, you have been my master, and perhaps the sole merit that may be found in my writings is owing to my having studied yours; so far, Sir, am I from living in that state of barbarism and ignorance with which you tax me when you say *que vous m'êtes peut-être inconnu*. I was not a stranger to your reputation very many years ago, but remember to have then thought you honoured our house by dining with my mother—though I was at school, and had not the happiness of seeing you: and yet my father was in a situation that might have dazzled eyes older than mine. The plain name of that father, and the pride of having had so excellent a father, to whose virtues truth at last does justice, is all I have to boast. I am a very private man, distinguished by neither dignities nor titles, which I have never done any-

thing to deserve — but as I am certain that titles alone would not have procured me the honour of your notice, I am content without them.¹

But, Sir, if I can tell you nothing good of myself, I can at least tell you something bad; and, after the obligation you have conferred on me by your letter, I should blush if you heard it from anybody but myself. I had rather incur your indignation than deceive you. Some time ago I took the liberty to find fault in print with the criticisms you had made on our Shakspeare. This freedom, and no wonder, never came to your knowledge. It was in a preface to a trifling romance, much unworthy of your regard, but which I shall send you, because I cannot accept even the honour of your correspondence, without making you judge whether I deserve it. I might retract, I might beg your pardon; but having said nothing but what I thought, nothing illiberal or unbecoming a gentleman, it would be treating you with ingratitude and impertinence, to suppose that you would either be offended with my remarks, or pleased with my recantation. You are as much above wanting flattery, as I am above offering it to you. You would despise me, and I should despise myself — a sacrifice I cannot make, Sir, even to you.

Though it is impossible not to know *you*, Sir, I must confess my ignorance on the other part of your letter. I know nothing of the history of Monsieur de Jumonville, nor can tell whether it is true or false, as this is the first time I ever heard of it. But I will take care to inform myself as well as I can, and, if you allow me to trouble you again, will send you the exact account as far as I can obtain it. I love my country, but I do not love any of my countrymen that have been capable, if they have been so, of a foul assassination. I should have made this inquiry directly, and informed you of the result of it in this letter, had I been in London; but the respect I owe you, Sir, and my impatience to thank you for so unexpected a mark of your favour, made me choose not to delay

¹ Voltaire had said, “ Vous pardonneriez encore plus à mon ignorance de vos titres; je n’en respecte pas moins votre personne; je connais plus votre mérite que les dignités dont il doit être revêtu.” — E.

my gratitude for a single post. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, June 25, 1768.

You ordered me, my dear Lord, to write to you, and I am always ready to obey you, and to give you every proof of attachment in my power: but it is a very barren season for all but cabalists, who can compound, divide, multiply No. 45 forty-five thousand different ways. I saw in the papers to-day, that somehow or other this famous number and the number of the beast in the Revelations is the same — an observation from which different persons will draw various conclusions. For my part, who have no ill wishes to Wilkes, I wish he was in Patmos, or the New Jerusalem, for I am exceedingly tired of his name. The only good thing I have heard in all this controversy was of a man who began his letter thus: “I take the Wilkes-and-liberty to assure you,” &c.

I peeped at London last week, and found a tolerably full opera. But now the birth-day is over, I suppose everybody will go to waters and races till his Majesty of Denmark arrives. He is extremely amorous; but stays so short a time, that the ladies who intend to be undone must not haggle. They must do their business in the twinkling of an allemande, or he will be flown. Don't you think he will be a little surprised, when he inquires for the seraglio in Buckingham-house, to find, in full of all accounts, two old *Mecklenburgheresses*?

Is it true that Lady Rockingham is turned Methodist? It will be a great acquisition to the sect to have their hymns set by Giardini. Pope Joan Huntingdon will be deposed, if the husband becomes first minister. I doubt, too, the saints will like to call at Canterbury and Winchester in their way to heaven. My charity is so small, that I do not think their virtue a jot more obdurate than that of patriots.

We have had some severe rain; but the season is now

beautiful, though scarce hot. The hay and the corn promise that we shall have no riots on their account. Those black dogs the whiteboys or coalheavers are dispersed or taken; and I really see no reason to think we shall have another rebellion this fortnight. The most comfortable event to me is, that we shall have no civil war all the summer at Brentford. I dreaded two kings there; but the writ for Middlesex will not be issued till the Parliament meets; so there will be no pretender against king Glynn.¹ As I love peace, and have done with politics, I quietly acknowledge the King *de facto*; and hope to pass and repass unmolested through his Majesty's *long, lazy, lousy* capital.²

My humble duty to my Lady Strafford and all her pheasants. I have just made two cascades; but my naiads are fools to Mrs. Chetwynd or my Lady Sondes, and don't give me a gallon of water in a week.—Well, this is a very silly letter! But you must take the will for the deed. Adieu, my dear Lord! Your most faithful servant.

TO MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE.

Strawberry Hill, July 27, 1768.

ONE can never, Sir, be sorry to have been in the wrong, when one's errors are pointed out to one in so obliging and masterly a manner. Whatever opinion I may have of Shakspeare, I should think him to blame, if he could have seen the letter you have done me the honour to write to me, and yet not conform to the rules you have there laid down. When he lived, there had not been a Voltaire both to give laws to the stage, and to show on what good sense those laws were founded. Your art, Sir, goes still farther: for you have supported your arguments, without having recourse to the best authority, your own works. It was my interest perhaps to defend barbarism and irregularity. A great genius is in the right, on the contrary, to show that when correctness, nay,

¹ Serjeant Glynn, Member of Parliament for Middlesex.

² Brentford.

when perfection is demanded, he can still shine, and be himself, whatever fetters are imposed on him. But I will say no more on this head; for I am neither so unpolished as to tell you to your face how much I admire you, nor, though I have taken the liberty to vindicate Shakspeare against your criticisms, am I vain enough to think myself an adversary worthy of you. I am much more proud of receiving laws from you, than of contesting them. It was bold in me to dispute with you even before I had the honour of your acquaintance; it would be ungrateful now when you have not only taken notice of me, but forgiven me. The admirable letter you have been so good as to send me, is a proof that you are one of those truly great and rare men who know at once how to conquer and to pardon.

I have made all the inquiry I could into the story of M. de Jumonville; and though your and our accounts disagree, I own I do not think, Sir, that the strongest evidence is in our favour. I am told we allow he was killed by a party of our men, going to the Ohio. Your countrymen say he was going with a flag of truce. The commanding officer of our party said M. de Jumonville was going with hostile intentions; and that very hostile orders were found after his death in his pocket. Unless that officer had proved that he had previous intelligence of those orders, I doubt he will not be justified by finding them afterwards; for I am not at all disposed to believe that he had the foreknowledge of your hermit,¹ who pitched the old woman's nephew into the river, because "*ce jeune homme auroit assassiné sa tante dans un an.*"

I am grieved that such disputes should ever subsist between two nations who have everything in themselves to create happiness, and who may find enough in each other to love and admire. It is your benevolence, Sir, and your zeal for soften-

¹ An allusion to the fable in *Zadig*, which is said to have been founded upon Parnell's Hermit, but which was most probably taken from one of the *Contes Devots*, "*De l'Hermite qu'un ange conduisit dans le Siècle,*" and of which a translation, or rather modernization, is to be found in the fifth volume of *Le Grand d'Aussy, Fabliaux* (p. 165, ed. 1829). The original old French version has been printed by Meou, in his *Nouveau Recueil de Fabliaux et Contes*, tom. ii. p. 216.—E.

ing the manners of mankind; it is the doctrine of peace and amity which you preach, that have raised my esteem for you even more than the brightness of your genius. France may claim you in the latter light, but all nations have a right to call you their countryman *du côté du cœur*. It is on the strength of that connection that I beg you, Sir, to accept the homage of, Sir, your most obedient humble servant.¹

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, August 9, 1768.

You are very kind, or else you saw into my mind, and knew that I have been thinking of writing to you, but had not a pen full of matter. True, I have been in town, but I am more likely to learn news here; where at least we have it like fish, that could not find vent in London. I saw nothing there but the ruins of loo, Lady Hertford's cribbage, and Lord Botetourt, like patience on a monument, smiling in grief. He is totally ruined, and quite charmed. Yet I heartily pity him. To Virginia he cannot be indifferent: he must turn their heads somehow or other. If his graces do not captivate them, he will enrage them to fury; for I take all his *douceur* to be enamelled on iron.

My life is most uniform and void of events, and has nothing worth repeating. I have not had a soul with me, but acci-

¹ The letter of Voltaire, to which the above is a reply, contained the following opinion of Walpole's Historical Doubts:—"Avant le départ de ma lettre, j'ai eu le tems, Monsieur, de lire votre Richard Trois. Vous seriez un excellent attornei general; vous pesez toutes les probabilités; mais il paroît que vous avez une inclination secrete pour ce bossu. Vous voulez qu'il ait été beau garçon, et même galant homme. Le bénédictin Calmet a fait une dissertation pour prouver que Jesus Christ avoit un fort beau visage. Je veux croire avec vous, que Richard Trois n'était ni si laid, ni si méchant, qu'on le dit; mais je n'aurais pas voulu avoir affaire à lui. Votre rose blanche et votre rose rouge avaient de terribles épines pour la nation.

"Those gracious kings are all a pack of rogues. En lisant l'histoire des York et des Lancastre, et de bien d'autres, on croit lire l'histoire des voleurs de grand chemin. Pour votre Henri Sept, il n'était que coupeur de bourses. Be a minister or an anti-minister, a lord or a philosopher, I will be, with an equal respect, Sir, &c."—E.

dental company now and then at dinner. Lady Holderness, Lady Ancram, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Ann Pitt, and Mr. Hume, dined here the day before yesterday. They were but just gone, when George Selwyn, Lord Bolingbroke, and Sir William Musgrave, who had been at Hampton-court, came in, at nine at night, to drink tea. They told me, what I was very glad to hear, and what I could not doubt, as they had it from the Duke of Grafton himself, that Bishop Cornwallis¹ goes to Canterbury. I feared it would be * * * *; but it seems he had secured all the back-stairs, and not the great stairs. As the last head of the church had been in the mid-wife line, I suppose Goody Lyttelton² had hopes; and as he had been president of an atheistical club, to be sure Warburton did not despair. I was thinking it would make a good article in the papers, that three bishops had supped with Nancy Parsons at Vauxhall, in their way to Lambeth. I am sure * * * *, would have been of the number; and * * * *, who told the Duke of Newcastle, that if his grace had commanded the Blues at Minden, they would have behaved better, would make no scruple to cry up her chastity.

The King of Denmark comes on Thursday; and I go to-morrow to see him. It has cost three thousand pounds to new furnish an apartment for him at St. James's; and now he will not go thither, supposing it would be a confinement. He is to lodge at his own minister Dieden's.

Augustus Hervey, thinking it the *bel air*, is going to sue for a divorce from the Chudleigh.³ He asked Lord Bolingbroke t'other day, who was his proctor? as he would have asked for

¹ The Hon. Frederick Cornwallis, seventh son of Charles fourth Baron Cornwallis, was translated from the see of Lichfield and Coventry to that of Canterbury, on the death of Archbishop Secker.—E.

² Bishop of Carlisle. He died in December following; upon which event, Warburton wrote to Dr. Hurd—"A bishop, more or less, in the world, is nothing; and perhaps of as small account in the next. I used to despise him for his antiquarianism, but of late, since I grew old and dull myself, I cultivated an acquaintance with him for the sake of what formerly kept us asunder."—E.

³ On the 8th of March 1769, the lady publicly espoused Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston; for which offence she was impeached before the House of Peers, and the marriage declared illegal. She subsequently retired to the continent, where she died in 1788.—E.

his tailor. The nymph has sent him word, that if he proves her his wife he must pay her debts; and she owes sixteen thousand pounds. This obstacle thrown in the way, looks as if she was not sure of being Duchess of Kingston. The lawyers say, it will be no valid plea; it not appearing that she was Hervey's wife, and therefore the tradesmen could not reckon on his paying them.

Yes, it is my Gray, Gray the poet, who is made professor of modern history; and I believe it is worth five hundred a-year. I knew nothing of it till I saw it in the papers; but believe it was Stonehewer that obtained it for him.¹

Yes, again; I use a bit of alum half as big as my nail, once or twice a-week, and let it dissolve in my mouth. I should not think that using it oftener could be prejudicial. You should inquire; but as you are in more hurry than I am, you should certainly use it oftener than I do. I wish I could cure my Lady Ailesbury, too. Ice-water has astonishing effect on my stomach, and removes all pain like a charm. Pray, though the one's teeth may not be so white as formerly, nor t'other look in perfect health, let the Danish King see such good specimens of the last age—though, by what I hear, he likes nothing but the very present age. However, sure you will both come and look at him: not that I believe he is a jot better than the apprentices that flirt to Epsom in a Tim-whisky; but I want to meet you in town.

I don't very well know what I write, for I hear a caravan on my stairs, that are come to see the house; Margaret is

¹ The following is Gray's own account, in a letter of the 1st of August:—"I write chiefly to tell you, that on Sunday se'nnight Brocket died by a fall from his horse, being, as I hear, drunk: that on the Wednesday following I received a letter from the Duke of Grafton, saying he had the King's command to offer me the vacant professorship; and he adds, that from private as well as public considerations, he must take the warmest part in approving so well-judged a measure, &c. There's for you!"—In a letter to Dr. Beattie, of the 31st of October, he says—"It is the best thing the Crown has to bestow (on a layman) here; the salary is four hundred pounds per annum; but what enhances the value of it to me is, that it was bestowed without being asked. Instances of a benefit so nobly conferred, I believe, are rare; and therefore I tell you of it as a thing that does honour, not only to me, but to the minister." Works, vol. iv. pp. 123. 127.—E.

chattering, and the dogs barking ; and this I call retirement ! and yet I think it preferable to your visit at Becket. Adieu ! Let me know something more of your motions before you go to Ireland, which I think a strange journey, and better compounded for : and when I see you in town I will settle with you another visit to Park-place. Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Aug. 13, 1768.

I WONDERED, indeed, what was become of you, as I had offered myself to you so long ago, and you did not accept my bill ; and now it is payable at such short notice, that as I cannot find Mr. Chute, nor know where he is, whether at your brother's or the Vine, I think I had better defer my visit till the autumn, when you say you will be less hurried, and more at leisure. I believe I shall go to Ragley the beginning of September, and possibly on to Lord Strafford's, and therefore I may call on you, if it will not be inconvenient to you, on my return.

I came to town to see the Danish King. He is as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the Fairy Tales. He is not ill made, nor weakly made, though so small ; and though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly, yet has a strong cast of the late King, and enough of the late Prince of Wales to put one upon one's guard not to be prejudiced in his favour. Still he has more royalty than folly in his air ; and, considering he is not twenty, is as well as one expects any king in a puppet-show to be. He arrived on Thursday, supped and lay at St. James's. Yesterday evening he was at the Queen's and Carlton-house, and at night at Lady Hertford's assembly. He only takes the title of *altesse*, an absurd mezzotermine, but acts king exceedingly ; struts in the circle like a cock-sparrow, and does the honours of himself very civilly. There is a favourite too, who seems a complete jackanapes ; a young fellow called Holke, well enough in his figure, and about three-and-twenty, but who will be tumbled

down long before he is prepared for it. Bernsdorff, a Hanoverian, his first minister, is a decent sensible man; I pity him, though I suppose he is envied. From Lady Hertford's they went to Ranelagh, and to-night go to the opera. There had like to have been an untoward circumstance: the last new opera in the spring, which was exceedingly pretty, was called "I Viaggiatori Ridicoli," and they were on the point of acting it for this royal traveller.

I am sure you are not sorry that Cornwallis is archbishop. He is no hypocrite, time-server, nor high-priest. I little expected so good a choice. Adieu! Yours ever.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 16, 1768.

As you have been so good, my dear lord, as twice to take notice of my letter, I am bound in conscience and gratitude to try to amuse you with anything new. A royal visitor, quite fresh, is a real curiosity — by the reception of him, I do not think many more of the breed will come hither. He came from Dover in hackney-chaises; for somehow or other the master of the horse happened to be in Lincolnshire; and the King's coaches having received no orders, were too good subjects to go and fetch a stranger King of their own heads. However, as his Danish Majesty travels to improve himself for the good of his people, he will go back extremely enlightened in the arts of government and morality, by having learned that crowned heads may be reduced to ride in a hired chaise.

By another mistake, King George happened to go to Richmond about an hour before King Christiern arrived in London. An hour is exceedingly long; and the distance to Richmond still longer: so with all the dispatch that could possibly be made, King George could not get back to his capital till next day at noon. Then, as the road from his closet at St. James's to the King of Denmark's apartment on t'other side of the palace is about thirty miles, which posterity, having no conception of the prodigious extent and

magnificence of St. James's, will never believe, it was half an hour after three before his Danish Majesty's courier could go, and return to let him know that his good brother and ally was leaving the palace in which they both were, in order to receive him at the Queen's palace, which you know is about a million of snail's paces from St. James's. Notwithstanding these difficulties and unavoidable delays, Woden, Thor, Friga, and all the gods that watch over the Kings of the North, did bring these two invincible monarchs to each other's embraces about half an hour after five that same evening. They passed an hour in projecting a family compact that will regulate the destiny of Europe to latest posterity : and then, the Fates so willing it, the British Prince departed for Richmond, and the Danish potentate repaired to the widowed mansion of his royal mother-in-law, where he poured forth the fullness of his heart in praises on the lovely bride she had bestowed on him, from whom nothing but the benefit of his subjects could ever have torn him. — And here let Calumny blush, who has aspersed so chaste and faithful a monarch with low amours ; pretending that he has raised to the honour of a seat in his sublime council, an artisan of Hamburgh, known only by repairing the soles of buskins, because that mechanic would, on no other terms, consent to his fair daughter's being honoured with majestic embraces. So victorious over his passions is this young Scipio from the Pole, that though on Shooter's-hill he fell into an ambush laid for him by an illustrious Countess, of blood-royal herself, his Majesty, after descending from his car, and courteously greeting her, again mounted his vehicle, without being one moment eclipsed from the eyes of the surrounding multitude.—Oh ! mercy on me ! I am out of breath — pray let me descend from my stilts, or I shall send you as fustian and tedious a history as that of Henry II. Well then, this great King is a very little one ; not ugly, nor ill-made. He has the sublime strut of his grandfather, or of a cock-sparrow ; and the divine white eyes of all his family by the mother's side. His curiosity seems to have consisted in the original plan of travelling, for I cannot say he takes notice of anything in particular. His manner is cold and dig-

nified, but very civil and gracious and proper. The mob adore him and huzza him; and so they did the first instant. At present they begin to know why—for he flings money to them out of his windows; and by the end of the week I do not doubt but they will want to choose him for Middlesex. His court is extremely well ordered; for they bow as low to him at every word as if his name was Sultan Amurat. You would take his first minister for only the first of his slaves.—I hope this example, which they have been so good as to exhibit at the opera, will contribute to civilize us. There is indeed a pert young gentleman, who a little discomposes this august ceremonial. His name is Count Holke, his age three-and-twenty; and his post answers to one that we had formerly in England, many ages ago, and which in our tongue was called the lord high favourite. Before the Danish monarchs became absolute, the most refractory of that country used to write libels, called *North Danes*, against this great officer; but that practice has long since ceased. Count Holke seems rather proud of his favour, than shy of displaying it.

I hope, my dear lord, you will be content with my Danish politics, for I trouble myself with no other. There is a long history about the Baron de Bottetourt and Sir Jeffery Amherst, who has resigned his regiment; but it is nothing to me, nor do I care a straw about it. I am deep in the anecdotes of the new court; and if you want to know more of Count Holke or Count Molke, or the grand vizier Bernsdorff, or Mynheer Schimmelman, apply to me, and you shall be satisfied. But what do I talk of? You will see them yourself. Minerva in the shape of Count Bernsdorff, or out of all shape in the person of the Duchess of Northumberland, is to conduct Telemachus to York races; for can a monarch be perfectly accomplished in the mysteries of king-craft, as our Solomon James I. called it, unless he is initiated in the arts of jockeyship? When this northern star travels towards its own sphere, Lord Hertford will go to Ragley. I shall go with him; and, if I can avoid running foul of the magi that will be thronging from all parts to worship that star, I will endeavour to call at Wentworth Castle for a day or two, if it will not be

inconvenient; I should think it would be about the second week in September, but your lordship shall hear again, unless you should forbid me, who am ever Lady Strafford's and your lordship's most faithful humble servant.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.¹

Arlington Street, Aug. 25, 1768.

I AM heartily glad you do not go to Ireland; it is very well for the Duke of Bedford, who, as George Selwyn says, is going to be made a mamamouchi. Your brother sets out for Ragley on Wednesday next, and that day I intend to be at Park-place, and from thence shall go to Ragley on Friday. I shall stay there three or four days, and then go to Lord Strafford's for about as many; and shall call on George Montagu on my return, so as to be at home in a fortnight, an infinite absence in my account. I wish you could join in with any part of this progress, before you go to worship the treasures that are pouring in upon your daughter by the old Damer's death.²

You ask me about the harvest — you might as well ask me about the funds. I thought the land flowed with milk and honey. We have had forty showers, but they have not lasted a minute each; and as the weather continues warm and my lawn green,

“ I bless my stars, and call it luxury.”

They tell me there are very bad accounts from several colonies, and the papers are full of their remonstrances; but I never read such things. I am happy to have nothing to do with them, and glad you have not much more. When one can do no good, I have no notion of sorrowing oneself for every calamity that happens in general. One should lead the life of a coffee-house politician, the most real patriots that

¹ Now first printed.

² J. Damer, Esq. of Carne in Dorsetshire, brother to the first Lord Milton.—E.

I know, who amble out every morning to gather matter for lamenting over their country. I leave mine, like the King of Denmark, to ministers and Providence; the latter of which, like an able chancellor of the exchequer to an ignorant or idle first lord, luckily does the business. That little King has had the gripes, which have addled his journey to York. I know nothing more of his motions. His favourite is fallen in love with Lady Bel Stanhope,¹ and the monarch himself demanded her for him. The mother was not averse, but Lady Bel very sensibly refused — so unfortunate are favourites the instant they set their foot in England! He is jealous of Sackville,² and says, “*ce gros noir n'est pas beau*,” which implies that he thinks his own whiteness and pertness charming. Adieu! I shall see you on Wednesday.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, August 30, 1768.

You are always heaping so many kindnesses on me, dear Sir, that I think I must break off all acquaintance with you, unless I can find some way of returning them. The print of the Countess of Exeter is the greatest present to me in the world. I have been trying for years to no purpose to get one. Reynolds the painter promised to beg one for me of a person he knows, but I have never had it. I wanted it for four different purposes. 1. As a grandmother (in law, by the Cranes and Allingtons): 2. for my collection of heads: 3. for the volumes of prints after pieces in my collection: and, above all, for my collection of Faithornes, which, though so fine, wanted such a capital print: and to this last I have preferred it. I give you unbounded thanks for it: and yet I feel exceedingly ashamed to rob you. The print of Jane Shore I had: but as I have such various uses for prints I easily bestowed it. It is inserted in my Anecdotes, where her picture is mentioned.

Thank you, too, for all your notices. I intend next sum-

¹ Afterwards Countess of Sefton.—E.

² Who afterwards succeeded to the Dukedom of Dorset.—E.

mer to set about the last volume of my Anecdotes, and to make still further additions to my former volumes, in which these notes will find their place. I am going to reprint all my pieces together, and, to my shame be it spoken, find they will at least make two large quartos. You, I know, will be partial enough to give them a place on a shelf, but as I doubt many persons will not be so favourable, I only think of leaving the edition behind me.

Methinks I should like for your amusement and my own, that you settled to Ely: yet I value your health so much beyond either, that I must advise Milton, Ely being, I believe, a very damp, and, consequently, a very unwholesome situation. Pray let me know on which you fix; and if you do fix this summer, remember the hopes you have given me of a visit. My summer, that is, my fixed residence here, lasts till November. My gallery is not only finished, but I am going on with the round chamber at the end of it; and am besides *playing* with the little garden on the other side of the road, which was old Franklin's, and by his death came into my hands. When the round tower is finished, I propose to draw up a description and catalogue of the whole house and collection, and I think you will not dislike lending me your assistance.

Mr. Granger,¹ of Shiplake, is printing his laborious and curious Catalogue of English heads, with an accurate though succinct account of almost all the persons. It will be a very valuable and useful work, and I heartily wish may succeed; though I have some fears. There are of late a small number of persons who collect English heads; but not enough to encourage such a work: I hope the anecdotic part will make it more known and tasted. It is essential to us, who shall love the performance, that it should sell: for he prints no farther at first than to the end of the first Charles: and, if this part does not sell well, the bookseller will not purchase the remainder of the copy, though he gives but a hundred pounds for this half; and good Mr. Granger is not in circumstances to afford printing it himself. I do not compare it

¹ The Rev. James Granger, Vicar of Shiplake in Oxfordshire; where he died in 1776. See *post*, May 27, 1769.—E.

with Dr. Robertson's writings, who has an excellent genius, with admirable style and manner; and yet I cannot help thinking, that there is a good deal of Scotch puffing and partiality, when the booksellers have given the Doctor three thousand pounds for his *Life of Charles V.*, for composing which he does not pretend to have obtained any new materials.

I am going into Warwickshire; and I think shall go on to Lord Strafford's, but propose returning before the end of September. Yours ever.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Monday, Oct. 10, 1768.

I GIVE you a thousand thanks, my dear Lord, for the account of the ball at Welbeck. I shall not be able to repay it with a relation of the masquerade to-night;¹ for I have been confined here this week with the gout in my foot, and have not stirred off my bed or couch since Tuesday. I was to have gone to the great ball at Sion on Friday, for which a new road, paddock, and bridge were made, as other folks make a dessert. I conclude Lady Mary Coke has, and will tell you of all these pomps, which Health thinks so serious, and Sickness with her grave face tells one are so idle. Sickness may make me moralize, but I assure you she does not want humour. She has diverted me extremely with drawing a comparison between the repose (to call neglect by its dignified name) which I have enjoyed in this fit, and the great anxiety in which the whole world was when I had the last gout, three years ago — you remember my friends were then coming into power. Lord Weymouth was so good as to call at least once every day, and inquire after me; and the foreign ministers insisted that I should give them the satisfaction of seeing me,

¹ A masquerade given at the Opera-house by the King of Denmark; one of the most magnificent which had ever been given in England. The jewels worn on the occasion by the maskers were estimated to be of the value of two millions.—E.

that they might tranquillize their sovereigns with the certainty of my not being in any danger. The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle were so kind, though very nervous themselves, as to send messengers and long messages every day from Claremont. I cannot say this fit has alarmed Europe quite so much. I heard the bell ring at the gate, and asked with much majesty if it was the Duke of Newcastle had sent? "No, Sir, it was only the butcher's boy." The butcher's boy is, indeed, the only courier I have had. Neither the King of France nor King of Spain appears to be under the least concern about me.

My dear Lord, I have had so many of these transitions in my life, that you will not wonder they divert me more than a masquerade. I am ready to say to most people, "Mask, I know you." I wish I might choose their dresses!

When I have the honour of seeing Lady Strafford, I shall beseech her to tell me all the news; for I am too nigh and too far to know any. Adieu, my dear Lord!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 10, 1768.

I HAVE not received the cheese, but I thank you as much beforehand. I have been laid up with a fit of the gout in both feet and a knee; at Strawberry for an entire month, and eight days here: I took the air for the first time the day before yesterday, and am, considering, surprisingly recovered by the assistance of the bootikins and my own perseverance in drinking water. I moulted my stick to-day, and have no complaint but weakness left. The fit came just in time to augment my felicity in having quitted Parliament. I do not find it so uncomfortable to grow old, when one is not obliged to expose oneself in public.

I neither rejoice nor am sorry at your being accommodated in your new habitation. It has long been plain to me that you choose to bury yourself in the ugliest spot you can find,

at a distance from almost all your acquaintance; so I give it up; and then I am glad you are pleased.

Nothing is stirring but politics, and chiefly the worst kind of politics, elections. I trouble myself with no sort, but seek to pass what days the gout leaves me or bestows on me, as quietly as I can. I do not wonder at others, because I doubt I am more singular than they are; and what makes me happy would probably not make them so. My best compliments to your brother; I shall be glad to see you both when you come; though for you, you don't care how little time you pass with your friends. Yet I am, and ever shall be

Yours most sincerely.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1768.

You cannot wonder when I receive such kind letters from you, that I am vexed our intimacy should be reduced almost to those letters. It is selfish to complain, when you give me such good reasons for your system: but I grow old; and the less time we have to live together, the more I feel a separation from a person I love so well; and that reflection furnishes me with arguments in vindication of my peevishness. Methinks, though the contrary is true in practice, prudence should be the attribute of youth, not of years. When we approach to the last gate of life, what does it signify to provide for new furnishing one's house? Youth should have all those cares; indeed, charming youth is better employed. It leaves foresight to those that have little occasion for it. You and I have both done with the world, the busy world, and therefore I would smile with you over what we have both seen of it, and luckily we can smile both, for we have quitted it willingly, not from disgust nor mortifications. However, I do not pretend to combat your reasons, much less would I draw you to town a moment sooner than it is convenient to you, though I shall never forget your offering it. Nay, it is not so much in town that I wish we were nearer, as in the

country. Unless one lives exactly in the same set of company, one is not much the better for one's friends being in London. I that talk of giving up the world, have only given up the troubles of it, as far as that is possible. I should speak more properly in saying, that I have retired out of the world into London. I always intend to place some months between me and the moroseness of retirement. We are not made for solitude. It gives us prejudices, it indulges us in our own humours, and at last we cannot live without them.

My gout is quite gone; and if I had a mind to disguise its remains, I could walk very gracefully, except on going down stairs. Happily it is not the fashion to hand anybody; the nymph and I should soon be at the bottom.

Your old cousin Newcastle is going; he has had a stroke of the palsy, and they think will not last two days.¹ I hope he is not sensible, as I doubt he would be too averse to his situation. Poor man! he is not like my late amiable friend, Lady Hervey;² two days before she died, she wrote to her son Bristol these words: "I feel my dissolution coming on, but I have no pain; what can an old woman desire more?" This was consonant to her usual propriety — yes, propriety is grace, and thus everybody may be graceful, when other graces are fled. Oh! but you will cry, is not this a contradiction to the former part of your letter? Prudence is one of the graces of age; — why — yes, I do not know but it may be — and yet I don't know how, it is a musty quality; one hates to allow it to be a grace — come, at least it is only like that one of the graces that hides her face. In short, I have ever been so imprudent, that though I have much corrected myself, I am not at all vain of such merit. I have purchased it for much more than it was worth. I wish you joy of Lord Guildford's amendment; and always take a full part in your satisfaction or sorrow. Adieu! Yours ever.

¹ The Duke of Newcastle died on the 17th.—E.

² Lady Hervey died on the 2nd of September, in the sixty-eighth year of her age.—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 1, 1768.

I LIKE your letter, and have been looking at my next door but one. The ground-story is built, and the side walls will certainly be raised another floor, before you think of arriving. I fear nothing for you but the noise of workmen, and of this street in front and Piccadilly on the other side. If you can bear such a constant hammering and hurricane, it will rejoice me to have you so near me; and then I think I must see you oftener than I have done these ten years. Nothing can be more dignified than this position. From my earliest memory Arlington-street has been the ministerial street. The Duke of Grafton is actually coming into the house of Mr. Pelham, which my Lord President is quitting, and which occupies too the ground on which my father lived; and Lord Weymouth has just taken the Duke of Dorset's; yet you and I, I doubt, shall always live on the wrong side of the way.

Lord Chatham is reconciled to Lord Temple and George Grenville.¹ The second is in great spirits on the occasion; and yet gives out that Lord Chatham earnestly solicited it. The insignificant Lepidus patronizes Antony, and is sued to by Augustus! Still do I doubt whether Augustus will ever come forth again. Is this a peace patched up by Livia for the sake of her children, seeing the imbecility of her husband? or is Augustus to own he has been acting a changeling, like the first Brutus, for near two years? I do not know, I remain in doubt.

Wilkes has struck an artful stroke.² The ministers, devoid of all management in the House of Commons, consented that he should be heard at the bar of the House, and appointed to-morrow, forgetting the election for Middlesex is to come on

¹ Through the mediation of their mutual friend, Mr. Calcraft, a reconciliation between Lord Chatham and Earl Temple took place at Hayes, on the 25th of November, to which Mr. Grenville heartily acceded. See Chatham Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 349.—E.

² Mr. Wilkes, on the 14th of November, had presented a petition to the House of Commons, praying for a redress of his grievances.—E.

next Thursday: one would think they were impatient to advance riots. Last Monday Wilkes demanded to examine Lord Temple: when that was granted, he asked for Lord Sandwich and Lord March. As the first had not been refused, the others could not. The Lords were adjourned till to-day, and, I suppose, are now sitting on this perplexing demand. If Lord Temple desires to go to the bar of the Commons, and the others desire to be excused, it will be difficult for the Lords to know what to do. Sandwich is frightened out of his senses,¹ and March does not like it. Well! this will cure ministers and great lords of being flip-pant in dirty tyranny, when they see they may be worried for it four years afterwards.

The Commons, I suppose, are at this minute as hotly engaged on the Cumberland election between Sir James Lowther and the Duke of Portland. Oh! how delightful and comfortable to be sitting quietly here and scribbling to you, perfectly indifferent about both houses! You will just escape having your brains beaten out, by not coming this fortnight. The Middlesex election will be over. Adieu! Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, March 26, 1769.

I BEG your pardon; I promised to send you news, and I had quite forgot that we have had a rebellion; at least, the Duke of Bedford says so. Six or eight hundred merchants, English, Dutch, Jews, Gentiles, had been entreated to protect the Protestant succession, and consented.² They set out

¹ By a reference to Sir Henry Cavendish's Debates, vol. i. pp. 93. 131, it will be seen, that Lord Sandwich expressed, through Mr. Rigby, his readiness to be examined, and that he was examined on the 31st of January.—E.

² A great riot took place on the 22d of March 1769, when a cavalcade of the merchants and tradesmen of the city of London, who were proceeding to St. James's with a loyal address, was so maltreated by the populace, that Mr. Boehm, the gentleman to whom the address was entrusted, was obliged to take refuge in Nando's coffee-house. His coach was rifled; but the address escaped the search of the rioters, and was,

on Wednesday noon in their coaches and chariots, chariots not armed with scythes like our Gothic ancestors. At Temple-bar they met several regiments of foot dreadfully armed with mud, who discharged a sleet of dirt on the royal troop. Minerva, who had forgotten her dreadful Ægis, and who, in the shape of Mr. Boehm, carried the address, was forced to take shelter under a cloud in Nando's coffee-house, being more afraid of Buckhorse than ever Venus was of Diomed; in short, it was a dismal day; and if Lord Talbot had not recollected the patriot feats of his youth¹ and recommenced bruiser, I don't know but the Duchess of Kingston,² who has so long preserved her modesty, from *both* her husbands, might not have been ravished in the drawing-room. Peace is at present restored, and the rebellion adjourned to the thirteenth of April; when Wilkes and Colonel Luttrell are to fight a pitched battle at Brentford, the Philippi of Antoninus. *Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi*, know nothing of these broils. You don't convert your ploughshares into falchions, nor the mud of Adderbury into gunpowder. I tremble for my painted windows, and write talismans of number forty-five on every gate and postern of my castle. Mr. Hume is writing the *Revolutions of Middlesex*, and a troop of barnacle geese are levied to defend the capital. These are melancholy times! Heaven send we do not laugh till we cry!

London, Tuesday, 28th.

Our ministers, like their Saxon ancestors, are gone to hold a wittenagemot on horseback at Newmarket. Lord Chatham,

after considerable delay, during which a second had been voted and prepared, eventually presented at St. James's.—E.

¹ Lord Talbot behaved with great intrepidity upon this occasion: though he had his staff of office broken in his hand, and was deserted by his servants, he secured two of the most active of the rioters. His example recalled the military to their duty, who, without employing either guns or bayonets, captured fifteen more.—E.

² The Duke of Kingston had married Miss Chudleigh on the 8th of this month; the Consistory Court of London having declared, on the 11th of February previous, that the lady was free from any matrimonial contract with the Hon. Augustus John Hervey. On the 19th, she was presented, upon her marriage, to their Majesties; who honoured her by wearing her favours, as did all the great officers of state.—E.

we are told, is to come forth after the holidays and place himself at the head of the discontented. When I see it I shall believe it. Lord Frederick Campbell is, at last, to be married this evening to the Dowager-countess of Ferrers.¹ The Duchess of Grafton is actually Countess of Ossory.² This is a short gazette; but, consider, it is a time of truce. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, April 15, 1769.

I SHOULD be very sorry to believe half your distempers. I am heartily grieved for the vacancy that has happened in your mouth, though you describe it so comically. As the only physic I believe in is prevention, you shall let me prescribe to you. Use a little bit of alum twice or thrice in a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth, and then spit out. This has fortified my teeth, that they are as strong as the pen of Junius.³ I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth to her death. For your other complaints, I revert to my old sermon, temperance. If you will live in a hermitage, methinks it is no great addition to live like a hermit. Look in Sadeler's prints, they had beards down to their girdles; and with all their impatience to be in heaven, their roots and water kept them for a century from their wishes. I have lived all my life like an anchorite in London, and within ten miles, shed my skin after the gout, and am as lively as an eel in a week after. Mr. Chute, who has drunk no more wine than a fish, grows better every year. He has escaped this winter with only a little

¹ See vol. iv. p. 47. This unfortunate lady was burnt to death at Lord Frederick's seat at Comb Bank, in July 1807.—E.

² Lady Anne Liddel, only daughter of Henry Liddel, Lord Ravensworth, married, in 1756, to Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton; from whom being divorced by act of Parliament, she was married, secondly, on the 26th of March, to the Earl of Ossory.—E.

³ The Letters of Junius, the first of which appeared on the 21st of January, were now in course of publication, and exciting great attention, not only in this country, but, as it would seem, also in France: "On parle ici beaucoup de votre écrit de Junius," writes Madame du Deffand to Walpole.—E.

pain in one hand. Consider that the physicians recommend wine, and then can you doubt of its being poison? Medicines may cure a few acute distempers, but how should they mend a broken constitution? they would as soon mend a broken leg. Abstinence and time may repair it, nothing else can; for when time has been employed to spoil the blood, it cannot be purified in a moment.

Wilkes, who has been chosen member of Parliament almost as often as Marius was consul, was again re-elected on Thursday. The House of Commons, who are as obstinate as the county, have again rejected him. To-day they are to instate Colonel Luttrell in his place.¹ What is to follow I cannot say, but I doubt grievous commotions. Both sides seem so warm, that it will be difficult for either to be in the right. This is not a merry subject, and therefore I will have done with it. If it comes to blows, I intend to be as neutral as the gentleman that was going out with his hounds the morning of Edgehill. I have seen too much of parties to list with any of them.

You promised to return to town, but now say nothing of it. You had better come before a passport is necessary. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 11, 1769.

You are so wayward, that I often resolve to give you up to your humours. Then something happens with which I can divert you, and my good-humour returns. Did not you say you should return to London long before this time? At least, could you not tell me you had changed your mind? why am I

¹ Wilkes, having been expelled the House of Commons on the 3rd of February 1769, was a third time elected for Middlesex on the 16th of March. On the 17th, the election was declared by the House to be null and void, and a new writ was ordered to be issued. On the day of election, the 13th of April, Wilkes, Luttrell, and Serjeant Whitaker presented themselves as candidates, when the former, having a majority, was declared duly elected. On the 14th, this election was pronounced void, and on the 15th Henry Laws Luttrell, Esq. was declared duly elected, by 197 against 143, and took his seat accordingly.—E.

to pick it out from your absence and silence, as Dr. Warburton found a future state in Moses's saying nothing of the matter! I could go on with a chapter of severe interrogatories, but I think it more cruel to treat you as a hopeless reprobate; yes, you are graceless, and as I have a respect for my own scolding, I shall not throw it away upon you.

Strawberry has been in great glory; I have given a festino there that will almost mortgage it. Last Tuesday all France dined there: Monsieur and Madame du Chatelet,¹ the Duc de Liancourt,² three more French ladies, whose names you will find in the enclosed paper, eight other Frenchmen, the Spanish and Portuguese ministers, the Holdernesses, Fitzroys, in short we were four and twenty. They arrived at two. At the gates of the castle I received them, dressed in the cravat of Gibbons's carving, and a pair of gloves embroidered up to the elbows that had belonged to James the First. The French servants stared, and firmly believed this was the dress of English country gentlemen. After taking a survey of the apartments, we went to the printing-house, where I had prepared the enclosed verses, with translations by Monsieur de Lille,³ one of the company. The moment they were printed off, I gave a private signal, and French horns and clarionets accompanied this compliment. We then went to see Pope's grotto and garden, and returned to a magnificent dinner in the refectory. In the evening we walked, had tea, coffee, and lemonade in the gallery, which was illuminated with a thousand, or thirty candles, I forget which, and played at whist and loo till midnight. Then there was a cold supper, and

¹ Le Marquis du Châtelet was son to la Marquise du Châtelet, the commentator upon Newton, and the Amélie of Voltaire. The scandalous chronicles of the time accord to the philosopher the honour of his paternity.—E.

² The Duc de Liancourt, of the family de la Rochefoucauld, grand maître de la garde-robe du Roi. At the commencement of the Revolution, his conduct was much blamed by those attached to the court. He eventually emigrated to England, and, after residing here some time, visited America, and published an account of his travels in that country. In 1799, after the 19th Brumaire, he returned to France. He died in March 1827, in his eightieth year.—E.

³ M. de Lille was an officer of the French cavalry, an agreeable man in society, and author of several pretty ballads and *vers de société*.—E.

at one the company returned to town, saluted by fifty nightingales, who, as tenants of the manor, came to do honour to their lord.

I cannot say last night was equally agreeable. There was what they called a *ridotto el fresco* at Vauxhall,¹ for which one paid half-a-guinea, though, except some thousand more lamps and a covered passage all round the garden, which took off from the gardenhood, there was nothing better than on a common night. Mr. Conway and I set out from his house at eight o'clock; the tide and torrent of coaches was so prodigious, that it was half-an-hour after nine before we got half way from Westminster-bridge. We then alighted; and after scrambling under bellies of horses, through wheels, and over posts and rails, we reached the gardens, where were already many thousand persons. Nothing diverted me but a man in a Turk's dress and two nymphs in masquerade without masks, who sailed amongst the company, and, which was surprising, seemed to surprise nobody. It had been given out that people were desired to come in fancied dresses without masks. We walked twice round and were rejoiced to come away, though with the same difficulties as at our entrance; for we found three strings of coaches all along the road, who did not move half a foot in half-an-hour. There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow; for the greater the folly and imposition the greater is the crowd. I have suspended the vestimenta that were torn off my back to the god of repentance, and shall stay away. Adieu! I have not a word more to say to you. Yours ever.

P. S. I hope you will not regret paying a shilling for this packet.

¹ " They went to the *Ridotto*—'tis a hall

Where people dance, and sup, and dance again;

Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqued ball,

But that's of no importance to my strain;

'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,

Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain:

The company is 'mix'd'—the phrase I quote is

As much as saying, they're below your notice."

Beppo, st. 58.—E.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, May 27, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE not heard from you this century, nor knew where you had fixed yourself. Mr. Gray tells me you are still at Waterbeche. Mr. Granger has published his Catalogue of Prints, and Lives down to the Revolution;¹ and, as the work sells well, I believe, nay, do not doubt, we shall have the rest. There are a few copies printed but on one side of the leaf. As I know you love scribbling in such books as well as I do, I beg you will give me leave to make you a present of one set. I shall send it in about a week to Mr. Gray, and have desired him, as soon as he has turned it over, to convey it to you. I have found a few mistakes, and you will find more. To my mortification, though I have four thousand heads, I find, upon a rough calculation, that I still want three or four hundred.

Pray, give me some account of yourself, how you do, and whether you are fixed. I thought you rather inclined to Ely. Are we never to have the history of that cathedral. I wish you would tell me that you have any thoughts of coming this way, or that you would make me a visit this summer. I shall be little from home this summer till August, when I think of going to Paris for six weeks. To be sure you have seen the

¹ A Biographical History of England, from Egbert the Great to the Revolution. A continuation, bringing the work down from the Revolution to the end of George I.'s reign, was published in 1806, by the Rev. Mark Noble. In a letter to Boswell, of the 30th of August 1776, Dr. Johnson says—"I have read every word of Granger's Biographical History. It has entertained me exceedingly, and I do not think him the Whig that you supposed. Horace Walpole being his patron is, indeed, no good sign of his political principles; but he denied to Lord Mansfield that he was a Whig, and said he had been accused by both parties of partiality. It seems he was like Pope—

'While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.'

I wish you would look more into his book; and as Lord Mountstuart wishes much to find a proper person to continue the work upon Granger's plan, and has desired I would mention it to you, if such a man occurs, please to let me know. His lordship will give him generous encouragement."—E.

History of British Topography,¹ which was published this winter, and it is a delightful book in our way. Adieu! dear Sir. Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, June 14, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

AMONG many agreeable passages in your last, there is nothing I like so well as the hope you give me of seeing you here in July. I will return that visit immediately: don't be afraid; I do not mean to incommode you at Waterbeche; but, if you will come, I promise I will accompany you back as far as Cambridge; nay, carry you on to Ely, for thither I am bound. The Bishop² has sent a Dr. Nichols to me, to desire I would assist him in a plan for the east window of his cathedral, which he intends to *benefactorate* with painted glass. The window is the most untractable of all Saxon uncouthness: nor can I conceive what to do with it, but by taking off the bottoms for arms and mosaic, splitting the crucifixion into three compartments, and filling the five lights at top with prophets, saints, martyrs, and such like; after shortening the windows like the great ones. This I shall propose. However, I choose to see the spot myself, as it will be a proper attention to the Bishop after his civility, and I really would give the best advice I could. The Bishop, like Alexander VIII, feels that the *clock has struck half-an-hour past eleven*, and is impatient to be *let depart in peace* after his eyes shall have seen his vitrification: at least, he is impatient to give his eyes that

¹ By Richard Gough, the well-known antiquary. The second edition, published in 1780, is a far better one.—E.

² Dr. Matthias Mawson, translated from Llandaff to the see of Ely in 1754. He died in November 1770, in his eighty-seventh year. His character was thus drawn, in 1749, by the Rev. W. Clarke:—"Our Bishop is a better sort of man than most of the mitred order. He is, indeed, awkward, absent, &c.; but then, he has no ambition, no desire to please, and is privately munificent when the world thinks him parsimonious. He has given more to the Church than all the bishops put together for almost a century."—E.

treat; and yet it will be a pity to precipitate the work. If you can come to me first, I shall be happy; if not, I must come to you: that is, will meet you at Cambridge. Let me know your mind, for I would not press you unseasonably. I am enough obliged to you already; though, by mistake, you think it is you that are obliged to me. I do not mean to plunder you of any more prints; but shall employ a *little collector* to get me all that are gettable. The rest, the *greatest* of us all must want.

I am very sorry for the fever you have had: but, Goodman Frog, if you will live in the fens, do not expect to be as healthy as if you were a fat Dominican at Naples. You and your MSS. will all grow mouldy. When our climate is subject to no sign but Aquarius and Pisces, would one choose the dampest country under the heavens? I do not expect to persuade you, and so I will say no more. I wish you joy of the treasure you have discovered: six Saxon bishops and a Duke of Northumberland!¹ You have had fine sport this season. Thank you much for wishing to see my name on a plate in the history. But, seriously, I have no such vanity. I did my utmost to dissuade Mr. Granger from the dedication, and took especial pains to get my *virtues* left out of the question; till I found he would be quite hurt if I did not let him express his gratitude, as he called it: so, to satisfy him, I was forced to accept of his present; for I doubt I have few virtues but what he has presented me with; and in a dedication, you know, one is permitted to have as many as the author can afford to bestow. I really have another objection

¹ The following is an extract from a previous letter of Mr. Cole's, and to this Mr. Walpole alludes:—"An old wall being to be taken down behind the choir [at Ely], on which were painted seven figures of six Saxon bishops, and a Duke, as he is called, of Northumberland, one Brithnoth; which painting I take to be as old as any we have in England—I guessed by seven arches in the wall, below the figures, that the bones of these seven benefactors to the old Saxon conventual church were repositied in the wall under them: accordingly, we found seven separate holes, each with the remains of the said persons," &c. &c. Mr. Cole proposed that Mr. Walpole should contribute an engraving from this painting to the History of Ely Cathedral, a work about to be published, or to use his interest to induce the Duke of Northumberland to do so.

to the plate; which is, the ten guineas. I have so many draughts on my extravagance for trifles, that I like better than vanity, that I should not care to be at that expense. But I should think either the Duke or Duchess of Northumberland would rejoice at such an opportunity of buying incense; and I will tell you what you shall do. Write to Mr. Percy, and vaunt the discovery of Duke Brithnoth's bones, and ask him to move their graces to contribute a plate. They could not be so *unnatural* as to refuse; especially if the Duchess knew the size of his thigh-bone.

I was very happy to show civilities to your friends, and should have asked them to stay and dine, but unluckily expected other company. Dr. Ewin seems a very good sort of man, and Mr. Rawlinson a very agreeable one. Pray do not think it was any trouble to me to pay respect to your recommendation.

I have been eagerly reading Mr. Shenstone's Letters, which, though containing nothing but trifles, amused me extremely, as they mention so many persons I know; particularly myself. I found there, what I did not know, and what, I believe, Mr. Gray¹ himself never knew, that his ode on my cat was written to ridicule Lord Lyttelton's monody. It is just as true as that the latter will survive, and the former be forgotten. There is another anecdote equally vulgar, and void of truth: that my father, sitting in George's coffee-house, (I suppose Mr. Shenstone thought that, after he quitted his place, he went to the coffee-houses to learn news,) was asked to contribute to a figure of himself that was to be beheaded by the mob. I do remember something like it, but it happened to myself. I met a mob, just after my father was out, in Hanover-square, and drove up to it to know what was

¹ "I have read," says Gray, in a letter to Mr. Nicholls, "an octavo volume of Shenstone's Letters. Poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it: his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergy, who wrote verses too." Works, vol. iv. p. 135.—E.

the matter. They were carrying about a figure of my sister.¹ This probably gave rise to the other story. That on my uncle I never heard; but it is a good story, and not at all improbable. I felt great pity on reading these letters for the narrow circumstances of the author, and the passion for fame that he was tormented with; and yet he had much more fame than his talents entitled him to. Poor man! he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place he had made; and which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of.² The first time a company came to see my house, I felt his joy. I am now so tired of it, that I shudder when the bell rings at the gate. It is as bad as keeping an inn, and I am often tempted to deny its being shown, if it would not be ill-natured to those that come, and to my housekeeper. I own, I was one day too cross, I had been plagued all the week with staring crowds. At last, it rained a deluge. Well, said I, at last, nobody will come to-day. The words were scarce uttered, when the bell rang. A company desired to see the house. I replied, "Tell them they cannot possibly see the house, but they are very welcome to walk in the garden."³

Observe: nothing above alludes to Dr. Ewin and Mr. Rawlinson: I was not only much pleased with them, but

¹ See vol. i. p. 171.—E.

² "In the infancy of modern gardening, a false taste was introduced by Shenstone, in his *ferme ornée* at the Leasowes; where, instead of surrounding his house with such a quantity of ornamental lawn or park only, as might be consistent with the size of the mansion or the extent of the property, his taste, rather than his ambition, led him to ornament the whole of his estate; and in the vain attempt to combine the profits of a farm with the scenery of a park, he lived under the continual mortification of disappointed hope; and with a mind exquisitely sensible, he felt equally the sneer of the great man at the magnificence of his attempt, and the ridicule of the farmer at the misapplication of his paternal acres." Repton.—E.

³ Walpole having complained of these intrusions on his privacy to Madame du Defand, the lady replied—"Oh! vous n'êtes point fâché qu'on vienne voir votre château; vous ne l'avez pas fait singulier; vous ne l'avez pas rempli de choses précieuses, de raretés; vous ne bâtissez pas un cabinet rond, dans lequel le lit est un trône, et où il n'y a que des tabourets, pour y rester seul ou ne recevoir que vos amis. Tout le monde a les mêmes passions, les mêmes vertus, les mêmes vices; il n'y a que les modifications qui en fond la différence; amour propre, vanité, crainte de l'ennui," &c.—E.

quite glad to show them how entirely you may command my house, and your most sincere friend and servant.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Monday, June 26, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

OH! yes, yes, I shall like Thursday or Friday, 6th or 7th, exceedingly; I shall like your staying with me two days exceedinglier; and longer exceedingliest: and I will carry you back to Cambridge on our pilgrimage to Ely. But I should not at all like to be caught in the glories of an installation, and find myself a doctor, before I knew where I was. It will be much more agreeable to find the whole *caput* asleep, digesting turtle, dreaming of bishoprics, and humming old catches of Anacreon, and scraps of Corelli. I wish Mr. Gray may not be set out for the north; which is rather the case than setting out for the summer. We have no summers, I think, but what we raise, like pine-apples, by fire. My hay is an absolute *water-soochy*, and teaches me how to feel for you. You are quite in the right to sell your fief in Marshland. I should be glad if you would take one step more, and quit Marshland. We live, at least, on *terra firma* in this part of the world, and can saunter out without stilts. *Item*, we do not wade into pools, and call it going upon the water, and get sore throats. I trust yours is better; but I recollect this is not the first you have complained of. Pray be not incorrigible, but come to shore.

Be so good as to thank Mr. Smith, my old tutor, for his corrections. If ever the Anecdotes are reprinted, I will certainly profit of them.

I joked, it is true, about Joscelyn de Louvain,¹ and his

¹ The Duke of Northumberland. His grace having been originally a baronet, Sir Hugh Smithson, and having married the daughter of Algernon Seymour, Duke of Somerset and Earl of Northumberland, in 1750 assumed the surname and arms of Percy, and was created Duke of

Duchess ; but not at all in advising you to make Mr. Percy pimp for the plate. On the contrary, I wish you success, and think this an infallible method of obtaining the benefaction. It is right to lay vanity under contribution ; for then both sides are pleased.

It will not be easy for you to dine with Mr. Granger from hence, and return at night. It cannot be less than six or seven-and-twenty miles to Shiplake. But I go to Park-place to-morrow, which is within two miles of him, and I will try if I can tempt him to meet you here. Adieu !

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington Street, July 3, 1769.

WHEN you have been so constantly good to me, my dear lord, without changing, do you wonder that our friendship has lasted so long ? Can I be insensible to the honour or pleasure of your acquaintance ? When the advantage lies so much on my side, am I likely to alter the first ? Oh, but it will last now ! We have seen friendships without number born and die. Ours was not formed on interest, nor alliance ; and politics, the poison of all English connections, never entered into ours. You have given me a new proof by remembering the chapel of Luton. I hear it is to be preserved ; and am glad of it, though I might have been the better for its ruins.

I should have answered your lordship's last post, but was at Park-place. I think Lady Ailesbury quite recovered ; though her illness has made such an impression that she does not yet believe it.

It is so settled that we are never to have tolerable weather

Northumberland in 1766. Walpole's allusion is to his becoming a Percy by marriage, as Joscelin had done before him : Agnes de Percy, daughter of William de Percy the third baron, having only consented to marry Joscelin of Louvain, brother of Queen Adelia, second wife of Henry I, and son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Lower Lorraine and Count of Brabant, who was descended from the Emperor Charlemagne, upon his agreeing to adopt either the surname or arms of Percy.—E.

in June, that the first hot day was on Saturday—hot by comparison; for I think it is three years since we have really felt the feel of summer. I was, however, concerned to be forced to come to town yesterday on some business; for, however the country feels, it looks divine, and the verdure we buy so dear is delicious. I shall not be able, I fear, to profit of it this summer in the loveliest of all places, as I am to go to Paris in August. But next year I trust I shall accompany Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury to Wentworth Castle. I shall be glad to visit Castle Howard and Beverley; but neither would carry me so far, if Wentworth Castle was not in the way.

The Chatelets are gone, without any more battles with the Russians.¹ The papers say the latter have been beaten by the Turks;² which rejoices me, though against all rules of politics: but I detest that murderess, and like to have her humbled. I don't know that this piece of news is true: it is enough to me that it is agreeable. I had rather take it for granted, than be at the trouble of inquiring about what I have so little to do with. I am just the same about the City and Surrey petitions. Since I have *dismembered*³ myself, it is incredible how cool I am to all politics.

London is the abomination of desolation; and I rejoice to leave it again this evening. Even Pam has not a levée above once or twice a week. Next winter, I suppose it will begin to be a fashion to remove into the city: for, since it is the mode to choose aldermen at this end of the town, the maccaronis will certainly adjourn to Bishopsgate-street, for fear of being fined for sheriffs. Mr. James and Mr. Boothby will die of the thought of being aldermen of Grosvenor-ward and Berkeley-square-ward. Adam and Eve in

¹ The Duc de Chatelet, the French ambassador, had affronted Comte Czernicheff, the Russian ambassador, at a ball at court, on a point of precedence, and a challenge ensued; but their meeting was prevented.

² Before Choczim. The Russians were at first victorious; but, like the King of Prussia at the battle of Zorndorff, they despatched the messenger with the news too soon; for the Turks, having recovered their surprise, returned to the charge, and repulsed the Russians with great slaughter.—E.

³ Mr. Walpole means, since he quitted Parliament.

their paradise laugh at all these tumults, and have not tasted of the tree that forfeits paradise; which I take to have been the tree of politics, not of knowledge. How happy you are not to have your son Abel knocked on the head by his brother Cain at the Brentford election! You do not hunt the poor deer and hares that gambol around you.—If Eve has a sin, I doubt it is angling;¹ but as she makes all other creatures happy, I beg she would not impale worms nor whisk carp out of one element into another. If she repents of that guilt, I hope she will live as long as her grandson Methuselah. There is a commentator that says *his* life was protracted for never having boiled a lobster alive. Adieu, dear couple, that I honour as much as I could honour my first grandfather and grandmother! Your most dutiful

HOR. JAPHET.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Friday, July 7, 1769.

You desired me to write, if I knew anything particular. How particular will content you? Don't imagine I would send you such hash as the livery's petition.² Come; would the apparition of my Lord Chatham satisfy you? Don't be frightened; it was not his ghost. He, he himself *in propria personâ*, and not in a strait waistcoat, walked into the King's levée this morning, and was in the closet twenty minutes after the levée; and was to go out of town to-night again.³ The deuce is in it if this is not news. Whether he is to be

¹ Walpole's abhorrence of the pastime of angling has been already noticed. See vol. iv. p. 65.—E.

² The petition of the livery of London, complaining of the unconstitutional conduct of the King's ministers, and the undue return of Mr. Luttrell, when he opposed Mr. Wilkes at the election for Middlesex.

³ In a letter to the Earl of Chatham, of the 11th, Lord Temple says:—"Your reception at St. James's, where I am glad you have been, turns out exactly such as I should have expected—full of the highest marks of regard to your lordship; full of condescension, and of all those sentiments of grace and goodness which his Majesty can so well express. I think that you cannot but be happy at the result of this experiment." Chatham Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 361.—E.

king, minister, lord mayor, or alderman, I do not know; nor a word more than I have told you. Whether he was sent for to guard St. James's gate, or whether he came alone, like Almanzor, to storm it, I cannot tell: by Beckford's violence I should think the latter. I am so indifferent what he came for, that I shall wait till Sunday to learn: when I lie in town on my way to Ely. You will probably hear more from your brother before I can write again. I send this by my friend Mr. Granger, who will leave it at your park-gate as he goes through Henley home. Good-night! it is past twelve, and I am going to bed. Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, July 15, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR fellow travellers, Rosette¹ and I, got home safe and perfectly contented with our expedition, and wonderfully obliged to you. Pray receive our thanks and *barking*; and pray *say*, and *bark* a great deal for us to Mr. and Mrs. Bentham, and all that good family.

After gratitude, you know, always comes a little self-interest; for who would be at the trouble of being grateful, if he had no further expectations? *Imprimis*, then, here are the directions for Mr. Essex for the piers of my gates. Bishop Luda must not be offended at my converting his tomb into a gateway. Many a saint and confessor, I doubt, will be glad soon to be *passed through*, as it will, at least, secure his being *passed over*. When I was directing the east window at Ely, I recollected the lines of Prior:—

“How unlucky were Nature and Art to poor Nell!

She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.”

Adorning cathedrals when the religion itself totters, is very like poor Nell's mishap.² * * *. I will trouble you with no

¹ A favourite dog of Mr. Walpole's.

² Here follow some minute directions for building the gateway, unin-

more at present, but to get from Mr. Lort the name of the Norfolk monster, and to give it to Jackson. Don't forget the list of English heads in Dr. Ewin's book for Mr. Granger; particularly the Duchess of Chenreux. I will now release you, only adding my compliments to Dr. Ewin, Mr. Tyson, Mr. Lort, Mr. Essex, and once more to the Bentham's. Adieu, dear Sir! Yours ever.

Remember to ask me for acacias, and anything else with which I can pay some of my debts to you.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, August 12, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

I WAS in town yesterday, and found the parcel arrived very safe. I give you a thousand thanks, dear Sir, for all the contents; but, when I sent you the list of heads I wanted, it was for Mr. Jackson, not at all meaning to rob you; but your generosity much outruns my prudence, and I must be upon my guard with you. The Catherine Bolen was particularly welcome; I had never seen it — it is a treasure, though I am persuaded not genuine, but taken from a French print of the Queen of Scots, which I have. I wish you could tell me from whence it was taken; I mean from what book: I imagine the same in which are two prints, which Mr. Granger mentions, and has himself (with Italian inscriptions, too), of a Duke of Northumberland and an Earl of Arundel. Mr. Bernardston I never saw before — I do not know in what reign he lived — I suppose lately: nor do I know the era of the Master of Benet. When I come back, I must beg you to satisfy these questions. The Countess of Kent is very curious, too; I have lately got a very dirty one, so that I shall return yours again. Mrs. Wooley I could not get high nor low. But there is no end of thanking you — and yet I must for Sir J. Finett, though Mr. Hawkins gave me a copy a fortnight

telligible without the sketch that accompanied the letter, and uninteresting with it, and a list of prints that Mr. Walpole was anxious to procure.

ago. I must delay sending them till I come back. Be so good as to thank Mr. Tyson¹ for his prints and notes; the latter I have not had time to look over, I am so hurried with my journey; but I am sure they will be very useful to me. I hope he will not forget me in October. It will be a good opportunity of sending you some young acacias, or anything you want from hence. I am sure you ought to ask me for anything in my power, so much I am in your debt: I must beg to be a little more, by entreating you to pay Mr. Essex whatever he asks for his drawing, which is just what I wished. The iron gates I have.

With regard to a history of Gothic architecture, in which he desires my advice, the plan, I think, should lie in a very simple compass. Was I to execute it, it should be thus:—I would give a series of plates, even from the conclusion of Saxon architecture, beginning with the round Roman arch, and going on to show how they plaistered and zigzagged it, and then how better ornaments crept in, till the beautiful Gothic arrived at its perfection: then how it deceased in Henry the Eighth's reign!—Abp. Wareham's tomb at Canterbury, being, I believe, the last example of unbastardized Gothic. A very few plates more would demonstrate its change: though Holbein embroidered it with some morsels of true architecture. In Queen Elizabeth's reign there was scarce any architecture at all: I mean no pillars, or seldom, buildings then becoming quite plain. Under James a barbarous composition succeeded. A single plate of something of Inigo Jones, in his heaviest and worst style, should terminate the work; for he soon stepped into the true and perfect Grecian.

The next part, Mr. Essex can do better than anybody, and is, perhaps, the only person that can do it. This should consist of observations on the art, proportions, and method of

¹ The Rev. Michael Tyson, of Bennet College, Cambridge. He was elected F.S.A. in 1768, and died in 1780. He was greatly esteemed by Mr. Gough, and is described as a good antiquary and a gentleman artist. He engraved a remarkable portrait of Jane Shore, some of the old masters of his college, and some of the noted characters in and about Cambridge.—E.

building, and the reasons observed by the Gothic architects for what they did. This would show what great men they were, and how they raised such aerial and stupendous masses, though unassisted by half the lights now enjoyed by their successors. The prices and the wages of workmen, and the comparative value of money and provisions at the several periods, should be stated, as far as it is possible to get materials.

The last part (I don't know whether it should not be the first part) nobody can do so well as yourself. This must be to ascertain the chronologic period of each building; and not only of each building, but of each tomb, that shall be exhibited: for you know the great delicacy and richness of Gothic ornaments were exhausted on small chapels, oratories, and tombs. For my own part, I should wish to have added detached samples of the various patterns of ornaments, which would not be a great many; as, excepting pinnacles, there is scarce one which does not branch from the trefoil; quatrefoils, cinquefoils, &c. being but various modifications of it. I believe almost all the ramifications of windows are so, and of them there should be samples, too.

This work you see could not be executed by one hand: Mr. Tyson could give great assistance. I wish the plan was drawn out, and better digested. This is a very rude sketch, and first thought. I should be very glad to contribute what little I know, and to the expense too, which would be considerable; but I am sure *we* could get assistance — and it had better not be undertaken than executed superficially. Mr. Tyson's History of Fashions and Dresses would make a valuable part of the work; as, in elder times especially, much must be depended on tombs for dresses. I have a notion the King might be inclined to encourage such a work; and, if a proper plan was drawn out, for which I have not time now, I would endeavour to get it laid before him, and his patronage solicited. Pray talk this over with Mr. Tyson and Mr. Essex. It is an idea worth pursuing.

You was very kind to take me out of the scrape about the organ; and yet if my insignificant name could carry it to one

side, I would not scruple to lend it.¹ Thank you, too, for St. Alban and Noailles. The very picture the latter describes was in my father's collection, and is now at Worksop. I have scarce room to crowd in my compliments to the good house of Bentham, and to say, yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

August 18, 1769.

As I have heard nothing of you since the Assyrian calends, which is much longer ago than the Greek, you may perhaps have died in Media, at Ecbatana, or in Chaldæa, and then to be sure I have no reason to take it ill that you have forgotten me. There is no post between Europe and the Elysian fields, where I hope in the Lord Pluto you are; and for the letters that are sent by Orpheus, Æneas, Sir George Villiers, and such accidental passengers, to be sure one cannot wonder if they miscarry. You might indeed have sent one a scrawl by Fanny, as Cock-lane is not very distant from Arlington-street; but, when I asked her, she scratched the ghost of a *no*, that made one's ears tingle again. If, contrary to all probability, you should still be above ground, and if, which is still more improbable, you should repent of your sins while you are yet in good health, and should go strangely further, and endeavour to make atonement by writing to me again, I think it conscientiously right to inform you, that I am not in Arlington-street, nor at Strawberry-hill, nor even in Middlesex; nay, not in England; I am — I am — guess where — not in Corsica, nor at Spa — stay, I am not at Paris yet, but I hope to be there in two days. In short, I am at Calais, having landed about two hours ago, after a tedious passage of nine hours. Having no soul with me but Rosette, I have been amusing myself with the arrival of a French officer and his wife in a berlin, which carried their ancestors to one of Molière's plays: as Madame has no maid with her, she and

¹ There was a dispute among the chapter at Ely respecting the situation of the organ.

Monsieur very prudently untied the trunks, and disburthened the venerable machine of all its luggage themselves; and then with a proper resumption of their quality, Monsieur gave his hand to Madame, and conducted her in much ceremony through the yard to their apartment. Here ends the beginning of my letter; when I have nothing else to do, perhaps, I may continue it. You cannot have the confidence to complain, if I give you no more than my *momens perdus*; have you deserved any better of me?

Saturday morning.

Having just recollected that the whole merit of this letter will consist in the surprise, I hurry to finish it, and send it away by the captain of the packet, who is returning. You may repay me this surprise by answering my letter, and by directing yours to Arlington-street, from whence Mary will forward it to me. You will not have much time to consider, for I shall set out on my return from Paris the first of October,¹ according to my solemn promise to Strawberry; and you must know, I keep my promises to Strawberry much better than you do. Adieu! Boulogne hoy!

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Paris, August 30, 1769.

I HAVE been so hurried with paying and receiving visits, that I have not had a moment's worth of time to write. My passage was very tedious, and lasted near nine hours for want of wind — But I need not talk of my journey; for Mr. Maurice, whom I met on the road, will have told you that I was safe on terra firma.

¹ Mr. Walpole arrived at Paris on the 18th of August, and left it on the 5th of October. On the 18th of July, Madame du Deffand had written to him—"Vous souhaitez que je vive quatre-vingt-huit ans; et pour-quoi le souhaiter, si votre premier voyage ici doit être le dernier? Pour que ce souhait m'eût été agréable, il falloit y ajouter, 'Je verrai encore bien des fois ma Petite, et je jouerai d'un bonheur qui n'étoit réservé qu'à moi, l'amitié la plus tendre, la plus sincère, et la plus constante qu'il fût jamais.' Adieu! mon plaisir est troublé, je l'avoue; je crains que ce ne soit un excès de complaisance qui vous fasse faire ce voyage."—E.

Judge of my surprise at hearing four days ago, that my Lord Dacre¹ and my lady were arrived here. They are lodged within a few doors of me. He is come to consult a Doctor Pomme,² who has prescribed wine, and Lord Dacre already complains of the violence of his appetite. If you and I had *pommed* him to eternity, he would not have believed us. A man across the sea tells him the plainest thing in the world; that man happens to be called a doctor; and happening for novelty to talk common sense, is believed, as if he had talked nonsense! and what is more extraordinary, Lord Dacre thinks himself better, *though* he is so.

My dear old woman³ is in better health than when I left her, and her spirits so increased, that I tell her she will go mad with age. When they ask her how old she is, she answers, “J’ai soixante et mille ans.” She and I went to the Boulevard last night after supper, and drove about there till two in the morning. We are going to sup in the country this evening, and are to go to-morrow night at eleven to the puppet-show. A *protégé* of hers has written a piece for that theatre. I have not yet seen Madame du Barri, nor can get to see her picture at the exposition at the Louvre, the crowds are so enormous that go thither for that purpose. As royal curiosities are the least part of my *virtù*, I wait with patience. Whenever I have an opportunity I visit gardens, chiefly with a view to Rosette’s having a walk. She goes nowhere else, because there is a distemper among the dogs.

There is going to be represented a translation of Hamlet; who, when his hair is cut, and he is curled and powdered, I suppose will be exactly *Monsieur le Prince Oreste*. T’other night I was at Mérope. The Dumenil was as divine as Mrs. Porter; they said her familiar tones were those of a *poissonnière*. In the last act, when one expected the catastrophe,

¹ Thomas Barret Lennard, seventeenth Baron Dacre. His lordship married Ann Maria, daughter of Sir John Pratt, lord chief-justice of the court of King’s Bench.—E.

² At that time the fashionable physician of Paris. He was originally from Arles, and attained his celebrity by curing the ladies of fashion in the French metropolis of the vapours.—E.

³ Madame du Deffand.

Narbas, more interested than anybody to see the event, remained coolly on the stage to hear the story. The Queen's maid of honour entered without her handkerchief, and with her hair most artfully undressed, and reeling as if she was maudlin, sobbed out a long narrative, that did not prove true; while Narbas, with all the good breeding in the world, was more attentive to her fright than to what had happened. So much for propriety. Now for probability. Voltaire has published a tragedy, called "Les Guèbres." Two Roman colonels open the piece: they are brothers, and relate to one another, how they lately in company destroyed, by the Emperor's mandate, a city of the Guebres, in which were their own wives and children; and they recollect that they want prodigiously to know whether both their families did perish in the flames. The son of the one and the daughter of the other are taken up for heretics, and, thinking themselves brother and sister, insist upon being married, and upon being executed for their religion. The son stabs his father, who is half a Guebre, too. The high-priest rants and roars. The Emperor arrives, blames the pontiff for being a persecutor, and forgives the son for assassinating his father (who does not die) because — I don't know why, but that he may marry his cousin. The grave-diggers in Hamlet have no chance, when such a piece as the Guebres is written agreeably to all rules and unities. Adieu, my dear Sir! I hope to find you quite well at my return. Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Sept. 7, 1769.

YOUR two letters flew here together in a breath. I shall answer the article of business first. I could certainly buy many things for you here, that you would like, the reliques of the last age's magnificence; but, since my Lady Holderness invaded the custom-house with a hundred and fourteen gowns, in the reign of that two-penny monarch George Grenville, the ports are so guarded, that not a soul but a smuggler can

smuggle anything into England; and I suppose you would not care to pay seventy-five per cent. on second-hand commodities. All I transported three years ago, was conveyed under the canon of the Duke of Richmond. I have no interest in our present representative; nor if I had, is he returning. Plate, of all earthly vanities, is the most impassable: it is not counterband in its metallic capacity, but totally so in its personal; and the officers of the custom-house not being philosophers enough to separate the substance from the superficies, brutally hammer both to pieces, and return you only the intrinsic; a compensation which you, who are a member of Parliament, would not, I trow, be satisfied with. Thus I doubt you must retrench your generosity to yourself, unless you can contract into an Elzevir size, and be content with anything one can bring in one's pocket.

My dear old friend was charmed with your mention of her, and made me vow to return you a thousand compliments. She cannot conceive why you will not step hither. Feeling in herself no difference between the spirits of twenty-three and seventy-three, she thinks there is no impediment to doing whatever one will, but the want of eyesight. If she had that, I am persuaded no consideration would prevent her making me a visit at Strawberry Hill. She makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made; and, having lived from the most agreeable to the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, all that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former, or the pedant impertinence of the latter. I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people, on all sorts of subjects, and never knew her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right their disciples, and finds conversation for everybody. Affectionate as Madame de Sévigné, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and, with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue that would kill me, if I was to continue here. If we return by one in the morning from suppers in the country, she proposes driving to the Boulevard or to the Foire St. Ovide, because it is too early to go to bed. I had great difficulty last night to persuade her, though she was not well, not

to sit up till between two or three for the comet; for which purpose she had appointed an astronomer to bring his telescopes to the president Henault's, as she thought it would amuse me. In short, her goodness to me is so excessive, that I feel unashamed at producing my withered person in a round of diversions, which I have quitted at home. I tell a story; I do feel ashamed, and sigh to be in my quiet castle and cottage; but it costs me many a pang, when I reflect that I shall probably never have resolution enough to take another journey to see this best and sincerest of friends, who loves me as much as my mother did! but it is idle to look forward—what is next year?—a bubble that may burst for her or me, before even the flying year can hurry to the end of its almanack! To form plans and projects in such a precarious life as this, resembles the enchanted castles of fairy legends, in which every gate was guarded by giants, dragons, &c. Death or diseases bar every portal through which we mean to pass; and, though we may escape them and reach the last chamber, what a wild adventurer is he that centres his hopes at the end of such an avenue! I sit contented with the beggars of the threshold, and never propose going on, but as the gates open of themselves.

The weather here is quite sultry, and I am sorry to say one can send to the corner of the street and buy better peaches than all our expense in kitchen gardens produces. Lord and Lady Dacre are a few doors from me, having started from Tunbridge more suddenly than I did from Strawberry Hill, but on a more unpleasant motive. My lord was persuaded to come and try a new physician. His faith is greater than mine! but, poor man! can one wonder that he is willing to believe? My lady has stood her shock, and I do not doubt will get over it.

Adieu, my t'other dear old friend! I am sorry to say I see you almost as seldom as I do Madame du Deffand. However, it is comfortable to reflect that we have not changed to each other for some five-and-thirty years, and neither you nor I haggle about naming so ancient a term. I made a visit yesterday to the Abbess of Panthenont, General Oglethorpe's

niece,¹ and no chicken. I inquired after her mother, Madame de Meziers, and I thought I might to a spiritual votary to immortality venture to say, that her mother must be very old; she interrupted me tartly, and said, no, her mother had been married extremely young. Do but think of its seeming important to a saint to sink a wrinkle of her own through an iron grate! Oh! we are ridiculous animals; and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Paris, Sept. 8, 1769.

THE OTHER night, at the Duchess of Choiseul's at supper, the intendant of Rouen asked me, if we have roads of communication all over England and Scotland? — I suppose he thinks that in general we inhabit trackless forests and wild mountains, and that once a year a few legislators come to Paris to learn the arts of civil life, as to sow corn, plant vines, and make operas. If this letter should contrive to scramble through that *desert* Yorkshire, where your lordship has *attempted* to improve a dreary hill and uncultivated vale, you will find I remember your commands of writing from this capital of the world, whither I am come for the benefit of my country, and where I am intensely studying those laws and that beautiful frame of government, which can alone render a nation happy, great, and flourishing; where lettres de cachet soften manners, and a proper distribution of luxury and beggary ensures a common felicity. As we have a prodigious number of students in legislature of both sexes here at present, I will not anticipate their discoveries; but, as your particular friend, will communicate a rare improvement on nature, which these great philosophers have made, and which would add considerable beauties to those parts which your lordship has already recovered from the waste, and taught to look a little like a Christian country. The secret is very

¹ Sister of the Princess de Ligne.

simple, and yet demanded the effort of a mighty genius to strike it out. It is nothing but this: trees ought to be educated as much as men, and are strange awkward productions when not taught to hold themselves upright or bow on proper occasions. The academy *de belles-lettres* have even offered a prize for the man that shall recover the long-lost art of an ancient Greek, called *le sieur Orphée*, who instituted a dancing-school for plants, and gave a magnificent ball on the birth of the Dauphin of Thrace, which was performed entirely by forest-trees. In this whole kingdom there is no such thing as seeing a tree that is not well-behaved. They are first stripped up and then cut down; and you would as soon meet a man with his hair about his ears as an oak or ash. As the weather is very hot now, and the soil chalk, and the dust white, I assure you it is very difficult, powdered as both are all over, to distinguish a tree from a hair-dresser. Lest this should sound like a travelling hyperbole, I must advertise your lordship, that there is little difference in their heights; for, a tree of thirty years' growth being liable to be marked as royal timber, the proprietors take care not to let their trees live to the age of being enlisted, but burn them, and plant others as often almost as they change their fashions. This gives an air of perpetual youth to the face of the country, and if adopted by us would realize Mr. Addison's visions, and

“ Make our bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.”

What other remarks I have made in my indefatigable search after knowledge must be reserved to a future opportunity; but as your lordship is my friend, I may venture to say without vanity to you, that Solon nor any of the ancient philosophers who travelled to Egypt in quest of religions, mysteries, laws, and fables, never sat up so late with the ladies and priests and *presidents de parlement* at Memphis, as I do here — and consequently were not half so well qualified as I am to new-model a commonwealth. I have learned how to make remonstrances, and how to answer them. The latter, it seems, is a science much wanted in my own country¹ — and yet it is

¹ Alluding to the number of remonstrances, under the name of peti-

as easy and obvious as their treatment of trees, and not very unlike it. It was delivered many years ago in an oracular sentence of my namesake — “*Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.*” You must drive away the vulgar, and you must have an hundred and fifty thousand men to drive them away with — that is all. I do not wonder the intendant of Rouen thinks we are still in a state of barbarism, when we are ignorant of the very rudiments of government.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond have been here a few days, and are gone to Aubigné. I do not think him at all well, and am exceedingly concerned for it; as I know no man who has more estimable qualities. They return by the end of the month. I am fluctuating whether I shall not return with them, as they have pressed me to do, through Holland. I never was there, and could never go so agreeably; but then it would protract my absence three weeks, and I am impatient to be in my own cave, notwithstanding the wisdom I imbibe every day. But one cannot sacrifice one’s self wholly to the public: Titus and Wilkes have now and then lost a day. Adieu, my dear lord! Be assured that I shall not disdain yours and Lady Strafford’s conversation, though you have nothing but the goodness of your hearts, and the simplicity of your manners, to recommend you to the more enlightened understanding of your old friend.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Sunday night, Sept. 17, 1769.

I AM heartily tired; but, as it is too early to go to bed, I must tell you how agreeably I have passed the day. I wished for you; the same scenes strike us both, and the same kind of visions has amused us both ever since we were born.

Well then: I went this morning to Versailles with my niece Mrs. Cholmondeley, Mrs. Hart, Lady Denbigh’s sister, and

tions, which were presented this year from the livery of London, and many other corporate bodies, on the subject of the Middlesex election.

the Count de Grave, one of the most amiable, humane, and obliging men alive. Our first object was to see Madame du Barri.¹ Being too early for mass, we saw the Dauphin and his brothers at dinner. The eldest is the picture of the Duke of Grafton, except that he is more fair, and will be taller. He has a sickly air, and no grace. The Count de Provence has a very pleasing countenance, with an air of more sense than the Count d'Artois, the genius of the family. They already tell as many *bon-mots* of the latter as of Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze. He is very fat, and the most like his grandfather of all the children. You may imagine this royal mess did not occupy us long: thence to the chapel, where a first row in the balconies was kept for us. Madame du Barri arrived over against us below, without rouge, without powder, and indeed *sans avoir fait sa toilette*; an odd appearance, as she was so conspicuous, close to the altar, and amidst both court and people. She is pretty, when you consider her; yet so little striking, that I never should have asked who she was. There is nothing bold, assuming, or affected in her manner. Her husband's sister was along with her. In the tribune above, surrounded by prelates, was the amorous and still handsome King. One could not help smiling at the mixture of piety, pomp, and carnality. From chapel we went to the dinner of the elder Mesdames. We were almost stifled in the ante-chamber, where their dishes were heating over charcoal, and where we could not stir for the press. When the doors are opened everybody rushes in, princes of the blood, *cordons bleus*, abbés, housemaids, and the Lord knows who and what. Yet, so used are their highnesses to this trade, that they eat

¹ Madame du Barry, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV, was born in the lowest rank of society, and brought up in the most depraved habits; being known only by the name which her beauty had acquired for her, *Mademoiselle l'Ange*. She became the mistress of the Comte du Barry, (a gentleman belonging to a family of Toulon, of no distinction, well known as Le Grand du Barry, or Du Barry le Roué,) and eventually the mistress of the King; and, when the influence she exercised over her royal protector had determined him to receive her publicly at court and a marriage was necessary to the purpose, Du Barry le Roué brought forward his younger brother, the Comte Guillaume du Barry, who readily submitted to this prostitution of his name and family.—E.

as comfortably and heartily as you or I could do in our own parlours.

Our second act was much more agreeable. We quitted the court and a reigning mistress, for a dead one and a cloister. In short, I had obtained leave from the Bishop of Chartres to enter *into* St. Cyr; and, as Madame du Deffand never leaves anything undone that can give me satisfaction, she had written to the abbess to desire I might see everything that could be seen there. The Bishop's order was to admit me, *Monsieur de Grave, et les dames de ma compagnie*: I begged the abbess to give me back the order, that I might deposit it in the archives of Strawberry, and she complied instantly. Every door flew open to us: and the nuns vied in attentions to please us. The first thing I desired to see was Madame de Maintenon's apartment. It consists of two small rooms, a library, and a very small chamber, the same in which the Czar saw her, and in which she died. The bed is taken away, and the room covered now with bad pictures of the royal family, which destroys the gravity and simplicity. It is wainscotted with oak, with plain chairs of the same, covered with dark blue damask. Everywhere else the chairs are of blue cloth. The simplicity and extreme neatness of the whole house, which is vast, are very remarkable. A large apartment above, (for that I have mentioned is on the ground-floor,) consisting of five rooms, and destined by Louis Quatorze for Madame de Maintenon, is now the infirmary, with neat white linen beds, and decorated with every text of Scripture by which could be insinuated that the foundress was a Queen. The hour of vespers being come, we were conducted to the chapel, and, as it was *my* curiosity that had led us thither, I was placed in the Maintenon's own tribune; my company in the adjoining gallery. The pensioners two and two, each band headed by a man, march orderly to their seats, and sing the whole service, which I confess was not a little tedious. The young ladies to the number of two hundred and fifty are dressed in black, with short aprons of the same, the latter and their stays bound with blue, yellow, green or red, to distinguish the classes; the captains and lieutenants have knots of a different colour for distinction. Their

hair is curled and powdered, their coiffure a sort of French round-eared caps, with white tippets, a sort of ruff and large tucker: in short, a very pretty dress. The nuns are entirely in black, with crape veils and long trains, deep white handkerchiefs, and forehead cloths, and a very long train. The chapel is plain but very pretty, and in the middle of the choir under a flat marble lies the foundress. Madame de Cambis, one of the nuns, who are about forty, is beautiful as a Madonna.¹ The abbess has no distinction but a larger and richer gold cross: her apartment consists of two very small rooms. Of Madame de Maintenon we did not see fewer than twenty pictures. The young one looking over her shoulder has a round face, without the least resemblance to those of her latter age. That in the royal mantle, of which you know I have a copy, is the most repeated; but there is another with a longer and leaner face, which has by far the most sensible look. She is in black, with a high point head and band, a long train, and is sitting in a chair of purple velvet. Before her knees stands her niece Madame de Noailles, a child; at a distance a view of Versailles or St. Cyr, I could not distinguish which. We were shown some rich reliquaires, and the *corpo santo* that was sent to her by the Pope. We were then carried into the public room of each class. In the first, the young ladies, who were playing at chess, were ordered to sing to us the choruses of *Athaliah*; in another, they danced minuets and country-dances, while a nun, not quite so able as St. Cecilia, played on a violin. In the others, they acted before us the proverbs or conversations written by Madame de Maintenon for their instruction; for she was not only their foundress but their saint, and their adoration of her memory

¹ Madame du Deffand, in her letter to Walpole of the 10th of May 1776, encloses the following portrait of Madame de Cambise, by Madame de la Vallière:—"Non, non, Madame, je ne ferai point votre portrait: vous avez une manière d'être si noble, si fine, si piquante, si délicate, si séduisante; votre gentillesse et vos graces changent si souvent pour n'en être que plus aimable, que l'on ne peut saisir aucun de vos traits ni au physique ni au moral." She was niece of La Marquise de Boufflers, and, having fled to England at the breaking out of the French Revolution, resided here until her death, which took place at Richmond in January 1809.—E.

has quite eclipsed the Virgin Mary. We saw their dormitory, and saw them at supper; and at last were carried to their archives, where they produced volumes of her letters, and where one of the nuns gave me a small piece of paper with three sentences in her handwriting. I forgot to tell you, that this kind dame, who took to me extremely, asked me if we had many convents and many relics in England. I was much embarrassed for fear of destroying her good opinion of me, and so said we had but few now. Oh! we went to the *apothecaire*, where they treated us with cordials, and where one of the ladies told me inoculation was a sin, as it was a voluntary detention from mass, and as voluntary a cause of eating *gras*. Our visit concluded in the garden, now grown very venerable, where the young ladies played at little games before us. After a stay of four hours we took our leave. I begged the abbess's blessing; she smiled, and said, she doubted I should not place much faith in it. She is a comely old gentlewoman, and very proud of having seen Madame de Maintenon. Well! was not I in the right to wish you with me? could you have passed a day more agreeably?

I will conclude my letter with a most charming trait of Madame de Mailly, which cannot be misplaced in such a chapter of royal concubines. Going to St. Sulpice, after she had lost the King's heart, a person present desired the crowd to make way for her. Some brutal young officers said, "Comment, pour cette catin-là!" She turned to them, and, with the most charming modesty said, "Messieurs, puisque vous me connoissez, priez Dieu pour moi." I am sure it will bring tears into your eyes. Was not she the Publican, and Maintenon the Pharisee? Good night! I hope I am going to dream of all I have been seeing. As my impressions and my fancy, when I am pleased, are apt to be strong, my night, perhaps, may still be more productive of ideas than the day has been. It will be charming, indeed, if Madame de Cambis is the ruling tint. Adieu! Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Oct. 13, 1769.

I ARRIVED last night at eleven o'clock, and found a letter from you, which gave me so much pleasure, that I must write you a line, though I am hurried to death. You cannot imagine how rejoiced I am that Lord North¹ drags you to light again; it is a satisfaction I little expected. When do you come? I am impatient. I long to know your projects.

I had a dreadful passage of eight hours, was drowned, though not shipwrecked, and was sick to death. I have been six times at sea before, and never suffered the least, which makes the mortification the greater: but as Hercules was not more robust than I, though with an air so little Herculean, I have not so much as caught cold, though I was wet to the skin with the rain, had my lap full of waves, was washed from head to foot in the boat at ten o'clock at night, and stepped into the sea up to my knees. *Q'avois-je à faire dans cette galère?*² In truth, it is a little late to be seeking adventures. Adieu! I must finish, but I am excessively happy with what you have told me. Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 16, 1769.

I ARRIVED at my own Louvre last Wednesday night, and am now at my Versailles. Your last letter reached me but

¹ Lord North had appointed Mr. Montagu his private secretary.

² Walpole left Paris on the 5th of October. Early on the morning of the 6th, Madame du Deffand thus wrote to him:—"N'exigez point de gaieté, contentez-vous de ne pas trouver de tristesse: je n'envoyai point chez vous hier matin; j'ignore à quelle heure vous partîtes; tout ce que je sais c'est que vous n'êtes plus ici." And again, on the 9th:—"Je ne respirerai à mon aise qu'après une lettre de Douvres. Ah! je me haïs bien de tout le mal que je vous cause; trois journées de route, autant de nuits détestables, une embarquement, un passage, le risque de mille accidens, voilà le bien que je vous procure. Ah! c'est bien vous qui pouvez dire en pensant à moi, '*Qu'allais-je faire dans cette galère?*'"

—E.

two days before I left Paris, for I have been an age at Calais and upon the sea. I could execute no commission for you, and, in truth, you gave me no explicit one; but I have brought you a bit of china, and beg you will be content with a little present, instead of a bargain. Said china is, or will be soon, in the custom-house; but I shall have it, I fear, long before you come to London.

I am sorry those boys got at my tragedy. I beg you would keep it under lock and key; it is not at all food for the public; at least not till I am "food for worms, good Percy." Nay, it is not an age to encourage anybody, that has the least vanity, to step forth. There is a total extinction of all taste: our authors are vulgar, gross, illiberal: the theatre swarms with wretched translations, and ballad operas, and we have nothing new but improving abuse. I have blushed at Paris, when the papers came over crammed with ribaldry, or with Garrick's insufferable nonsense about Shakspeare. As that man's writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor? Cibber wrote as bad odes, but then Cibber wrote the *Careless Husband* and his own *Life*, which both deserve immortality. Garrick's prologues and epilogues are as bad as his Pindarics and pantomimes.¹

I feel myself here like a swan, that, after living six weeks in a nasty pool upon a common, is got back into its own Thames. I do nothing but plume and clean myself, and enjoy the verdure and silent waves. Neatness and greenth are so essential in my opinion to the country, that in France, where I see nothing but chalk and dirty peasants, I seem in a terrestrial purgatory that is neither town nor country. The face of England is so beautiful, that I do not believe *Tempe* or *Arcadia* were half so rural; for both lying in hot climates, must have wanted the turf of our lawns. It is unfortunate to have so pastoral a taste, when I want a cane more than a crook. We are absurd creatures; at twenty, I loved nothing but London.

¹ Mr. J. Sharp, in a letter to Garrick, of the 28th of March in this year, says—"I met Mr. Gray at dinner last Sunday: he spoke handsomely of your happy knack of epilogues; but he calls the *Stratford Jubilee*, *Vanity Fair*." See Garrick Correspondence, vol. i. p. 337.—E.

Tell me when you shall be in town. I think of passing most of my time here till after Christmas. Adieu !

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Tuesday, Nov. 14, 1769.

I AM here quite alone, and did not think of going to town till Friday for the opera, which I have not yet seen. In compliment to you and your Countess, I will make an effort, and be there on Thursday; and will either dine with you at your own house, or at your brother's; which you choose. This is a great favour, and beyond my Lord Temple's journey to dine with my Lord Mayor.¹ I am so sick of the follies of all sides, that I am happy to be at quiet here, and to know no more of them than what I am forced to see in the newspapers; and those I skip over as fast as I can.

The account you give me of Lady * * * was just the same as I received from Paris. I will show you a very particular letter I received by a private hand from thence; which convinces me that I guessed right, contrary to all the wise, that the journey to Fontainebleau would upset Monsieur de Choiseul. I think he holds but by a thread, which will snap soon.² I am labouring hard with the Duchess³ to procure the Duke of Richmond satisfaction in the favour he has asked about his duchy;⁴ but he shall not know it till it is completed, if I can be so lucky as to succeed. I think I shall, if they do not fall immediately.

You perceive how barren I am, and why I have not written to you. I pass my time in clipping and pasting prints; and do not think I have read forty pages since I came to England. I bought a poem called Trinculo's Trip to the Jubilee; having been struck with two lines in an extract in the papers,

¹ At Guildhall, on the 9th of November, in the second mayoralty of Alderman Beckford.—E.

² Walpole had received a letter, of the 2nd, from Madame du Defand, describing the growing influence of Madame du Barry, and her increasing enmity to the Duc de Choiseul.—E.

³ The Duchess of Choiseul.

⁴ Of Aubigné.

“ There the ear-piercing fife,
And the ear-piercing wife—”

Alas! all the rest, and it is very long, is a heap of unintelligible nonsense, about Shakspeare, politics, and the Lord knows what. I am grieved that, with our admiration of Shakspeare, we can do nothing but write worse than ever he did. One would think the age studied nothing but his *Love's Labour Lost*, and *Titus Andronicus*. Politics and abuse have totally corrupted our taste. Nobody thinks of writing a line that is to last beyond the next fortnight. We might as well be given up to controversial divinity. The times put me in mind of the Constantinopolitan empire; where, in an age of learning, the subtlest wits of Greece contrived to leave nothing behind them, but the memory of their follies and acrimony. Milton did not write his *Paradise Lost* till he had outlived his politics. With all his parts, and noble sentiments of liberty, who would remember him for his barbarous prose? Nothing is more true than that extremes meet. The licentiousness of the press makes us as savage as our Saxon ancestors, who could only set their marks; and an outrageous pursuit of individual independence, grounded on selfish views, extinguishes genius as much as despotism does. The public good of our country is never thought of by men that hate half their country. Heroes confine their ambition to be leaders of the mob. Orators seek applause from their faction, not from posterity; and ministers forget foreign enemies, to defend themselves against a majority in Parliament. When any Cæsar has conquered Gaul, I will excuse him for aiming at the perpetual dictatorship. If he has only jockeyed somebody out of the borough of Veii or Falernum, it is too impudent to call himself a patriot or a statesman. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1769.

I CANNOT be silent, when I feel for you. I doubt not but the loss of Mrs. Trevor is very sensible to you, and I am

heartily sorry for you. One cannot live any time, and not perceive the world slip away, as it were, from under one's feet: one's friends, one's connections drop off, and indeed reconcile one to the same passage; but why repeat these things? I do not mean to write a fine consolation; all I intended was to tell you, that I cannot be indifferent to what concerns you.

I know as little how to amuse you: news there are none but politics, and politics there will be as long as we have a shilling left. They are no amusement to me, except in seeing two or three sets of people worry one another, for none of whom I care a straw.

Mr. Cumberland has produced a comedy called *The Brothers*. It acts well, but reads ill; though I can distinguish strokes of Mr. Bentley in it. Very few of the characters are marked, and the serious ones have little nature, and the comic ones are rather too much marked; however, the three middle acts diverted me very well.¹

I saw the Bishop of Durham² at Carlton House, who told me he had given you a complete suit of armour. I hope you will have no occasion to lock yourself in it, though, between the fools and the knaves of the present time, I don't know but we may be reduced to defend our castles. If you retain any connections with Northampton, I should be much obliged to you if you could procure from thence a print of an Alderman Backwell.³ It is valuable for nothing but its

¹ "The Brothers," Cumberland's first comedy, came out at Covent-Garden theatre on the 2nd of December, and met with no inconsiderable success.—E.

² The Hon. Dr. Richard Trevor, consecrated Bishop of St. David's in 1744, and translated to the see of Durham in 1752. He died in June 1771.—E.

³ Edward Backwell, alderman of London, of whom Granger gives the following character:—"He was a banker of great ability, industry, integrity, and very extensive credit. With such qualifications, he, in a trading nation, would, in the natural event of things, have made a fortune, except in such an age as that of Charles the Second, when the laws were overborne by perfidy, violence, and rapacity; or in an age when bankers become gamblers, instead of merchant-adventurers; when they affect to live like princes, and are, with their miserable creditors, drawn into the prevailing vortex of luxury. Backwell carried on his business in the same shop which was afterwards occupied by Child. He, to avoid a prison, retired into Holland, where he died. His body was brought for sepulture to Tyingham church, near Newport Pagnel."

rarity, and is not to be met with but there. I would give eight or ten shillings rather than not have it. When shall you look towards us? how does your brother John? make my compliments to him. I need not say how much I am yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.¹

Arlington Street, Dec. 21, 1769.

DEAR SIR,

I AM very grateful for all your communications, and for the trouble you are so good as to take for me. I am glad you have paid Jackson, though he is not only dear, (for the prints he has got for me are very common,) but they are not what I wanted, and I do not believe were mentioned in my list. However, as paying him dear for what I do *not* want, may encourage him to hunt for what I *do* want, I am very well content he should cheat me a little. I take the liberty of troubling you with a list I have printed (to avoid copying it several times), and beg you will be so good as to give it to him, telling him these are exactly what I do want, and no others. I will pay him well for any of these, especially those marked thus ×; and still more for those with double or treble marks. The print I want most is the Jacob Hall. I do not know whether it is not one of the London Cries, but he must be very sure it is the right. I will let you know certainly when Mr. West comes to town, who has one.

I shall be very happy to contribute to your garden: and

Frequent mention of the Alderman is made by Pepys, in whose Diary is the following entry:—"April 12, 1669. This evening, coming home, we overtook Alderman Backwell's coach and his lady, and followed them to their house, and there made them the first visit, where they received us with extraordinary civility, and owning the obligation. But I do, contrary to my expectation, find her something a proud and vain-glorious woman, in telling the number of her servants and family, and expenses. He is also so, but he was ever of that strain. But here he showed me the model of his houses that he is going to build in Cornhill and Lombard-street; but he hath purchased so much there that it looks like a little town, and must have cost him a great deal of money."—E.

¹ Now first printed, from the original in the British Museum.—E.

if you will let me have exact notice in February how to send the shrubs, they shall not fail you; nor anything else by which I can pay you any part of my debts. I am much pleased with the Wolsey and Cromwell, and beg to thank you and the gentleman from whom they came. Mr. Tyson's etchings will be particularly acceptable. I did hope to have seen or heard of him in October. Pray tell him he is a visit in my debt, and that I will trust him no longer than to next summer. Mr. Bentham, I find, one must trust and trust without end. It is pity so good a sort of man should be so faithless. Make my best compliments, however, to him and to my kind host and hostess.

I found my dear old blind friend at Paris perfectly well, and am returned so myself. London is very sickly, and full of bilious fevers, that have proved fatal to several persons, and in my Lord Gower's family have even seemed contagious. The weather is uncommonly hot, and we want frost to purify the air.

I need not say, I suppose, that the names scratched out in my list are of such prints as I have got since I printed it, and therefore what I no longer want. If Mr. Jackson only stays at Cambridge till the prints drop into his mouth, I shall never have them. If he would take the trouble of going to Bury, Norwich, Ely, Huntingdon, and such great towns, nay, look about in inns, I do not doubt but he would find at least some of them. He should be no loser by taking pains for me; but I doubt he chuses to be a great gainer without taking any. I shall not pay for any that are not in my list; but I ought not to trouble you, dear Sir, with these particulars. It is a little your own fault, for you have spoiled me.

Mr. Essex distresses me by his civility. I certainly would not have given him that trouble, if I had thought he would not let me pay him. Be so good as to thank him for me, and to let me know if there is any other way I could return the obligation. I hope, at least, he will make me a visit at Strawberry Hill, whenever he comes westward. I shall be very impatient to see you, dear Sir, both there and at Milton. Your faithful humble servant.

TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.¹

Arlington Street, Jan. 1, 1770.

SIR,

I HAVE read with great pleasure and information, your History of Scottish Councils. It gave me much more satisfaction than I could have expected from so dry a subject. It will be perused, do not doubt it, by men of taste and judgment; and it is happy that it will be read without occasioning a controversy. The curse of modern times is, that almost everything does create controversy, and that men who are willing to instruct or amuse the world have to dread malevolence and interested censure, instead of receiving thanks. If your part of our country is at all free from that odious spirit, you are to be envied. In our region we are given up to every venomous mischievous passion, and as we behold all the public vices that raged in and destroyed the remains of the Roman Commonwealth, so I wish we do not experience some of the horrors that brought on the same revolution. When we see men who call themselves patriots and friends of liberty attacking the House of Commons, to what, Sir, can you and I, who are really friends of liberty, impute such pursuits, but to interest and disappointed ambition? When we see, on one hand, the prerogative of the Crown excited against Parliament, and on the other, the King and Royal Family traduced and insulted in the most shameless manner, can we believe that *such* a faction is animated by honesty or love of the constitution? When, as you very sensibly observe, the authors of grievances are the loudest to complain of them, and when those authors and their capital enemies shake hands, embrace, and join in a common cause, which set can we believe most or least sincere? And when *every* set of men have acted *every* part, to whom shall the well-meaning look up? What can the latter do, but sit with folded arms and pray for miracles? Yes, Sir, they

¹ Now first collected.

may weep over a prospect of ruin too probably approaching, and regret a glorious country nodding to its fall, when victory, wealth, and daily universal improvements, might make it the admiration and envy of the world! Is the Crown to be forced to be absolute! Is Cæsar to enslave us, because he conquered Gaul! Is some Cromwell to trample on us, because Mrs. Macaulay approves the army that turned out the House of Commons, the necessary consequence of such mad notions! Is eloquence to talk or write us out of ourselves? or is Catiline to save us, *but so as by fire!* Sir, I talk thus freely, because it is a satisfaction, in ill-looking moments, to vent one's apprehensions in an honest bosom. You will not, I am sure, suffer my letter to go out of your own hands. I have no views to satisfy or resentments to gratify. I have done with the world, except in the hopes of a quiet enjoyment of it for the few years I may have to come; but I love my country, though I desire and expect nothing from it, and I would wish to leave it to posterity, as secure and deserving to be valued, as I found it. Despotism, or unbounded licentiousness, can endear no nation to any honest man. The French can adore the monarch that starves them, and banditti are often attached to their chief; but no good Briton can love any constitution that does not secure the tranquillity and peace of mind of all.

TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.¹

Arlington Street, Jan. 23, 1770.

SIR,

I HAVE not had time to return you the enclosed sooner, but I give you my honour that it has neither been out of my hands, nor been copied. It is a most curious piece, but though affecting art, has very little; so ill is the satire disguised. I agree with you in thinking it ought not to be published yet, as nothing is more cruel than divulging private let-

¹ Now first collected.

ters which may wound the living. I have even the same tenderness for the children of persons concerned; but I laugh at delicacy for grandchildren, who can be affected by nothing but their pride—and let that be hurt if it will. It always finds means of consoling itself.

The rapid history of Mr. Yorke is very touching.¹ For himself, he has escaped a torrent of obloquy, which this unfeeling and prejudiced moment was ready to pour on him. Many of his survivors may, perhaps, live to envy him! Madness and wickedness gain ground—and you may be sure borrow the chariot of virtue. Lord Chatham, not content with endeavouring to confound and overturn the legislature, has thrown out, that *one member more ought to be added to each county*;² so little do ambition and indigence scruple to strike at fundamentals! Sir George Savile and Edmund Burke, as if envying the infamous intoxication of Wilkes, have attacked the House of Commons itself, in the most gross and vilifying language.³ In short, the plot thickens fast, and Catilines start up in every street. I cannot say Ciceros and Catos arise to

¹ On the 17th, Mr. Charles Yorke was appointed lord chancellor, and a patent was ordered to be made out, creating him a peer, by the title of Lord Morden; but, three days after, before the patent could be completed, he suddenly closed his valuable life, at the early age of forty-eight.—E.

² Lord Chatham, on the preceding day, had made his celebrated speech on the state of the nation, which had the good fortune to be ably reported by Sir Philip Francis, and attracted the particular attention of Junius. The following is the passage which gave Walpole so much offence:—"Since we cannot cure the disorder, let us endeavour to *infuse such a portion of new health into the constitution, as may enable it to support its most inveterate diseases*. The representation of the counties is, I think, still preserved pure and uncorrupted. That of the greatest cities is upon a footing equally respectable; and there are many of the larger trading towns which still preserve their independence. The infusion of health which I now allude to would be to permit every county to elect one member more in addition to their present representation." Sir Philip Francis's report of this speech was first printed by Almon in 1792. Junius, in a letter to Wilkes, of the 7th of September 1771, says—"I approve highly of Lord Chatham's idea of *infusing a portion of new health into the constitution, to enable it to bear its infirmities*; a brilliant expression, and full of intrinsic wisdom." There can be little doubt that Junius and Sir Philip Francis were present in the House of Lords, when this speech was delivered. See Chatham Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 406.—E.

³ The speeches of Sir George Savile and Mr. Burke, above alluded to, will be found in Sir Henry Cavendish's Debates.—E.

face them. The phlegmatic and pedants in history quote King William's and Sacheverel's times to show the present is not more serious; but if I have any reading, I must remember that the repetition of bad scenes brings about a catastrophe at last! It is small consolation to living sufferers to reflect that history will rejudge great criminals; nor is that sure. How seldom is history fairly stated! When do all men concur in the same sentence? Do the guilty dead regard its judicature, or they who prefer the convict to the judge? Besides, an ape of Sylla will call himself Brutus, and the foolish people assist a proscription before they suspect that their hero is an incendiary. Indeed, Sir, we are, as Milton says —

“ On evil days fallen and evil tongues ! ”

I shall be happy to find I have had too gloomy apprehensions. A man, neither connected with ministers nor opponents, may speculate too subtly. If all this is but a scramble for power, let it fall to whose lot it will! It is the attack on the constitution that strikes me. I have nothing to say for the corruption of senators; but if the senate itself is declared vile by authority, that is by a dissolution, will a re-election restore its honour? Will Wilkes, and Parson Horne, and Junius (for *they* will name the members) give us more virtuous representations than ministers have done? Reformation must be a blessed work in the hands of such reformers! Moderation, and attachment to the constitution, are my principles. Is the latter to be risked rather than endure any single evil? I would oppose, that is restrain, by opposition check, each branch of the legislature that predominates in its turn; — but if I detest Laud, it does not make me love Hugh Peters.

Adieu, Sir! I must not tire you with my reflections; but as I am flattered with thinking I have the sanction of the same sentiments in you, it is natural to indulge even unpleasing meditations when one meets with sympathy, and it is as natural for those who love their country to lament its danger. I am, Sir, &c.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, March 31, 1770.

I SHALL be extremely obliged to you for Alderman Backwell. A scarce print is a real present to me, who have a table of weights and measures in my head very different from that of the rich and covetous. I am glad your journey was prosperous. The weather here has continued very sharp, but it has been making preparations for April to-day, and watered the streets with some soft showers. They will send me to Strawberry to-morrow, where I hope to find the lilacs beginning to put forth their little noses. Mr. Chute mends very slowly, but you know he has as much patience as gout.

I depend upon seeing you whenever you return this wayward. You will find the round chamber far advanced, though not finished; for my undertakings do not stride with the impetuosity of my youth. This single room has been half as long in completing as all the rest of the castle. My compliments to Mr. John, whom I hope to see at the same time.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, May 6, 1770.

IF you are like me, you are fretting at the weather. We have not a leaf, yet, large enough to make an apron for a Miss Eve at two years old. Flowers and fruits, if they come at all this year, must meet together as they do in a Dutch picture; our lords and ladies, however, couple as if it were the real *Gioventù dell' anno*. Lord Albemarle,¹ you know, has disappointed all his brothers and my niece; and Lord Fitzwilliam is declared *sposo* to Lady Charlotte Ponsonby.² It is a pretty match, and makes Lord Besborough as happy as possible.

¹ George, third Earl of Albemarle. His lordship had married, on the 20th of April, Anne, youngest daughter of Sir John Miller, Bart. of Chichester. He died in October 1772.—E.

² Lady Charlotte Ponsonby, second daughter of William, second Earl of Besborough. The marriage took place on the 1st of July.—E.

Masquerades proceed in spite of church and King. The Bishop of London persuaded that good soul the Archbishop to remonstrate against them; but happily the age prefers silly follies to serious ones, and dominos, *comme de raison*, carry it against lawn sleeves.¹

There is a new institution that begins to make, and if it proceeds, will make a considerable noise. It is a club of both sexes to be erected at Almack's, on the model of that of the men at White's. Mrs. Fitzroy, Lady Pembroke, Mrs. Meynel, Lady Molyneux, Miss Pelham, and Miss Loyd, are the foundresses. I am ashamed to say I am of so young and fashionable a society; but as they are people I live with, I choose to be idle rather than morose. I can go to a young supper, without forgetting how much sand is run out of the hour-glass. Yet I shall never pass a triste old age in turning the psalms into Latin or English verse. My plan is to pass away calmly; cheerfully if I can; sometimes to amuse myself with the rising generation, but to take care not to fatigue them, nor weary them with old stories, which will not interest them, as their adventures do not interest me. Age would indulge prejudices if it did not sometimes polish itself against younger acquaintance; but it must be the work of folly if one hopes to contract friendship with them, or desires it, or thinks one can become the same follies, or expects that they should do more than bear one for one's good-humour. In short, they are a pleasant medicine, that one should take care not to grow fond of. Medicines hurt when habit has annihilated their force; but you see I am in no danger. I intend by degrees to decrease my opium, instead of augmenting the dose. Good night! You see I never let our long-lived friendship drop, though you give it so few opportunities of breathing.

¹ Dr. Johnson, having read in the newspapers an account of a masquerade given at Edinburgh, by the Countess Dowager of Fife, at which Boswell had appeared in the character of a *dumb* conjuror, thus wrote to him:—"I have heard of your masquerade. What says your synod to such innovations? I am not studiously scrupulous, nor do I think a masquerade either evil in itself or very likely to be the occasion of evil, yet, as the world thinks it a very licentious relaxation of manners, I would not have been one of the *first* masquers in a country where no masquerades had ever been before."—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 11, 1770.

My company and I have wished for you very much to-day. The Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Delany, Mr. Bateman, and your cousin, Fred. Montagu, dined here. Lord Guildford was very obliging, and would have come if he dared have ventured. Mrs. Montagu was at Bill-hill with Lady Gower. The day was tolerable, with sun enough for the house, though not for the garden. You, I suppose, will never come again, as I have not a team of horses large enough to draw you out of the clay of Oxfordshire.

I went yesterday to see my niece¹ in her new principality of Ham. It delighted me and made me peevish. Close to the Thames, in the centre of all rich and verdant beauty, it is so blocked up and barricaded with walls, vast trees, and gates, that you think yourself an hundred miles off and an hundred years back. The old furniture is so magnificently ancient, dreary and decayed, that at every step one's spirits sink, and all my passion for antiquity could not keep them up. Every minute I expected to see ghosts sweeping by; ghosts I would not give sixpence to see, Lauderdales, Tollemaches, and Maitlands. There is one old brown gallery full of Vandycks and Lelys, charming miniatures, delightful Wouvermans, and Poulenburghs, china, japan, bronzes, ivory cabinets, and silver dogs, pokers, bellows, &c. without end. One pair of bellows is of filigree. In this state of pomp and tatters my nephew intends it shall remain, and is so religious an observer of the venerable rites of his house, that because the gates never were opened by his father but once for the late Lord Granville, you are locked out and locked in, and after journeying all round the house, as you do round an old French fortified town, you are at last admitted through the stable-yard to creep along a dark passage by the housekeeper's room, and so

¹ Charlotte, daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, married to Lord Huntingtower, who had just succeeded to the title of the Earl of Dysart, by the death of his father.—E.

by a back-door into the great hall. He seems as much afraid of water as a cat; for though you might enjoy the Thames from every window of three sides of the house, you may tumble into it before you guess it is there. In short, our ancestors had so little idea of taste and beauty, that I should not have been surprised if they had hung their pictures with the painted sides to the wall. Think of such a palace commanding all the reach of Richmond and Twickenham, with a domain from the foot of Richmond-hill to Kingston-bridge, and then imagine its being as dismal and prospectless as if it stood "on Stanmore's wintry wild!" I don't see why a man should not be divorced from his prospect as well as from his wife, for not being able to enjoy it. Lady Dysart frets, but it is not the etiquette of the family to yield, and so she must content herself with her chateau of Tonder-tentronk as well as she can. She has another such ample prison in Suffolk, and may be glad to reside where she is. Strawberry, with all its painted glass and gloom, looked as gay when I came home as Mrs. Cornelis's ball-room.

I am very busy about the last volume of my Painters, but have lost my index, and am forced again to turn over all my Vertues, forty volumes of miniature MSS.; so that this will be the third time I shall have made an index to them. Don't say I am not persevering, and yet I thought I was grown idle. What pains one takes to be forgotten! Good night!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1770.

SINCE the sharp mountain will not come to the little hill, the little hill must go to the mountain. In short, what do you think of seeing me walk into your parlour a few hours after this epistle! I had not time to notify myself sooner. The case is, Princess Amelia has insisted on my going with her to, that is, meeting her at, Stowe on Monday, for a week. She mentioned it to me some time ago, and I thought I had parried it; but having been with her at Park-place these two

or three days, she has commanded it so positively, that I could not refuse. Now, as it would be extremely inconvenient to my indolence to be dressed up in weepers and hatbands by six o'clock in the morning, and lest I should be taken for chief mourner going to Beckford's funeral,¹ I trust you will be charitable enough to give me a bed at Adderbury for one night, whence I can arrive at Stowe in a decent time, and caparisoned as I ought to be, when I have lost a brother-in-law,² and am to meet a Princess. Don't take me for a Lausun, and think all this favour portends a *second* marriage between our family and the blood-royal; nor that my visit to Stowe implies my espousing Miss Wilkes. I think I shall die as I am, neither higher nor lower; and above all things, no more politics. Yet I shall have many a private smile to myself, as I wander among all those consecrated and desecrated buildings, and think what company I am in, and of all that is past; but I must shorten my letter, or you will not have finished it when I arrive. Adieu! Yours, a-coming! a-coming!

¹ William Beckford, Esq. Lord Mayor of London, who died on the 21st of June, during his second mayoralty, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. On the 5th of the following month, at a meeting of the Common Council, "a motion being made and question put, that the statue of the Right Hon. William Beckford, late Lord Mayor, deceased, be erected in the Guildhall of this city, with the inscription of his late address to his Majesty, the same was resolved in the affirmative." The speech here alluded to is the one which the Alderman addressed to his Majesty on the 23rd of May, with reference to the King's reply—"That he should have been wanting to the public, as well as to himself, if he had not expressed his dissatisfaction at the late address." At the end of the Alderman's speech, in his copy of the City Addresses, Mr. Isaac Reed has inserted the following note:—"It is a curious fact, but a true one, that Beckford did not utter one syllable of this speech. It was penned by Horne Tooke, and by his art put on the records of the city and on Beckford's statue; as he told me, Mr. Braithwaite, Mr. Sayers, &c. at the Athenian Club. Isaac Reed." There can be little doubt, that the worthy commentator and his friends were imposed upon. In the Chatham Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 460, a letter from Sheriff Townsend to the Earl expressly states, that, with the exception of the words "and necessary" being left out before the word "revolution," the Lord Mayor's speech in the Public Advertiser of the preceding day is verbatim the one delivered to the King.—E.

² George third Earl of Cholmondeley. He married, in 1723, Mary, the youngest daughter of Sir Robert Walpole.—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Adderbury, Sunday night, July 1, 1770.

You will be enough surprised to receive a letter from me dated from your own house, and may judge of my mortification at not finding you here; exactly as it happened two years ago. In short, here I am, and will tell you how I came here; in truth, not a little against my will. I have been at Park-place with Princess Amelia, and she insisted on my meeting her at Stowe to-morrow. She had mentioned it before, and as I have no delight in a royal progress, and as little in the Seigneur Temple, I waived the honour and pleasure, and thought I should hear no more of it. However, the proposal was turned into a command, and everybody told me I could not refuse. Well, I could not come so near, and not call upon you; besides, it is extremely *convenient to my Lord Castlecomer*, for it would have been horrid to set out at seven o'clock in the morning, full-dressed in my weepers, and to step out of my chaise into a drawing-room. I wrote to you on Friday, the soonest I could after this was settled, to notify myself to you, but find I am arrived before my letter. Mrs. White is all goodness; and being the first of July, and consequently the middle of winter, has given me a good fire and some excellent coffee and bread and butter, and I am as comfortable as possible, except in having missed you. She insists on acquainting you, which makes me write this to prevent your coming; for as I must depart at twelve o'clock to-morrow, it would be dragging you home before your time for only half an hour, and I have too much regard for Lord Guildford to deprive him of your company. Don't therefore think of making this unnecessary compliment. I have treated your house like an inn, and it will not be friendly, if you do not make as free with me. I had much rather that you would take it for a visit that you ought to repay. Make my best compliments to your brother and Lord Guildford, and pity me for the six dreadful days I am going to pass. Rosette is fast asleep in your chair, or I am sure she would write a postscript.

I cannot say she is either commanded or invited to be of this royal party; but have me, have my dog.

I must not forget to thank you for mentioning Mrs. Wetenhall, on whom I should certainly wait with great pleasure, but have no manner of intention of going into Cheshire. There is not a chair or stool in Cholmondeley, and my nephew, I believe, will pull it down. He has not a fortune to furnish or inhabit it; and, if his uncle should leave him one, he would choose a pleasanter country. Adieu! Don't be formal with me, and don't trouble your hand about yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday night, July 7, 1770.

AFTER making an inn of your house, it is but decent to thank you for my entertainment, and to acquaint you with the result of my journey. The party passed off much better than I expected. A Princess at the head of a very small set for five days together did not promise well. However, she was very good-humoured and easy, and dispensed with a large quantity of etiquette. Lady Temple is good-nature itself, my lord was very civil, Lord Besborough is made to suit all sorts of people, Lady Mary Coke respects royalty too much not to be very condescending, Lady Anne Howard¹ and Mrs. Middleton filled up the drawing-room, or rather made it out, and I was so determined to carry it off as well as I could, and happened to be in such good spirits, and took such care to avoid politics, that we laughed a great deal, and had not one cloud the whole time.

We breakfasted at half an hour after nine; but the Princess did not appear till it was finished; then we walked in the garden, or drove about in cabriolets, till it was time to dress; dined at three, which, though properly proportioned to the smallness of company to avoid ostentation, lasted a vast while, as the Princess eats and talks a great deal; then again

¹ Lady Anne Howard, daughter of Henry fourth Earl, and sister of Frederick fifth Earl of Carlisle.—E.

into the garden till past seven, when we came in, drank tea and coffee, and played at pharaoh till ten, when the Princess retired, and we went to supper, and before twelve to bed. You see there was great sameness and little vivacity in all this. It was a little broken by fishing, and going round the park one of the mornings; but, in reality, the number of buildings and variety of scenes in the garden, made each day different from the rest, and my meditations on so historic a spot prevented my being tired. Every acre brings to one's mind some instance of the parts or pedantry, of the taste or want of taste, of the ambition or love of fame, or greatness or miscarriages, of those that have inhabited, decorated, planned, or visited the place. Pope, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Kent, Gibbs, Lord Cobham, Lord Chesterfield, the mob of nephews, the Lytteltons, Granvilles, Wests, Leonidas Glover, and Wilkes, the late Prince of Wales, the King of Denmark, Princess Amelia, and the proud monuments of Lord Chatham's services, now enshrined there, then anathematized there, and now again commanding there, with the temple of Friendship, like the temple of Janus, sometimes open to war, and sometimes shut up in factious cabals—all these images crowd upon one's memory, and add visionary personages to the charming scenes, that are so enriched with fanes and temples, that the real prospects are little less than visions themselves.

On Wednesday night, a small Vauxhall was acted for us at the grotto in the Elysian fields, which was illuminated with lamps, as were the thicket and two little barks on the lake. With a little exaggeration I could make you believe that nothing was so delightful. The idea was really pretty; but, as my feelings have lost something of their romantic sensibility, I did not quite enjoy such an entertainment *al fresco* so much as I should have done twenty years ago. The evening was more than cool, and the destined spot anything but dry. There were not half lamps enough, and no music but an ancient militia-man, who played cruelly on a squeaking tabor and pipe. As our procession descended the vast flight of steps into the garden, in which was assembled a

crowd of people from Buckingham and the neighbouring villages to see the Princess and the show, the moon shining very bright, I could not help laughing as I surveyed our troop, which, instead of tripping lightly to such an Arcadian entertainment, were hobbling down by the balustrades, wrapped up in cloaks and great-coats, for fear of catching cold. The Earl, you know, is bent double, the Countess very lame; I am a miserable walker, and the Princess, though as strong as a Brunswick lion, makes no figure in going down fifty stone stairs. Except Lady Anne, and by courtesy Lady Mary, we were none of us young enough for a pastoral. We supped in the grotto, which is as proper to this climate as a sea-coal fire would be in the dog-days at Tivoli.

But the chief entertainment of the week, at least what was so to the Princess, was an arch, which Lord Temple has erected to her honour in the most enchanting of all picturesque scenes. It is inscribed on one side, ‘Amelia Sophia Aug.,’ and has a medallion of her on the other. It is placed on an eminence at the top of the Elysian fields, in a grove of orange-trees. You come to it on a sudden, and are startled with delight on looking through it: you at once see, through a glade, the river winding at the bottom; from which a thicket arises, arched over with trees, but opened, and discovering a hillock full of hay-cocks, beyond which in front is the Palladian bridge, and again over that a larger hill crowned with the castle. It is a tall landscape framed by the arch and the overbowing trees, and comprehending more beauties of light, shade, and buildings, than any picture of Albano I ever saw.

Between the flattery and the prospect the Princess was really in Elysium: she visited her arch four or five times every day, and could not satiate herself with it. The statues of Apollo and the Muses stand on each side of the arch. One day she found in Apollo’s hand the following lines, which I had written for her, and communicated to Lord Temple:—

To’other day, with a beautiful frown on her brow,
To the rest of the gods said the Venus of Stowe,

"What a fuss is here made with that arch just erected,
 How *our* temples are slighted, our altars neglected!
 Since yon nymph has appear'd, *we* are noticed no more,
 All resort to *her* shrine, all *her* presence adore;
 And what's more provoking, before all our faces,
 Temple thither has drawn both the Muses and Graces."
 "Keep your temper, dear child," Phœbus cried with a smile,
 "Nor this happy, this amiable festival spoil.
 Can your shrine any longer with garlands be dress'd?
 When a true goddess reigns, all the false are suppress'd."

If you will keep my counsel, I will own to you, that originally the two last lines were much better, but I was forced to alter them out of decorum, not to be too pagan upon the occasion; in short, here they are as in the first sketch,—

"Recollect, once before that our oracle ceased,
 When a real divinity rose in the East."

So many heathen temples around had made me talk as a Roman poet would have done: but I corrected my verses, and have made them insipid enough to offend nobody. Good night! I am rejoiced to be once more in the gay solitude of my own little Tempe. Yours ever.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, July 9, 1770.

I AM not going to tell you, my dear lord, of the diversions or honours of Stowe, which I conclude Lady Mary has writ to Lady Strafford. Though the week passed cheerfully enough, it was more glory than I should have sought of my own head. The journeys to Stowe and Park-place have deranged my projects so, that I don't know where I am, and I wish they have not given me the gout into the bargain; for I am come back very lame, and not at all with the bloom that one ought to have imported from the Elysian field. Such jaunts when one is growing old is playing with edged-

tools, as my Lord Chesterfield, in one of his Worlds,¹ makes the husband say to his wife, when she pretends that gray powder does not become her. It is charming at twenty to play at Elysian fields, but it is no joke at fifty; or too great a joke. It made me laugh as we were descending the great flight of steps from the house to go and sup in the grotto on the banks of Helicon: we were so cloaked up, for the evening was very cold, and so many of us were limping and hobbling, that Charon would have easily believed we were going to ferry over in earnest. It is with much more comfort that I am writing to your lordship in the great bow-window of my new round room, which collects all the rays of the south-west sun, and composes a sort of summer; a feel I have not known this year, except last Thursday. If the rains should ever cease, and the weather settle to fine, I shall pay you my visit at Wentworth Castle; but hitherto the damps have affected me so much, that I am more disposed to return to London and light my fire, than brave the humours of a climate so capricious and uncertain, in the country. I cannot help thinking it grows worse; I certainly remember such a thing as dust: nay, I still have a clear idea of it, though I have seen none for some years, and should put some grains in a bottle for a curiosity, if it should ever fly again.

News I know none. You may be sure it was a subject carefully avoided at Stowe; and Beckford's death had not raised the glass or spirits of the master of the house. The papers make one sick with talking of that noisy vapouring fool, as they would of Algernon Sidney.

I have not happened to see your future nephew, though we have exchanged visits. It was the first time I had been at Marble-hill, since poor Lady Suffolk's death; and the impression was so uneasy, that I was not sorry not to find him at home. Adieu, my good lord! Except seeing you both, nothing can be more agreeable than to hear of yours and Lady Strafford's health, who, I hope, continues perfectly well.

¹ No. 18. A Country Gentleman's Tour to Paris with his Family.—E.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, July 12, 1770.

REPOSING under my laurels! No, no, I am reposing in a much better tent, under the tester of my own bed. I am not obliged to rise by break of day and be dressed for the drawing-room; I may saunter in my slippers till dinner-time, and not make bows till my back is as much out of joint as my Lord Temple's. In short, I should die of the gout or fatigue, if I was to be Polonius to a Princess for another week. Twice a-day we made a pilgrimage to almost every heathen temple in that province that they call a garden; and there is no sallying out of the house without descending a flight of steps as high as St. Paul's. My Lord Besborough would have dragged me up to the top of the column, to see all the kingdoms of the earth; but I would not, if he could have given them to me. To crown all, because we live under the line, and that we were all of us giddy young creatures, of near threescore, we supped in a grotto in the Elysian fields, and were refreshed with rivers of dew and gentle showers that dripped from all the trees, and put us in mind of the heroic ages, when kings and queens were shepherds and shepherdesses, and lived in caves, and were wet to the skin two or three times a-day. Well! thank Heaven, I am emerged from that Elysium, and once more in a Christian country!—Not but, to say the truth, our pagan landlord and landlady were very obliging, and the party went off much better than I expected. We had no very recent politics, though volumes about the Spanish war; and as I took care to give everything a ludicrous turn as much as I could, the Princess was diverted, the six days rolled away, and the seventh is my sabbath; and I promise you I will do no manner of work, I, nor my cat, nor my dog, nor anything that is mine. For this reason, I entreat that the journey to Goodwood may not take place before the 12th of August, when I will attend you. But this expedition to Stowe has quite blown up my intended one to Wentworth Castle: I

have not resolution enough left for such a journey. Will you and Lady Ailesbury come to Strawberry before, or after Goodwood? I know you like being dragged from home as little as I do; therefore you shall place that visit just when it is most convenient to you.

I came to town the night before last, and am just returning. There are not twenty people in all London. Are not you in despair about the summer? It is horrid to be ruined in coals in June and July. Adieu! Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 14, 1770.

I SEE by the papers this morning that Mr. Jenkinson¹ is dead. He had the reversion of my place, which would go away, if I should lose my brother. I have no pretensions to ask it, and you know it has long been my fixed resolution not to accept it. But as Lord North is your particular friend, I think it right to tell you, that you may let him know what it is worth, that he may give it to one of his own sons, and not bestow it on somebody else, without being apprized of its value. I have seldom received less than fourteen hundred a-year in money, and my brother, I think, has four more from it. There are besides many places in the gift of the office, and one or two very considerable. Do not mention this but to Lord North, or Lord Guildford. It is unnecessary, I am sure, for me to say to you, but I would wish them to be assured that in saying this, I am incapable of, and above any finesse, or view, to myself. I refused the reversion for myself several years ago, when Lord Holland was secretary of state, and offered to obtain it for me. Lord Bute, I believe, would have been very glad to have given it to me, before he gave it to Jenkinson; but I say it very seriously, and you know me enough to be cer-

¹ Charles Jenkinson, at this time one of the lords of the treasury. In 1786, he was created Baron Hawkesbury, and in 1796 advanced to the dignity of Earl of Liverpool.—E.

tain I am in earnest, that I would not accept it upon any account. Any favour Lord North will do for you will give me all the satisfaction I desire. I am near fifty-three; I have neither ambition nor interest to gratify. I can live comfortably for the remainder of my life, though I should be poorer by fourteen hundred pounds a-year; but I should have no comfort if, in the dregs of life, I did anything that I would not do when I was twenty years younger. I will trust to you, therefore, to make use of this information in the friendly manner I mean it, and to prevent my being hurt by its being taken otherwise than as a design to serve those to whom you wish well. Adieu! Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, [July 15, 1770.]

I AM sorry I wrote to you last night, for I find it is Mrs. Jenkinson¹ that is dead, and not Mr.; and therefore I should be glad to have this arrive time enough to prevent your mentioning the contents of my letter. In that case, I should not be concerned to have given you that mark of my constant good wishes, nor to have talked to you of my affairs, which are as well in your breast as my own. They never disturb me; for my mind has long taken its stamp, and as I shall leave nobody much younger than myself behind me for whom I am solicitous, I have no desire beyond being easy for the rest of my life: I could not be so if I stooped to have obligations to any man beyond what it would ever be in my power to return. When I was in Parliament, I had the additional reason of choosing to be entirely free; and my strongest reason of all is, that I will be at liberty to speak truth both living and dead. This outweighs all considerations of interest, and will convince you, though I believe you do not want that conviction, that my yesterday's letter was as sincere in its re-

¹ Amelia, daughter of William Watts, Esq. formerly governor of Fort William, in Bengal.—E.

solution as in its professions to you. Let the matter drop entirely, as it is now of no consequence. Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 3, 1770.

I AM going on in the sixth week of my fit, and having had a return this morning in my knee, I cannot flatter myself with any approaching prospect of recovery. The gate of painful age seems open to me, and I must travel through it as I may! If you have not written one word for another, I am at a loss to understand you. You say you have taken a house in London for a year, that you are gone to Waldeshare for *six months*, and then shall come for the winter. Either you mean *six weeks*, or differ with most people in reckoning April the beginning of winter. I hope your pen was in a hurry, rather than your calculation so uncommon; I certainly shall be glad of your residing in London. I have long wished to live nearer to you, but it was in happier days. I am now so dismayed by these returns of gout, that I can promise myself few comforts in any future scenes of my life.

I am much obliged to Lord Guildford and Lord North, and was very sorry that the latter came to see Strawberry in so bad a day, and when I was so extremely ill, and full of pain, that I scarce knew he was here; and as my coachman was gone to London to fetch me bootikins, there was no carriage to offer him; but, indeed, in the condition I then was, I was not capable of doing any of the honours of my house, suffering at once in my hand, knee, and both feet. I am still lifted out of bed by two servants; and by their help travel from my bedchamber down to the couch in my blue room; but I shall conclude, rather than tire you with so unpleasant a history. Adieu! Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Oct. 16, 1770.

AT last I have been able to remove to London; but though seven long weeks are gone and over since I was seized, I am only able to creep about upon a flat floor, but cannot go up and down stairs. However, I have patience, as I can at least fetch a book for myself, instead of having a servant bring me a wrong one.

I am much obliged to Lord Guildford for his goodness to me, and beg my thanks to him. When you go to Canterbury, pray don't wake the Black Prince. I am very unwarlike, and desire to live the rest of my time upon the stock of glory I saved to my share out of the last war. I know not more news than I did at Strawberry; there are not more people in town than I saw there, and I intend to return thither on Friday or Saturday. Adieu! Yours ever.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington Street, Oct. 16, 1770.

THOUGH I have so very little to say, it is but my duty, my dear lord, to thank you for your extreme goodness to me and your inquiring after me. I was very bad again last week, but have mended so much since Friday night, that I really now believe the fit is over. I came to town on Sunday, and can creep about my room even without a stick, which is more felicity to me than if I had got a white one. I do not aim yet at such preferment as walking up stairs; but having moulted my stick, I flatter myself I shall come forth again without being lame.

The few I have seen tell me there is nobody else in town. That is no grievance to me, when I should be at the mercy of all that should please to bestow their idle time upon me. I know nothing of the war-egg, but that sometimes it is to be

hatched and sometimes to be addled.¹ Many folks get into the nest, and sit as hard upon it as they can, concluding it will produce a golden chick. As I shall not be a feather the better for it, I hate that game-breed, and prefer the old hen Peace and her dunghill brood. My compliments to my lady and all her poultry.

TO THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT.²

Arlington Street, Oct. 17, 1770.

MY LORD,

I AM very glad your lordship resisted your disposition to make me an apology for doing me a great honour; for, if you had not, the Lord knows where I should have found words to have made a proper return. Still you have left me greatly in your debt. It is very kind to remember me, and kinder to honour me with your commands: they shall be zealously obeyed to the utmost of my little credit; for an artist that your lordship patronizes will, I imagine, want little recommendation, besides his own talents. It does not look, indeed, like very prompt obedience, when I am yet guessing only at Mr. Jervais's merit; but though he has lodged himself within a few doors of me, I have not been able to get to him, having been confined near two months with the gout, and still keeping my house. My first visit shall be to gratify my duty and curiosity. I am sorry to say, and beg your lordship's pardon for the confession, that, however high an opinion I have of your taste in the arts, I do not equally respect your judgment

¹ The dispute with Spain relative to the possession of the Falkland Islands, had led to a considerable augmentation both of the army and navy; which gave an appearance of authenticity to the rumours of war which were now in circulation.—E.

² James Caulfield, Earl of Charlemont, an Irish nobleman, distinguished for his literary taste and patriotism. Of him Mr. Burke said, "He is a man of such polished manners, of a mind so truly adorned and disposed to the adoption of whatever is excellent and praiseworthy, that to see and converse with him would alone induce me, or might induce any one who relished such qualities, to pay a visit to Dublin." He died in 1799, and in 1810, his *Memoirs* were published by Francis Hardy, Esq. in a quarto volume.—E.

in books. It is in truth a defect you have in common with the two great men who are the respective models of our present parties—

“The hero William, and the martyr Charles.”

You know what happened to them after patronizing Kneller and Bernini—

“One knighted Blackmore, and one pension’d Quarles.”

After so saucy an attack, my lord, it is time to produce my proof. It lies in your own postscript, where you express a curiosity to see a certain tragedy, with a hint that the other works of the same author have found favour in your sight, and that the piece ought to have been sent to you. But, my lord, even your approbation has not made that author vain; and for the play in question, it has so many perils to encounter, that it never thinks of producing itself. It peeped out of its lurking corner once or twice; and one of those times, by the negligence of a friend, had like to have been, what is often pretended in prefaces, *stolen*, and *consigned to the press*. When your lordship comes to England, which, for every reason but that, I hope will be soon, you shall certainly see it; and will then allow, I am sure, how improper it would be for the author to risk its appearance in public. However, unworthy as that author may be, from his talents, of your lordship’s favour, do not let its demerits be confounded with the esteem and attachment with which he has the honour to be, my lord, your lordship’s most devoted servant.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1770.

DEAR SIR,

IF you have not engaged your interest in Cambridge-shire, you will oblige me much by bestowing it on young Mr. Brand, the son of my particular acquaintance, and our old

school-fellow. I am very unapt to trouble my head about elections, but wish success to this.

If you see Bannerman, I should be glad you would tell him that I am going to print the last volume of my *Painters*, and should like to employ him again for some of the heads, if he cares to undertake them: though there will be a little trouble, as he does not reside in London. I am in a hurry, and am forced to be brief, but am always glad to hear of you, and from you. Yours most sincerely.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1770.

I BELIEVE our letters crossed one another without knowing it. Mine, it seems, was quite unnecessary, for I find Mr. Brand has given up the election. Yours was very kind and obliging, as they always are. Pray be so good as to thank Mr. Tyson for me a thousand times; I am vastly pleased with his work, and hope he will give me another of the plates for my volume of heads (for I shall bind up his present), and I by no means relinquish his promise of a complete set of his etchings, and of a visit to Strawberry Hill. Why should it not be with you and Mr. Essex, whom I shall be very glad to see—but what do you talk of a single day? Is that all you allow me in two years?

I rejoice to see Mr. Bentham's advertisement at last. I depend on you, dear Sir, for procuring me his book¹ the instant it is possible to have it. Pray make my compliments to all that good family. I am enraged, and almost in despair, at Pearson the glass-painter, he is so idle and dissolute. He has done very little of the window, though what he has done is glorious, and approaches very nearly to Price.

My last volume of *Painters* begins to be printed this week; but, as the plates are not begun, I doubt it will be long before the whole is ready. I mentioned to you in my last

¹ The "History and Antiquities of the Conventual and Cathedral Church at Ely," which appeared in the following year.—E.

Thursday's letter a hint about Bannerman, the engraver.
Adieu !

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1770.

DEAR SIR,

I AM very zealous, as you know, for the work ; but I agree with you in expecting very little success from the plan.¹ Activity is the best implement in such undertakings, and that seems to be wanting ; and, without that, it were vain to think of who would be at the expense. I do not know whether it were not best that Mr. Essex should publish his remarks as simply as he can. For my own part, I can do no more than I have done,—sketch out the plan. I grow too old, and am grown too indolent, to engage in any more works : nor have I time. I wish to finish some things I have by me, and to have done. The last volume of my Anecdotes, of which I was tired, is completed ; and with them I shall take my leave of publications. The last years of one's life are fit for nothing but idleness and quiet, and I am as indifferent to fame as to politics.

I can be of as little use to Mr. Granger in recommending him to the Antiquarian Society. I dropped my attendance there four or five years ago, from being sick of their ignorance and stupidity, and have not been three times amongst them since. They have chosen to expose their dulness to the world, and crowned it with Dean Milles's² nonsense. I have written a little answer to the last, which you shall see, and then wash my hands of them.

¹ Mr. Essex's projected History of Gothic Architecture. See *antè*, p. 245.—E.

² Dr. Jeremiah Milles, dean of Exeter, many years president of the Antiquarian Society. He engaged ardently in the Chatterton controversy, and published the whole of the poems purporting to be written by Rowley, with a glossary ; thereby proving himself a fit subject for that *chef-d'œuvre* of wit and poetry, the Archæological Epistle, written by Mason. Walpole's answer is entitled, "Reply to the Observations on the Remarks of the Rev. Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter and President of the Society of Antiquaries, on the Wardrobe Account of 1483, &c." It is inserted in the second volume of his collected Works.—E.

To say the truth, I have no very sanguine expectation about the Ely window. The glass-painter, though admirable, proves a very idle worthless fellow, and has yet scarce done anything of consequence. I gave Dr. Nichols notice of his character, but found him apprized of it. The Doctor, however, does not despair, but pursues him warmly. I wish it may succeed!

If you go over to Cambridge, be so good as to ask Mr. Grey when he proposes being in town; he talked of last month. I must beg you, too, to thank Mr. Tyson for his last letter. I can say no more to the plan than I have said. If he and Mr. Essex should like to come to town, I shall be very willing to talk it over with them, but I can by no means think of engaging in any part of the composition.

These holidays I hope to have time to arrange my drawings, and give Bannerman some employment towards my book, but I am in no hurry to have it appear, as it speaks of times so recent; for though I have been very tender of not hurting any living relations of the artists, the latter were in general so indifferent, that I doubt their families will not be very well content with the coldness of the praises I have been able to bestow. This reason, with my unwillingness to finish the work, and the long interval between the composition of this and the other volumes, have, I doubt, made the greatest part a very indifferent performance. An author, like other mechanics, never does well when he is tired of his profession.

I have been told that, besides Mr. Tyson, there are two other gentlemen engravers at Cambridge. I think their names are Sharp or Show, and Cobbe, but I am not at all sure of either. I should be glad, however, if I could procure any of their portraits; and I do not forget that I am already in your debt. Boydell is going to re-commence a suite of illustrious heads, and I am to give him a list of indubitable portraits of remarkable persons that have never been engraved; but I have protested against his receiving two sorts; the one, any old head of a family, when the person was moderately considerable; the other, spurious or doubtful heads; both sorts apt to be sent in by families who wish to crowd their own names into the work; as was the case more than once in Houbraken's set,

and of which honest Vertue often complained to me. The Duke of Buckingham, Carr, Earl of Somerset, and Thurloe, in that list, are absolutely not genuine—the first is John Digby Earl of Bristol. Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Christmas-day.

If poplar-pines ever grow,¹ it must be in such a soaking season as this. I wish you would send half-a-dozen by some Henley barge to meet me next Saturday at Strawberry Hill, that they may be as tall as the Monument by next summer. My cascades give themselves the airs of cataracts, and Mrs. Clive looks like the sun rising out of the ocean. Poor Mr. Raftor² is tired to death of their solitude; and, as his passion is walking, he talks with rapture of the brave rows of lamps all along the street, just as I used formerly to think no trees beautiful without lamps to them, like those at Vauxhall.

As I came to town but to dinner, and have not seen a soul, I do not know whether there is any news. I am just going to the Princess,³ where I shall hear all there is. I went to King Arthur⁴ on Saturday, and was tired to death, both of the nonsense of the piece and the execrable performance, the singers being still worse than the actors. The scenes are little better (though Garrick boasts of rivalling the French Opera,) except a pretty bridge, and a Gothic church with windows of painted glass. This scene, which should be a barbarous temple of Woden, is a perfect cathedral, and the devil offici-

¹ The first poplar-pine (or, as they have since been called, Lombardy poplar) planted in England was at Park-place, on the bank of the river near the great arch. It was a cutting brought from Turin by Lord Rochford in his carriage, and planted by General Conway's own hand.

² Brother of Mrs. Clive. He had been an actor himself, and, when his sister retired from the stage, lived with her in the house Mr. Walpole had given her at Twickenham.

³ The Princess Amelia.

⁴ Dryden's dramatic opera of King Arthur, or the British Worthy, altered by Garrick, was this year brought out at Drury-lane, and, by the aid of scenery, was very successful.—E.

ciates at a kind of high-mass ! I never saw greater absurdities. Adieu !

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1770.

THE trees came safe: I thank you for them: they are gone to Strawberry, and I am going to plant them. This paragraph would not call for a letter, but I have news for you of importance enough to dignify a dispatch. The Duc de Choiseul is fallen ! The express from Lord Harcourt arrived yesterday morning; the event happened last Monday night, and the courier set out so immediately, that not many particulars are yet known. The Duke was allowed but three hours to prepare himself, and ordered to retire to his seat at Chanteloup: but some letters say, "il ira plus loin." The Duc de Praslin is banished, too, and Chatelet is forbidden to visit Choiseul. Chatelet was to have had the marine; and I am sure is no loss to us. The Chevalier de Mui is made secretary of state *pour la guerre*; ¹ and it is concluded that the Duc d'Aiguillon is prime-minister, but was not named so in the first hurry. There ! there is a revolution ! there is a new scene opened ! Will it advance the war ? Will it make peace ? These are the questions all mankind is asking. This whale has swallowed up all gudgeon-questions. Lord Harcourt writes, that the d'Aiguillonists had officiously taken opportunities of assuring him, that if they prevailed it would be peace; but in this country we know that opponents turned ministers *can* change their language. It is added, that the morning of Choiseul's banishment,² the King said to him, "Monsieur, je vous ai dit que je ne voulais point la guerre." Yet how does this agree with Francès's³ eager protestations

¹ The Chevalier, afterwards Maréchal de Mui, was offered that place, but declined it. He eventually filled it in the early part of the reign of Louis XVI.—E.

² The Duc de Choiseul was dismissed from the ministry through the intrigues of Madame du Barry, who accused him of an improper correspondence with Spain.—E.

³ Then chargé des affaires from the French court in London.

that Choiseul's fate depended on preserving the peace? How does it agree with the Comptroller-general's offer of finding funds for the war, and of Choiseul's proving he could not?—But how reconcile half the politics one hears? De Guisnes and Francès sent their excuses to the Duchess of Argyle last night; and I suppose the Spaniards, too; for none of them were there.—Well! I shall let all this bustle cool for two days; for what Englishman does not sacrifice anything to go his Saturday out of town? And yet I am very much interested in this event; I feel much for Madame de Choiseul, though nothing for her *Corsican* husband; but I am in the utmost anxiety for my dear old friend,¹ who passed every evening with the Duchess, and was thence in great credit; and what is worse, though nobody, I think, can be savage enough to take away her pension, she may find great difficulty to get it paid—and then her poor heart is so good and warm, that this blow on her friends, at her great age, may kill her.² I have had no letter, nor had last post—whether it was stopped, or whether she apprehended the event, as I imagine—for everybody observed, on Tuesday night, at your brother's, that Francès could not open his mouth. In short, I am most seriously alarmed about her.

You have seen in the papers the designed arrangements in the law.³ They now say there is some hitch; but I suppose

¹ It appears by Madame du Deffand's Letters to Walpole, that she had addressed to him, on the 27th of December, one of considerable length, filled with details relative to the dismissal of the Duc de Choiseul, which took place on the 24th, and the appointment of his successor; but this letter is unfortunately lost.—E.

² By the reduction which the Abbé de Terrai, when he first entered upon the *contrôle général*, made upon all pensions, Madame du Deffand had lost three thousand livres of income. To her letter of the 2nd of February 1770, announcing this diminution, Walpole made the following generous reply:—"Je ne saurois souffrir une telle diminution de votre bien. Où voulez-vous faire des retranchemens? Où est-il possible que vous en fassiez? Ne daignez pas faire un pas, s'il n'est pas fait, pour remplacer vos trois mille livres. Ayez assez d'amitié pour moi pour les accepter de ma part. Accordez-moi, je vous conjure, la grâce, que je vous demande à genoux, et jouissez de la satisfaction de vous dire, j'ai un ami qui ne permettra jamais que je me jette aux pieds des grands. Ma Petite, j'insiste."—E.

³ Mr. Bathurst was created Lord Apsley, and appointed Lord Chancellor; Sir William de Grey was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas;

it turns on some demands, and so will be got over by their being granted.

Mr. Mason, the bard, gave me, yesterday, the enclosed memorial, and begged I would recommend it to you. It is in favour of a very ingenious painter. Adieu! the sun shines brightly; but it is one o'clock, and it will be set before I get to Twickenham. Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, Jan. 10, 1771.

As I am acquainted with Mr. Paul Sandby, the brother of the architect,¹ I asked him if there was a design, as I had heard, of making a print or prints of King's College Chapel, by the King's order? He answered directly, by no means. His brother made a general sketch of the chapel for the use of the lectures he reads on architecture at the Royal Academy. Thus, dear Sir, Mr. Essex may be perfectly easy that there is no intention of interfering with his work. I then mentioned to Mr. Sandby Mr. Essex's plan, which he much approved, but said the plates would cost a great sum. The King, he thought, would be inclined to patronize the work; but I own I do not know how to get it laid before him. His own artists would probably discourage any scheme that might entrench on their own advantages. Mr. Thomas Sandby, the architect, is the only one of them I am acquainted with; and Mr. Essex must think whether he would like to let him into any participation of the work. If I can get any other person to mention it to his Majesty, I will; but you know me, and that I have always kept clear of connexions with courts and ministers, and have no interest with either, and perhaps my recommendation might do as much hurt as good, especially as the artists in favour might be jealous of one who understands a little of

Mr. Thurlow, attorney-general; and Mr. Wedderburn, solicitor-general.—E.

¹ Paul Sandby, the well-known artist in water-colours, was brother to Thomas Sandby, who was professor of architecture in the Royal Academy of London.—E.

their professions, and is apt to say what he thinks. In truth, there is another danger, which is that they might not assist Mr. Essex without views of profiting of his labours. I am slightly acquainted with Mr. Chambers,¹ the architect, and have a good opinion of him: if Mr. Essex approves my communicating his plan to him or Mr. Sandby, I should think it more likely to succeed by their intervention, than by any lord of the court; for, at last, the King would certainly take the opinion of his artists. When you have talked this over with Mr. Essex, let me know the result. Till he has determined, there can be no use in Mr. Essex's coming to town.

Mr. Gray will bring down some of my drawings to Bannerman, and when you go over to Cambridge, I will beg you now and then to supervise him. For Mr. Bentham's book, I rather despair of it; and should it ever appear, he will have made people expect it too long, which will be of no service to it, though I do not doubt of its merit. Mr. Gray will show you my answer to Dr. Milles.² Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, May 29, 1771.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE but time to write you a line, that I may not detain Mr. Essex, who is so good as to take charge of this note, and of a box, which I am sure will give you pleasure, and I beg may give you a little trouble. It contains the very valuable seven letters of Edward the Sixth to Barnaby Fitz-

¹ Afterwards Sir William Chambers, author of the well-known "Treatise on Civil Architecture;" a "Dissertation on Oriental Gardening," &c. In 1775, he was appointed to superintend the building of Somerset-house, in the Strand.—E.

² In the early part of this year, Walpole's house in Arlington-street was broke open, without his servants being alarmed; all the locks forced off his drawers, cabinets, &c. their contents scattered about the rooms, and yet nothing taken away. In her letter of the 3rd of April, Madame du Deffand says, "Votre aventure fait tenir ici toute sorte de propos: les uns disent que l'on vous soupçonnait d'avoir une correspondance secrète avec M. de Choiseul."—E.

patrick. Lord Ossory, to whom they belong, has lent them to me to print: but to facilitate that, and to prevent their being rubbed or hurt by the printer, I must entreat your exactness to copy them, and return them with the copies. I need not desire your particular care; for you value these things as much as I do, and will be able to make them out better than I can do, from being so much versed in old writing. Forgive my taking this liberty with you, which, I flatter myself, will not be disagreeable. Mr. Essex and Mr. Tyson dined with me at Strawberry Hill; but could not stay so long as I wished. The party would have been still more agreeable if you had made a fourth. Adieu! dear Sir, yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, June 11, 1771.

You are very kind, dear Sir, and I ought to be, nay, what is more, I am ashamed of giving you so much trouble; but I am in no hurry for the letters. I shall not set out till the 7th of next month, and it will be sufficient if I receive them a week before I set out.

Mr. C. C. C. C. is very welcome to attack me about a Duchess of Norfolk. He is ever welcome to be in the right; to the edification I hope of all the matrons at the Antiquarian Society, who I trust will insert his criticism in the next volume of their *Archæologia*, or *Old Women's Logic*; but, indeed, I cannot bestow my time on any more of them, nor employ myself in detecting witches for vomiting pins. When they turn extortioners like Mr. Masters,¹ the law should punish them, not only for roguery, but for exceeding their province, which our ancestors limited to killing their neigh-

¹ There is a note on this letter in Cole's hand-writing. Mr. Mason had informed him, that Mr. Masters had lately read a paper at the Antiquarian Society against some mistake of Mr. Walpole's respecting a Duchess of Norfolk; and he adds, "This I informed Mr. Walpole of in my letter, and said something to him of Masters' extortion in making me pay forty pounds towards the repairing his vicarage-house at Waterbeche, which he pretended he had fitted up for my reception."

bour's cow, or crucifying dolls of wax. For my own part, I am so far from being out of charity with him, that I would give him a nag or new broom whenever he has a mind to ride to the Antiquarian sabbat, and preach against me. Though you have more cause to be angry, laugh at him as I do. One has not life enough to throw away on all the fools and knaves that come across one. I have often been attacked, and never replied but to Mr. Hume and Dr. Milles — to the first, because he had a name; to the second, because he had a mind to have one: — and yet I was in the wrong, for it was the only way he could attain one. In truth, it is being too self-interested, to expose only one's private antagonists, when one lets worse men pass unmolested. Does a booby hurt me by an attack on me, more than by any other foolish thing he does? Does not he teaze me more by anything he says to me without attacking me, than by anything he says against me behind my back? I shall, therefore, most certainly never inquire after or read Mr. C. C. C. C.'s criticism, but leave him to oblivion with her Grace of Norfolk, and our wise society. As I doubt my own writings will soon be forgotten, I need not fear that those of my answerers will be remembered.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.¹

Strawberry Hill, June 17, 1771.

I WAS very sure you would grant my request, if you could, and I am perfectly satisfied with your reasons; but I do not believe the parties concerned will be so too, especially the heads of the family, who are not so ready to serve their relations at their own expense as gratis. When I see you, I will tell you more, and what I thought I had told you.

You tax me with four days in Bedfordshire; I was but three at most, and of those the evening I went and the morning I came away, made the third day. I will try to

¹ Now first printed.

see you before I go. The Edgcumbes I should like and Lady Lyttelton, but Garrick does not tempt me at all. I have no taste for his perpetual buffoonery, and am sick of his endless expectation of flattery; but you who charge me with making a long visit to Lord and Lady Ossory,—you do not see the mote in your own eye; at least, I am sure Lady Ailesbury does not see that in hers. I could not obtain a single day from her all last year, and with difficulty got her to give me a few hours this. There is always an indispensable phœasantry that must be visited, or something from which she cannot spare four-and-twenty hours. Strawberry sets this down in its pocket-book, and resents the neglect.

At two miles from Houghton Park is the mausoleum of the Bruces, where I saw the most ridiculous monument of one of Lady Ailesbury's predecessors that ever was imagined; I beg she will never keep such company. In the midst of an octagon chapel is the tomb of Diana, Countess of Oxford and Elgin. From a huge unwieldy base of white marble rises a black marble cistern; literally a cistern that would serve for an eating-room. In the midst of this, to the knees, stands her ladyship in a white domino or shroud, with her left hand erect as giving her blessing. It put me in mind of Mrs. Cavendish when she got drunk in the bathing-tub. At another church is a kind of catacomb for the Earls of Kent: there are ten sumptuous monuments. Wrest and Hawnes are both ugly places; the house at the former is ridiculously old and bad. The state bedchamber (not ten feet high) and its drawing-room, are laced with Ionic columns of spotted velvet, and friezes of patchwork. There are bushels of deplorable earls and countesses. The garden was execrable too, but is something mended by Brown. Houghton Park and Ampthill stand finely: the last is a very good house, and has a beautiful park. The other has three beautiful old fronts, in the style of Holland House, with turrets and loggias, but not so large within. It is the worst contrived dwelling I ever saw. Upon the whole, I was much diverted with my journey. On my return I stayed but a

single hour in London, saw no soul, and came hither to meet the deluge. It has rained all night, and all day; but it is midsummer, consequently mid-winter, and one can expect no better. Adieu!

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1771.

I HAVE waited impatiently, my dear lord, for something worth putting into a letter; but trees do not speak in parliament, nor flowers write in the newspapers; and they are almost the only beings I have seen. I dined on Tuesday at Notting-hill¹ with the Countesses of Powis and Holderness, Lord and Lady Pelham, and Lord Frederick Cavendish—and Pam; and shall go to town on Friday to meet the same company at Lady Holderness's; and this short journal comprises almost my whole history and knowledge.

I must now ask your lordship's and Lady Strafford's commands for Paris. I shall set out on the 7th of next month. You will think, though you will not tell me so, that these are very juvenile jaunts at my age. Indeed, I should be ashamed if I went for any other pleasure but that of once more seeing my dear blind friend, whose much greater age forbids my depending on seeing her often.² It will, indeed, be amusing to change the scene of politics; for though I have done with our own, one cannot help hearing them—nay, reading them; for, like flies, they come to breakfast with one's bread and butter. I wish there was any other vehicle for them but a newspaper; a place into which, considering how they are exhausted, I am sure they have no pretensions. The Duc d'Aiguillon, I hear, is minister. Their

¹ The villa of Lady Mary Coke, near Kensington.

² In the February of this year Madame du Deffand had made her will, and bequeathed Walpole all her manuscripts. In her letter of the 17th, informing him that she had so done, she says—"Je fis usage de votre 'j'y consens.' J'ai une vraie satisfaction que cette affaire soit terminée, et jamais vous ne m'avez fait un plus véritable plaisir qu'en prononçant ces deux mots."—E.

politics, some way or other, must end seriously, either in despotism, a civil war, or assassination. Methinks, it is playing deep for the power of tyranny. Charles Fox is more moderate: he only games for an hundred thousand pounds that he has not.

Have you read the *Life of Benvenuto Cellini*,¹ my lord? I am angry with him for being more distracted and wrong-headed than my Lord Herbert. Till the revival of these two, I thought the present age had borne the palm of absurdity from all its predecessors. But I find our contemporaries are quiet good folks, that only game till they hang themselves, and do not kill everybody they meet in the street. Who would have thought we were so reasonable?

Ranelagh, they tell me, is full of foreign dukes. There is a Duc de la Trémouille, a Duc d'Aremberg, and other grandees. I know the former, and am not sorry to be out of his way.

It is not pleasant to leave groves and lawns and rivers for a dirty town with a dirtier ditch, calling itself the Seine; but I dare not encounter the sea and bad inns in cold weather. This consideration will bring me back by the end of August. I should be happy to execute any commission for your lordship. You know how earnestly I wish always to show myself your lordship's most faithful humble servant.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, June 22, 1771.

I JUST write you a line, dear Sir, to acknowledge the receipt of the box of papers, which is come very safe, and to give you a thousand thanks for the trouble you have taken. As you promise me another letter, I will wait to answer it.

¹ The celebrated Florentine sculptor, "one of the most extraordinary men in an extraordinary age," so designated by Walpole. His *Life*, written by himself, was first published in English in 1771, from a translation by Dr. T. Nugent; of which a new edition, corrected and enlarged, with the notes and observations of G. P. Carpani, translated by Thomas Roscoe, appeared in 1822.—E.

At present I will only beg another favour, and with less shame, as it is of a kind you will like to grant. I have lately been at Lord Ossory's at Amptill. You know Catherine of Arragon lived some time there.¹ Nothing remains of the castle, nor any marks of residence, but a very small bit of her garden. I proposed to Lord Ossory to erect a cross to her memory on the spot, and he will. I wish, therefore, you could, from your collections of books, or memory, pick out an authentic form of a cross, of a better appearance than the common run. It must be raised on two or three steps; and if they were octagon, would it not be handsomer? Her arms must be hung like an order upon it. Here is something of my idea.² The shield appendant to a collar. We will have some inscriptions to mark the cause of erection. Adieu! Your most obliged.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, June 24, 1771.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I wrote to you t'other day, I had not opened the box of letters, and consequently had not found yours, for which, and the prints, I give you a thousand thanks; though Count Bryan I have, and will return to you. Old Walker³ is very like, and is valuable for being mentioned in the Dunciad, and a curiosity, from being mentioned there without abuse.

Your notes are very judicious,⁴ and your information most useful to me in drawing up some little preface to the Letters; which, however, I shall not have time now to do before my journey, as I shall set out on Sunday se'nnight. I like your motto much. The Lady Cecilia's Letters are, as you say, more curious for the writer than the matter. We know very

¹ After her divorce from Henry the Eighth.

² A rough sketch in the margin of the letter.

³ Dr. Richard Walker, vice-master of Trinity College, by Lambourne.

⁴ From King Edward's Journal relating to Mr. Fitzpatrick.

little of those daughters of Edward IV. Yet she and her sister Devonshire lived to be old; especially Cecily, who was married to Lord Wells; and I have found why: he was first cousin to Henry VII, who, I suppose, thought it the safest match for her. I wish I knew all she and her sisters knew of their brothers, and their uncle Richard III. Much good may it do my Lord of Canterbury with his parboiled stag! Sure there must be more curiosities in Bennet Library!

Though your letter is so entertaining and useful to me, the passage I like best is a promise you make me of a visit in the autumn with Mr. Essex. Pray put him in mind of it, as I shall you. It would add much to the obligation if you would bring two or three of your MS. volumes of collections with you. Yours ever.

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Amiens, Tuesday evening, July 9, 1771.

I AM got no farther yet, as I travel leisurely, and do not venture to fatigue myself. My voyage was but of four hours. I was sick only by choice and precaution, and find myself in perfect health. The enemy, I hope, has not returned to pinch you again, and that you defy the foul fiend. The weather is but lukewarm, and I should choose to have all the windows shut, if my smelling was not much more summerly than my feeling; but the frowsiness of obsolete tapestry and needle-work is insupportable. Here are old fleas and bugs talking of Louis Quatorze like tattered refugees in the park, and they make poor Rosette attend to them, whether she will or not. This is a woful account of an evening in July, and which Monsieur de St. Lambert has omitted in his Seasons, though more natural than anything he has placed there. If the Grecian religion had gone into the folly of self-mortification, I suppose the devotees of Flora would have shut themselves up in a nasty inn, and have punished their noses for the sensuality of having smelt to a rose or a honeysuckle.

This is all I have yet to say ; for I have had no adventure, no accident, nor seen a soul but my cousin Richard Walpole, whom I met on the road and spoke to in his chaise. Tomorrow I shall lie at Chantilly, and be at Paris early on Thursday. The Churchills are there already. Good night—and a *sweet* one to you !

Paris, Wednesday night, July 10.

I was so suffocated with my inn last night, that I mustered all my resolution, rose with the *alouette*, and was in my chaise by five o'clock this morning. I got hither by eight this evening, tired, but rejoiced ; have had a comfortable dish of tea, and am going to bed in clean sheets. I sink myself even to my dear old woman¹ and my sister ; for it is impossible to sit down and be made charming at this time of night after fifteen posts, and after having been here twenty times before.

At Chantilly I crossed on the Countess of Walpole, who lies there to-night on her way to England. But I concluded she had no curiosity about me—and I could not brag of more about her—and so we had no intercourse. I am woe-begone to find my Lord F * * * in the same hotel. He is as starched as an old-fashioned plaited neckcloth, and come to suck wisdom from this curious school of philosophy. He reveres me because I was acquainted with his father ; and that does not at all increase my partiality to the son.

Luckily, the post departs early to-morrow morning. I thought you would like to hear I was arrived well. I should be happy to hear you are so ; but do not torment yourself too soon, nor will I torment you. I have fixed the 26th of August for setting out on my return. These jaunts are too juvenile. I am ashamed to look back and remember in what year of Methuselah I was here first. Rosette sends her blessing to her daughter. Adieu ! Yours ever.

¹ Madame du Deffand ; who, in her letter to Walpole of the 12th of June, had said, “ Je sens l'excès de votre complaisance ; j'ai tant de joie de l'espérance de vous revoir qu'il me semble que rien ne peut plus m'affliger ni m'attrister.”—E.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, July 30, 1771.

I do not know where you are, nor where this will find you, nor when it will set out to seek you, as I am not certain by whom I shall send it. It is of little consequence, as I have nothing material to tell you, but what you probably may have heard.

The distress here is incredible, especially at court. The King's tradesmen are ruined, his servants starving, and even angels and archangels cannot get their pensions and salaries, but sing "Woe! woe! woe!" instead of Hosannahs. Compiègne is abandoned; Villiers-coterets and Chantilly¹ crowded, and Chanteloup² still more in fashion, whither everybody goes that pleases; though, when they ask leave, the answer is, "Je ne le defends ni le permets." This is the first time that ever the will of a King of France was interpreted against his inclination. Yet, after annihilating his Parliament, and ruining public credit, he tamely submits to be affronted by his own servants. Madame de Beauveau, and two or three high-spirited dames, defy this Czar of Gaul. Yet they and their cabal are as inconsistent on the other hand. They make epigrams, sing vaudevilles³ against the mistress, hand about

¹ The country palaces of the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Condé; who were in disgrace at court for having espoused the cause of the Parliament of Paris, banished by the Chancellor Maupeou.

² The country seat of the Duc de Choiseul, to which, on his ceasing to be first minister, he was banished by the King.

³ The following échantillon of these vaudevilles was given by Madame du Deffand to Walpole:—

" L'avez-vous vue, ma Du Barry,
Elle a ravi mon ame ;
Pour elle j'ai perdu l'esprit,
Des Français j'ai le blâme:
Charmants enfans de la Gourdon,
Est-elle chez vous maintenant ?
Rendez-la-moi,
Je suis le Roi,
Soulagez mon martyre ;
Rendez-la-moi,
Elle est à moi,
Je suis son pauvre Sire.
L'avez-vous vue, etc.

libels against the Chancellor, and have no more effect than a sky-rocket; but in three months will die to go to court, and to be invited to sup with Madame du Barry. The only real struggle is between the Chancellor¹ and the Duc d'Aiguillon. The first is false, bold, determined, and not subject to little qualms. The other is less known, communicates himself to nobody, is suspected of deep policy and deep designs, but seems to intend to set out under a mask of very smooth varnish; for he has just obtained the payment of all his bitter enemy La Chalotais' pensions and arrears. He has the advantage, too, of being but moderately detested in comparison of his rival, and, what he values more, the interest of the mistress.² The Comptroller-general serves both, by acting mischief more sensibly felt; for he ruins everybody but those who purchase a respite from his mistress.³ He dispenses bankruptcy by retail, and will fall, because he cannot even by these means be useful enough. They are striking off nine millions from *la caisse militaire*, five from the marine, and one from the *affaires étrangères*: yet all this will not extricate them. You never saw a great nation in so disgraceful a position. Their next prospect is not better: it rests on an *imbécille*, both in mind and body.

July 31.

Mr. Churchill and my sister set out to-night after supper, and I shall send this letter by them. There are no new books, no new plays, no new novels; nay, no new fashions. They have dragged old Mademoiselle Le Maure out of a re-

“ Je sais qu'autrefois les laquais
 Ont fêté ses jeunes attrait; ;
 Que les cochers,
 Les perruquiers,
 L'aimaient, l'aimaient d'amour extrême,
 Mais pas autant que je l'aime.
 L'avez-vous vue,” etc.—E.

¹ Maupeou.

² Madame du Barry.

³ The Abbé Terrai was comptroller-general of the finances. His mistress, known in the fashionable circles of Paris by the name of La Sultane, received money, as it was supposed, in concert with the Abbé himself, for every act of favour or justice solicited from the department over which he presided.—E.

treat of thirty years, to sing at the Colisée, which is a most gaudy Ranelagh, gilt, painted, and becupided like an Opera, but not calculated to last as long as Mother Coliseum, being composed of chalk and pasteboard. Round it are courts of *treillage*, that serve for nothing, and behind it a canal, very like a horse-pond, on which there are fireworks and justs. Altogether it is very pretty; but as there are few nabobs and nabobesses in this country, and as the middling and common people are not much richer than Job when he had lost everything but his patience, the proprietors are on the point of being ruined, unless the project takes place that is talked of. It is, to oblige Corneille, Racine, and Molière to hold their tongues twice a-week, that their audiences may go to the Colisée. This is like our Parliament's adjourning when senators want to go to Newmarket. There is a Monsieur Gaillard writing a "History of the Rivalité de la France et de l'Angleterre."¹ I hope he will not omit this parallel.

The instance of their poverty that strikes *me* most, who make political observations by the thermometer of baubles, is, that there is nothing new in their shops. I know the faces of every snuff-box and every tea-cup as well as those of Madame du Lac and Monsieur Poirier. I have chosen some cups and saucers for my Lady Ailesbury, as she ordered me; but I cannot say they are at all extraordinary. I have bespoken two cabriolets for her, instead of six, because I think them very dear, and that she may have four more if she likes them. I shall bring, too, a sample of a *baguette* that suits them. For myself, between economy and the want of novelty, I have not laid out five guineas — a very memorable anecdote in the history of my life. Indeed, the Czarina and I have a little dis-

¹ In a letter to Walpole, Madame du Deffand thus speaks of this work:—"Il m'arrive une bonne fortune après laquelle je soupirais depuis long-temps, c'est un livre qui me plaît infiniment: il est de M. Gaillard; il a pour titre 'Rivalité de la France et de l'Angleterre;' il est par chapitres, et chaque chapitre est les événemens du règne d'un Roi de France et d'un Roi d'Angleterre contemporains. Il est bien loin d'être fini; il n'en est qu'à Philippe de Valois et Edouard Trois. Il n'y a que trois volumes; il y en aura peut-être douze ou quinze." The work, which was not completed till the year 1774, extended to eleven volumes.—E.

pute: she has offered to purchase the whole Crozat collection of pictures, at which I had intended to ruin myself. The Turks thank her for it!—*Apropos*, they are sending from hence fourscore officers to Poland, each of whom I suppose, like Almanzor, can stamp with his foot and raise an army.

As my sister travels like a Tartar princess with her whole horde, she will arrive too late almost for me to hear from you in return to this letter, which in truth requires no answer, *vû que* I shall set out myself on the 26th of August. You will not imagine that I am glad to save myself the pleasure of hearing from you; but I would not give you the trouble of writing unnecessarily. If you are at home, and not in Scotland, you will judge by these dates where to find me. Adieu!

P. S. Instead of restoring the Jesuits, they are proceeding to annihilate the Celestines, Augustines, and some other orders.

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Paris, August 5, 1771.

It is a great satisfaction to me to find by your letter of the 30th, that you have had no return of your gout. I have been assured here, that the best remedy is to cut one's nails in hot water. It is, I fear, as certain as any other remedy! It would at least be so here, if their bodies were of a piece with their understandings; or if both were as curable as they are the contrary. Your prophecy, I doubt, is not better founded than the prescription. I may be lame; but I shall never be a duck, nor deal in the garbage of the Alley.

I envy your *Strawberry tide*, and need not say how much I wish I was there to receive you. Methinks, I should be as glad of a little grass, as a seaman after a long voyage. Yet English gardening gains ground here prodigiously—not much at a time, indeed—I have literally seen one, that is exactly like a tailor's paper of patterns. There is a Monsieur Boutin, who has tacked a piece of what he calls an English garden to a set of stone terraces, with steps of turf. There are

three or four very high hills, almost as high as, and exactly in the shape of, a tansy pudding. You squeeze between these and a river, that is conducted at obtuse angles in a stone channel, and supplied by a pump; and when walnuts come in I suppose it will be navigable. In a corner enclosed by a chalk wall are the samples I mentioned: there is a stripe of grass, another of corn, and a third *en friche*, exactly in the order of beds in a nursery. They have translated Mr. Whately's book,¹ and the Lord knows what barbarism is going to be laid at our door. This new *Anglomanie* will literally be *mad English*.

New *arrêts*, new retrenchments, new misery, stalk forth every day. The Parliament of Besançon is dissolved; so are the *grenadiers de France*. The King's tradesmen are all bankrupt; no pensions are paid, and everybody is reforming their suppers and equipages. Despotism makes converts faster than ever Christianity did. Louis *Quinze* is the true *rex Christianissimus*, and has ten times more success than his draagooning great-grandfather. Adieu, my dear Sir! Yours most faithfully.

Friday, 9th.

This was to have gone by a private hand, but cannot depart till Monday; so I may be continuing my letter till I bring it myself. I have been again at the Chartreuse; and, though it was the sixth time, I am more enchanted with those paintings² than ever. If it is not the first work in the world, and must yield to the Vatican, yet in simplicity and harmony it beats Raphael himself. There is a vapour over all the pictures, that makes them more natural than any representation of objects—I cannot conceive how it is effected! You see them through the shine of a south-east wind. These poor folks do not know the inestimable treasure they possess—but they are perishing these pictures, and one gazes at them as at

¹ Entitled “An Essay on Design in Gardening.” Mr. Whately was at this time under-secretary of state, and member for Castle Rising. In January 1772, he was made keeper of the King's private roads, gates, and bridges, and died in the June following.—E.

² The Life of St. Bruno, painted by Le Sœur, in the cloister of the Chartreuse.

a setting sun. There is the purity of Racine in them, but they give me more pleasure — and I should much sooner be tired of the poet than of the painter.

It is very singular that I have not half the satisfaction in going into churches and convents that I used to have. The consciousness that the vision is dispelled, the want of fervour so obvious in the religious, the solitude that one knows proceeds from contempt, not from contemplation, make those places appear like abandoned theatres destined to destruction. The monks trot about as if they had not long to stay there; and what used to be holy gloom is now but dirt and darkness. There is no more deception than in a tragedy acted by candle-snuffers. One is sorry to think that an empire of common sense would not be very picturesque; for, as there is nothing but taste that can compensate for the imagination of madness, I doubt there will never be twenty men of taste for twenty thousand madmen. The world will no more see Athens, Rome, and the Medici again, than a succession of five good emperors, like Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonines.

August 13.

Mr. Edmonson has called on me; and, as he sets out tomorrow, I can safely trust my letter to him. I have, I own, been much shocked at reading Gray's¹ death in the papers. 'Tis an hour that makes one forget any subject of complaint, especially towards one with whom I lived in friendship from thirteen years old. As self lies so rooted in self, no doubt the nearness of our ages made the stroke recoil to my own breast; and having so little expected his death, it is plain how little I expect my own. Yet to you, who of all men living are the most forgiving, I need not excuse the concern I feel. I fear most men ought to apologize for their want of feeling, instead of palliating that sensation when they have it. I thought that

¹ "On the 24th of July," says Mr. Mitford, "Gray, while at dinner in the college hall, was seized with an attack of the gout in his stomach. The violence of the disease resisted all the powers of medicine: on the 29th he was seized with convulsions, which returned more violently on the 30th; and he expired on the evening of that day, in the fifty-fifth year of his age." Works, vol. i. p. lvi.—E.

what I had seen of the world had hardened my heart; but I find that it had formed my language, not extinguished my tenderness. In short, I am really shocked — nay, I am hurt at my own weakness, as I perceive that when I love anybody, it is for my life; and I have had too much reason not to wish that such a disposition may very seldom be put to the trial.¹ You, at least, are the only person to whom I would venture to make such a confession.

Adieu! my dear Sir! Let me know when I arrive, which will be about the last day of the month, when I am likely to see you. I have much to say to you. Of being here I am most heartily tired, and nothing but this dear old woman should keep me here an hour — I am weary of them to death — but that is not new! Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, August 11, 1771.

You will have seen, I hope, before now, that I have not neglected writing to you. I sent you a letter by my sister, but doubt she has been a great while upon the road, as they travel with a large family. I was not sure where you was, and would not write at random by the post.

I was just going out when I received yours and the newspapers. I was struck in a most sensible manner, when, after reading your letter, I saw in the newspapers that Gray is dead! So very ancient an intimacy,² and, I suppose, the natural reflection to self on losing a person but a year older, made me absolutely start in my chair. It seemed more a corporal than a mental blow; and yet I am exceedingly concerned for him, and everybody must be so for the loss of such a

¹ "It will appear from this and the two following letters," observes Mr. Mitford, "that Walpole's affection and friendship for Gray was warm and sincere after the reconciliation took place; and indeed, before that, and immediately after the quarrel, I believe his regard for Gray was undiminished." Works, vol. iv. p. 212.—E.

² It will be recollected, that General Conway travelled with Gray and Walpole in 1739, and separated from them at Geneva.—E.

genius. He called on me but two or three days before I came hither; he complained of being ill, and talked of the gout in his stomach — but I expected his death no more than my own — and yet the same death will probably be mine.¹ I am full of all these reflections — but shall not attrist you with them: only do not wonder that my letter will be short, when my mind is full of what I do not give vent to. It was but last night that I was thinking how few persons last, if one lives to be old, to whom one can talk without reserve. It is impossible to be intimate with the young, because they and the old cannot converse on the same common topics; and of the old that survive, there are few one can commence a friendship with, because one has probably all one's life despised their heart or their understandings. These are the steps through which one passes to the unenviable lees of life!

I am very sorry for the state of poor Lady Beauchamp. It presages ill. She had a prospect of long happiness. Opium is a very false friend. I will get you Bougainville's book.² I think it is on the Falkland Isles, for it cannot be on those just discovered; but as I set out to-morrow se'nnight, and probably may have no opportunity sooner of sending it, I will bring it myself. Adieu! Yours ever.

¹ Gray's last letter to Walpole was dated March 17, 1771; it contained the following striking passage:—"He must have a very strong stomach that can digest the *crambe recocta* of Voltaire. Atheism is a vile dish, though all the cooks of France combine to make new sauces to it. As to the soul, perhaps they may have none on the Continent; but I do think we have such things in England; Shakspeare, for example, I believe, had several to his own share. As to the Jews (though they do not eat pork), I like them, because they are better Christians than Voltaire." Works, vol. iv. p. 190.—E.

² An English translation of the book appeared in 1773, under the title of "History of a Voyage to the Malouine, or Falkland Islands, made in 1763 and 1764, under the command of M. de Bougainville; and of two Voyages to the Straits of Magellan, with an account of the Patagonians; translated from Don Pernetty's Historical Journal, written in French." In the same year was published a translation of Bougainville's "Voyage autour du Monde." This celebrated circumnavigator retired from the service in 1790. He afterwards was made Count and Senator by Napoleon Buonaparte, became member of the National Institute and of the Royal Society of London, and died at Paris in 1811, at the age of eighty-two.—E.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Paris, August 12, 1771.

DEAR SIR,

I AM excessively shocked at reading in the papers that Mr. Gray is dead ! I wish to God you may be able to tell me it is not true ! Yet in this painful uncertainty I must rest some days ! None of my acquaintance are in London — I do not know to whom to apply but to you — alas ! I fear in vain ! Too many circumstances speak it true ! — the detail is exact ; — a second paper arrived by the same post, and does not contradict it — and, what is worse, I saw him but four or five days before I came hither ; he had been to Kensington for the air, complained of the gout flying about him, of sensations of it in his stomach : I, indeed, thought him changed, and that he looked ill — still I had not the least idea of his being in danger — I started up from my chair when I read the paragraph — a cannon-ball would not have surprised me more ! The shock but ceased, to give way to my concern ; and my hopes are too ill-founded to mitigate it. If nobody has the charity to write to me, my anxiety must continue till the end of the month, for I shall set out on my return on the 26th ; and unless you receive this time enough for your answer to leave London on the 20th, in the evening, I cannot meet it till I find it in Arlington-street, whither I beg you to direct it.

If the event is but too true, pray add to this melancholy service, that of telling me any circumstance you know of his death. Our long, very long friendship, and his genius, must endear to me everything that relates to him. What writings has he left ? Who are his executors ?¹ I should earnestly wish, if he has destined anything to the public, to print it at

¹ His executors were, Mason the poet and the Rev. Dr. Brown, master of Pembroke Hall. "He hath desired," wrote Dr. Brown to Dr. Wharton, "to be buried near his mother at Stoke, near Windsor, and that one of his executors would see him laid in the grave ; a melancholy task, which must come to my share, for Mr. Mason is not here." Works, vol. iv. p. 206.—E.

my press—it would do me honour, and would give me an opportunity of expressing what I feel for him. Methinks, as we grow old, our only business here is to adorn the graves of our friends, or to dig our own! Adieu, dear Sir! Yours ever.

P. S. I heard this unhappy news but last night; and have just been told, that Lord Edward Bentinck goes in haste to-morrow to England; so that you will receive this much sooner than I expected: still I must desire you to direct to Arlington-street, as by far the surest conveyance to me.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Paris, August 25, 1771.

I HAVE passed my biennial six weeks here, my dear lord, and am preparing to return as soon as the weather will allow me. It is some comfort to the patriot virtue, envy, to find this climate worse than our own. There were four very hot days at the end of last month, which, you know, with us northern people compose a summer: it has rained half this, and for these three days there has been a deluge, a storm, and extreme cold. Yet these folks shiver in silk, and sit with their windows open till supper-time. Indeed, firing is very dear, and nabobs very scarce. Economy and retrenchment are the words in fashion, and are founded in a little more than caprice. I have heard no instance of luxury but in Mademoiselle Guimard, a favourite dancer, who is building a palace: round the *salle à manger* there are windows that open upon hot-houses, that are to produce flowers all winter. That is worthy of * * * * *. There is a finer dancer, whom Mr. Hobart is to transplant to London; a Mademoiselle Heinel or Ingle, a Fleming.¹ She is tall, perfectly

¹ “It was at this time,” says Dr. Burney, “that dancing seemed first to gain the ascendant over music, by the superior talents of Mademoiselle Heinel, whose grace and execution were so perfect as to eclipse all other excellence. Crowds assembled at the Opera-house, more for the gratification of the eye than the ear; for neither the invention of a new composer, nor the talents of new singers, attracted the public to the theatre, which was almost abandoned till the arrival of this lady, whose extraordi-

made, very handsome, and has a set of attitudes copied from the classics. She moves as gracefully slow as Pygmalion's statue when it was coming to life, and moves her leg round as imperceptibly as if she was dancing in the zodiac. But she is not Virgo.

They make no more of breaking parliaments here than an English mob does of breaking windows. It is pity people are so ill-sorted. If this King and ours could cross over and figure in, Louis XV. would dissolve our parliament if Polly Jones did but say a word to him. They have got into such a habit of it here, that you would think a parliament was a polypus: they cut it in two, and by next morning half of it becomes a whole assembly. This has literally been the case at Besançon.¹ Lord and Lady Barrymore, who are in the highest favour at Compiègne, will be able to carry over the receipt.

Everybody feels in their own way. My grief is to see the ruinous condition of the palaces and pictures. I was yesterday at the Louvre. Le Brun's noble gallery, where the battles of Alexander are, and of which he designed the ceiling, and even the shutters, bolts, and locks, is in a worse condition than the old gallery at Somerset-house. It rains in upon the pictures, though there are stores of much more valuable pieces than those of Le Brun. Heaps of glorious works by Raphael and all the great masters are piled up and equally neglected at Versailles. Their care is not less destructive in private houses. The Duke of Orleans' pictures and the Prince of Monaco's have been cleaned, and varnished so thick that you may see your face in them; and some of them have been transported from board to cloth, bit by bit, and the seams

nary merit had an extraordinary recompence; for, besides the six hundred pounds' salary allowed her by the Honourable Mr. Hobart, as manager, she was complimented with a *regallo* of six hundred more from the Maccaroni Club. 'E' molto particolare,' said Cocchi, the composer; 'ma quei Inglesi non fanno conto d'alcuna cosa se non è ben pagata.' It is very extraordinary that the English set no value upon anything but what they pay an exorbitant price for."—E.

¹ The Parliaments of Besançon, Bourdeaux, Toulouse, and Britany, were, in succession, totally suppressed by Louis XV. New courts were assembled in their stead; most of the former members being sent into banishment.—E.

filled up with colour; so that in ten years they will not be worth sixpence. It makes me as peevish as if I was posterity! I hope your lordship's works will last longer than these of Louis XIV. The glories of his *siècle* hasten fast to their end, and little will remain but those of his authors.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Sept. 7, 1771.

I ARRIVED yesterday,¹ within an hour or two after you was gone, which mortified me exceedingly: Lord knows when I shall see you. You are so active and so busy, and cast bullets² and build bridges, are pontifex maximus, and, like Sir John Thorold or Cimon,

—— triumph over land and wave,

that one can never get a word with you. Yet I am very well worth a general's or a politician's ear. I have been deep in all the secrets of France, and confidant of some of the principals of both parties. I know what is, and is to be, though I am neither priest nor conjurer—and have heard a vast deal about breaking carabiniers and grenadiers; though, as usual, I dare to say I shall give a woful account of both. The worst part is, that by the most horrid oppression and injustice their finances will very soon be in good order—unless some bankrupt turns Ravallac, which will not surprise me. The horror the nation has conceived of the King and Chancellor

¹ Mr. Walpole arrived at Paris on the 10th of July, and left it on the 2nd of September.—E.

² Mr. Conway was now at the head of the ordnance, but with the title and appointments of lieutenant-general only. The particular circumstances attending this are thus recorded in a letter from Mr. Walpole to another correspondent at the time (January 1770), and deserve to be known:—"The King offered the mastership of the ordnance, on Lord Granby's resignation, to Mr. Conway, who is only lieutenant-general of it: he said he had lived in friendship with Lord Granby, and would not profit by his spoils; but, as he thought he could do some essential service in the office, where there were many abuses, if his Majesty would be pleased to let him continue as he is, he would do the business of the office without accepting the salary."—E.

makes it probable that the latter, at least, will be sacrificed. He seems not to be without apprehension, and has removed from the King's library a MS. trial of a chancellor who was condemned to be hanged under Charles VII. For the King, *qui a fait ses épreuves*, and not to his honour, you will not wonder that he lives in terrors.

I have executed all Lady Ailesbury's commissions; but mind, I do not commission you to tell her, for you would certainly forget it. As you will, no doubt, come to town to report who burnt Portsmouth,¹ I will meet you here, if I am apprized of the day. Your niece's marriage² pleases me extremely. Though I never saw him till last night, I know a great deal of her future husband, and like his character. His person is much better than I expected, and far preferable to many of the fine young moderns. He is better than Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, at least as well as the Duke of Devonshire, and Adonis compared to the charming Mr. Fitzpatrick. Adieu !

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 10, 1771.

HOWEVER melancholy the occasion is, I can but give you a thousand thanks, dear Sir, for the kind trouble you have taken, and the information you have given me about poor Mr. Gray. I received your first letter at Paris; the last I found at my house in town, where I arrived only on Friday last. The circumstance of the professor refusing to rise in the night and visit him, adds to the shock. Who is that true professor of physic? Jesus ! is their absence to murder as well as their presence ?

¹ On the 27th of July, a fire had broken out in the dockyard at Portsmouth, which, as it might have been highly prejudicial to the country at that period, excited universal alarm. The loss sustained by it, which at first was supposed to be half a million, is said to have been about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.—E.

² The marriage of Lady Gertrude Seymour Conway to Lord Villiers, afterwards Earl of Grandison.

I have not heard from Mr. Mason, but I have written to him. Be so good as to tell the Master at Pembroke,¹ though I have not the honour of knowing him, how sensible I am of his proposed attention to me, and how much I feel for him in losing a friend of so excellent a genius. Nothing will allay my own concern like seeing any of his compositions that I have not yet seen. It is buying even them too dear—but when the author is irreparably lost, the produce of his mind is the next best possession. I have offered my press to Mr. Mason, and hope it will be accepted.

Many thanks for the cross, dear Sir; it is precisely what I wished. I hope you and Mr. Essex preserve your resolution of passing a few days here between this and Christmas. Just at present, I am not my own master, having stepped into the middle of a sudden match in my own family. Lord Hertford is going to marry his third daughter to Lord Villiers, son of Lady Grandison, the present wife of Sir Charles Montagu. We are all felicity, and in a round of dinners. I am this minute returned from Beaumont-lodge at Old Windsor, where Sir *Charles Grandison* lives. I will let you know, if the papers do not, when our festivities are subsided.

I shall receive with gratitude from Mr. Tyson either drawing or etching of our departed friend; but wish not to have it inscribed to me, as it is an honour more justly due to Mr. Stonehewer. If the Master of Pembroke will accept a copy of a small picture I have of Mr. Gray, painted soon after the publication of the Ode on Eton, it shall be at his service—and after his death I beg it may be bequeathed to his college. Adieu!

¹ Dr. James Brown. Gray used to call him “le petit bon homme;” and Cole, in his *Athenæ Cantab.* says of him—“He is a very worthy man, a good scholar, small, and short-sighted.” In the Chatham Correspondence there will be found an interesting letter from the Master of Pembroke to Lord Chatham, in which he thus speaks of his illustrious son, the future minister of this country:—“Notwithstanding the illness of your son, I have myself seen, and have heard enough from his tutors, to be convinced both of his extraordinary genius and most amiable disposition. He promises fair, indeed, to be one of those extraordinary persons whose eminent parts, equalled by as eminent industry, continue in a progressive state throughout their lives: such persons appear to be formed by Heaven to assist and bless mankind.” Vol. iv. p. 311.—E.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 12, 1771.

DEAR SIR,

As our wedding will not be so soon as I expected, and as I should be unwilling you should take a journey in bad weather, I wish it may be convenient to you and Mr. Essex to come hither on the 25th day of this present month. If one can depend on any season, it is on the *chill suns* of October, which, like an elderly beauty, are less capricious than spring or summer. Our old-fashioned October, you know, reached eleven days into modern November, and I still depend on that reckoning, when I have a mind to protract the year.

Lord Ossory is charmed with Mr. Essex's cross,¹ and wishes much to consult him on the proportions. Lord Ossory has taken a small house very near mine; is now, and will be here again, after Newmarket. He is determined to erect it at Amptill, and I have written the following lines to record the reason :

In days of old here Amptill's towers were seen ;
The mournful refuge of an injured queen.
Here flow'd her pure, but unavailing tears ;
Here blinded zeal sustain'd her sinking years.
Yet Freedom hence her radiant banners waved,
And love avenged a realm by priests enslaved.
From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed.

I hope the satire on Henry VIII. will make you excuse the compliment to Luther, which, like most poetic compliments, does not come from my heart. I only like him better than Henry, Calvin, and the church of Rome, who were bloody persecutors. Calvin was an execrable villain, and the worst of all; for he copied those whom he pretended to correct. Luther was as jovial as Wilkes, and

¹ Mr. Cole had applied to Mr. Essex, who furnished a design for the cross, which was followed.

served the cause of liberty without canting. Yours most sincerely.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 23, 1771.

I AM sorry, dear Sir, that I cannot say your answer is as agreeable and entertaining as you flatter me my letter was; but consider, you are prevented coming to me, and have flying pains of rheumatism—either were sufficient to spoil your letter.

I am sure of being here till to-morrow se'nnight, the last of this month; consequently I may hope to see Mr. Essex here on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday next. After that I cannot answer for myself, on account of our wedding, which depends on the return of a courier from Ireland. If I can command any days certain in November, I will give you notice; and yet I shall have a scruple of dragging you so far from home at such a season. I will leave it to your option, only begging you to be assured that I shall always be most happy to see you.

I am making a very curious purchase at Paris, the complete armour of Francis the First. It is gilt in relief, and is very rich and beautiful. It comes out of the Crozat collection.¹ I am building a small chapel, too, in my garden, to receive two valuable pieces of antiquity, and which have been presents singularly lucky for me. They are the window from Bexhill, with the portraits of Henry III. and his Queen, procured for me by Lord Ashburnham. The other, great part of the tomb of Capoccio, mentioned in my Anecdotes of Painting on the subject of the Confessor's shrine, and sent to me from Rome by Mr. Hamilton, our minister

¹ This curiosity was at first estimated at a thousand crowns, but Madame du Deffand finally purchased it for Walpole for fifty louis. "Ce bijou," she says, "me paraît un peu cher, et ressemble beaucoup aux casques du Château d'Otrante: si vous persistez à le désirer, je le payerai, je le ferai encaisser et partir sur le champ. C'est certainement une pièce très belle et très rare, mais infiniment chère."—E.

at Naples. It is very extraordinary that I should happen to be master of these curiosities. After next summer, by which time my castle and collection will be complete (for if I buy more I must build another castle for another collection), I propose to form another catalogue and description, and shall take the liberty to call on you for your assistance. In the mean time there is enough new to divert you at present.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Late Strawberry Hill, Jan. 7, 1772.

YOU have read of my calamity without knowing it, and will pity me when you do. I have been blown up; my castle is blown up; Guy Fawkes has been about my house; and the 5th of November has fallen on the 6th of January! In short, nine thousand powder-mills broke loose yesterday morning on Hounslow-heath;¹ a whole squadron of them came hither, and have broken eight of my painted-glass windows; and the north side of the castle looks as if it had stood a siege. The two saints in the hall have suffered martyrdom! they have had their bodies cut off, and nothing remains but their heads. The two next great sufferers are indeed two of the least valuable, being the passage-windows to the library and great parlour—a fine pane is demolished in the round-room; and the window by the gallery is damaged. Those in the cabinet, and Holbein-room, and gallery, and blue-room, and green-closet, &c. have escaped. As the storm came from the north-west, the china-closet was not touched, nor a cup fell down. The bow-window of brave old coloured glass, at Mr. Hindley's, is massacred; and all the north sides of Twickenham and Brentford are shattered. At London it was proclaimed an earthquake, and half the inhabitants ran into the street.

¹ Three powder-mills blew up on Hounslow-heath, on the 6th of January, when such was the violence of the explosion, that it was felt not only in the metropolis, but as far as Gloucester, and was very generally mistaken for the shock of an earthquake.—E.

As lieutenant-general of the ordnance, I must beseech you to give strict orders that no more powder-mills may blow up. My aunt, Mrs. Kerwood, reading one day in the papers that a distiller's had been burnt by the head of the still flying off, said, she wondered they did not make an act of parliament against the heads of stills flying off. Now, I hold it much easier for you to do a body this service; and would recommend to your consideration, whether it would not be prudent to have all magazines of powder kept under water till they are wanted for service. In the mean time, I expect a pension to make me amends for what I have suffered under the government. Adieu! Yours.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1772.

It is long indeed, dear Sir, since we corresponded. I should not have been silent if I had had anything worth telling you in your way; but I grow such an antiquity myself, that I think I am less fond of what remains of our predecessors.

I thank you for Bannerman's proposal; I mean, for taking the trouble to send it, for I am not at all disposed to subscribe. I thank you more for the note on King Edward; I mean, too, for your friendship in thinking of me. Of Dean Milles I cannot trouble myself to think any more. His piece is at Strawberry: perhaps I may look at it for the sake of your note. The bad weather keeps me in town, and a good deal at home; which I find very comfortable, literally practising what so many persons pretend they intend, being quiet and enjoying my fire-side in my elderly days.

Mr. Mason has shown me the relics of poor Mr. Gray. I am sadly disappointed at finding them so very inconsiderable. He always persisted, when I inquired about his writings, that he had nothing by him. I own I doubted. I am grieved he was so very near exact—I speak of my own satisfaction; as to his genius, what he published during his life will esta-

blish his fame as long as our language lasts, and there is a man of genius left. There is a silly fellow, I do not know who, that has published a volume of Letters on the English Nation, with characters of our modern authors. He has talked such nonsense on Mr. Gray, that I have no patience with the compliments he has paid me. He must have an excellent taste! and gives me a woful opinion of my own trifles, when he likes them, and cannot see the beauties of a poet that ought to be ranked in the first line.

I am more humbled by any applause in the present age, than by hosts of such critics as Dean Milles. Is not Garrick reckoned a tolerable author, though he has proved how little sense is necessary to form a great actor? His Cymon, his prologues and epilogues, and forty such pieces of trash, are below mediocrity, and yet delight the mob in the boxes as well as in the footman's gallery. I do not mention the things written in his praise; because he writes most of them himself. But you know any one popular merit can confer all merit. Two women talking of Wilkes, one said he squinted—t'other replied, "Squints!—well, if he does, it is not more than a man should squint." For my part, I can see how extremely well Garrick acts, without thinking him six feet high. It is said Shakspeare was a bad actor; why do not his divine plays make our wise judges conclude that he was a good one? They have not a proof of the contrary, as they have in Garrick's works—but what is it to you or me what he is? We may see him act with pleasure, and nothing obliges us to read his writings.¹

¹ The best defence of Garrick against the charges which Walpole so repeatedly brings against him will be found in the estimation in which he was held by the most distinguished of his contemporaries. His friend Dr. Johnson thought well of his talent in prologue writing: "Dryden," he said, "has written prologues superior to any that David has written; but David has written more good prologues than Dryden has done. It is wonderful that he has been able to write such variety of them. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguished excellences; but I thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of a table. He was the first man in the world for sprightly conversation."—E.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, June 9, 1772.

DEAR SIR,

THE preceding paper¹ was given me by a gentleman, who has a better opinion of my bookhood than I deserve. I could give him no satisfaction, but told him, I would get inquiry made at Cambridge for the pieces he wants. If you can give me any assistance in this chase, I am sure you will: as it will be trouble enough, I will not make my letter longer.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, June 17, 1772.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are a mine that answers beyond those of Peru. I have given the treasures you sent me to the gentleman from whom I had the queries. He is vastly obliged to you, and I am sure so am I, for the trouble you have given yourself, and, therefore, I am going to give you more. King Edward's Letters are printed.² Shall I keep them for you or send them, and how? I intend you four copies — shall you want more? Lord Ossory takes a hundred, and I have as many; but none will be sold.

I am out of materials for my press. I am thinking of printing some numbers of miscellaneous MSS. from my own and Mr. Gray's collection. If you have any among your stores that are historic, new and curious, and like to have them printed, I shall be glad of them. Among Gray's are letters of Sir Thomas Wyat the elder.³ I am sure you must have a

¹ This letter enclosed some queries from a gentleman abroad, respecting books, &c. relating to the order of Malta.

² "Copies of seven original Letters from King Edward VI. to Barnaby Fitzpatrick." Strawberry Hill, 1772.—E.

³ He was the contemporary and friend of Surrey, and was accused by Henry VIII. of being the paramour of Anne Boleyn; but, the King's suspicion dying away, he was appointed, in 1537, Henry's ambassador to

thousand hints about him. If you will send them to me I will do you justice; as you will see I have in King Edward's Letters. Do you know anything of his son,¹ the insurgent, in Queen Mary's reign?

I do not know whether it was not to Payne the bookseller, but I am sure I gave somebody a very few notes to the British Topography. They were indeed of very little consequence.

I have got to-day, and am reading with entertainment, two vols. in octavo, the Lives of Leland, Hearne, and Antony Wood.² I do not know the author, but he is of Oxford. I think you should add that of your friend Brown Willis.³ There is a queer piece on Freemasonry in one of the volumes, said to be written, on very slender authority, by Henry VI, with notes by Mr. Locke: a very odd conjunction! It says that Arts were brought from the East by Peter Gower. As I am sure you will not find an account of this singular person in all your collections, be it known to you, that Peter Gower was commonly called Pythagoras. I remember our newspapers insisting, that Thomas Kouli Khan was an Irishman, and that his true name was Thomas Callaghan.

On reading over my letter, I find I am no sceptic, having affirmed no less than four times, that I *am sure*. Though this is extremely awkward, I *am sure* I will not write my letter over again; so pray excuse or burn my tautology.

P. S. I had like to have forgotten the most obliging, and to

the Emperor. His poems have recently been published in the Aldine edition of the Poets; and in the Biographical Preface to them are included some of his admirable letters.—E.

¹ Sir Thomas Wyatt "the younger," son of the preceding, who is presumed to have received that designation from having been knighted in the lifetime of his father. Having joined in the effort to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne, he was condemned and executed for high treason, on the 11th of April 1554.—E.

² The editor was W. Huddersford, fellow of Trinity College.—E.

³ Browne Willis, the antiquary, and author of "A Survey of the Cathedrals of England;" "Notitia Parliamentaria," &c. He was born at Blandford in 1682, and died in February 1760. Dr. Ducarel printed privately, immediately after his death, a small quarto pamphlet, entitled, "Some Account of Browne Willis, Esq. LL.D." One of Willis's peculiarities was his fondness for visiting cathedrals on the saints' days to which they were dedicated.—E.

me the most interesting part of your letter — your kind offer of coming hither. I accept it most gladly; but, for reasons I will tell you, wish it may be deferred a little. I am going to Park-place (General Conway's), then to Ampthill (Lord Ossory's), and then to Goodwood (Duke of Richmond's); and the beginning of August to Wentworth Castle (Marquis of Rockingham's); so that I shall not be at all settled here till the end of the latter month. But I have a stronger reason. By that time will be finished a delightful chapel I am building in my garden, to contain the shrine of Capoccio, and the window with Henry III. and his Queen. My new bedchamber will be finished too, which is now all in litter: and, besides, September is a quiet month; visits to make or receive are over, and the troublesome go to shoot partridges. If that time suits you, pray assure me I shall see you on the first of September.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Monday, June 22, 1772.

It is lucky that I have had no dealings with Mr. Fordyce;¹ for, if he had ruined me, as he has half the world, I could not have *run* away. I tired myself with walking on Friday; the gout came on Saturday in my foot; yesterday I kept my bed till four o'clock, and my room all day — but, with wrapping myself all over with bootikins, I have scarce had any pain — my foot swelled immediately, and to-day I am descended into the blueth and greenh;² and though you expect to find that I am paving the way to an excuse, I think I shall be able to be with you on Saturday. All I intend to excuse myself from, is walking. I should certainly never have the gout, if I had lost the use of my feet. Cherubims that have no legs, and do nothing but stick their chins in a cloud

¹ The greatest consternation prevailed at this time in the metropolis, in consequence of the banking-house of Neale, James, Fordyce, and Down, having stopped payment. Fordyce was bred a hosier in Aberdeen. For a memoir of him, see *Gent. Mag.* vol. xlii. p. 310.—E.

² Cant words of Walpole for blue and green. He means, that he came out of his room to the blue sky and green fields.

and sing, are never out of order. Exercise is the worst thing in the world, and as bad an invention as gunpowder.

Apropos to Mr. Fordyce, here is a passage ridiculously applicable to him, that I met with yesterday in the letters of Guy Patin: "Il n'y a pas long-temps qu'un auditeur des comptes nommé Mons. Nivelles fit banqueroute; et tout fraîchement, c'est-à-dire depuis trois jours, un trésorier des parties casuelles, nommé Sanson, en a fait autant; et pour vous montrer qu'il est vrai que *res humanæ faciunt circulum*, comme il a été autrefois dit par Plato et par Aristote, celui-là s'en retourne d'où il vient. Il est fils d'un paysan; il a été laquais de son premier métier, et aujourd'hui il n'est plus rien, si non qu'il lui reste une assez belle femme."—I do not think I can find in Patin or Plato, nay, nor in Aristotle, though he wrote about everything, a parallel case to Charles Fox:¹ there are advertised to be sold more annuities of his and his society, to the amount of five hundred thousand pounds a-year! I wonder what he will do next, when he has sold the estates of all his friends!

I have been reading the most delightful book in the world, the Lives of Leland, Tom Hearne, and Antony Wood. The last's diary makes a thick volume in octavo. One entry is, "This day Old Joan began to make my bed." In the story of Leland is an examination of a freemason, written by the hand of King Henry VI, with notes by Mr. Locke. Freemasonry, Henry VI, and Locke, make a strange heterogeneous olio; but that is not all. The respondent, who defends the mystery of masonry, says it was brought into Europe by

¹ Gibbon, in a letter to Mr. Holroyd, of the 8th of February, in reference to the recent debate in the House of Commons on the clerical petition for relief from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, says—"I congratulate you on the late victory of our dear mamma, the Church of England. She had, last Thursday, seventy-one rebellious sons, who pretended to set aside her will, on account of insanity; but two hundred and seventeen worthy champions, headed by Lord North, Burke, Charles Fox, &c., though they allowed the thirty-nine clauses of her testament were absurd and unreasonable, supported the validity of it with infinite humour. By the bye, Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy work, by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard; his devotion cost him only about five hundred pounds an hour—in all, eleven thousand pounds."—E.

the Venetians — he means the Phœnicians.—And who do you think propagated it? Why, one Peter Gore—And who do you think that was?—One Pythagoras, Pythagore.—I do not know whether it is not still more extraordinary, that this and the rest of the nonsense in that account made Mr. Locke determine to be a freemason: so would I too, if I could expect to hear of more Peter Gores.

Pray tell Lady Lyttelton that I say she will certainly kill herself if she lets Lady Ailesbury drag her twice a-day to feed the pheasants, and you make her climb cliffs and clamber over mountains. She has a tractability that alarms me for her; and if she does not pluck up a spirit and determine never to be put out of her own way, I do not know what may be the consequence. I will come and set her an example of immovability. Take notice, I do not say one civil syllable to Lady Ailesbury. She has not passed a whole day here these two years. She is always very gracious, says she will come when *you* will fix a time, as if *you* governed, and then puts it off whenever it is proposed, nor will spare one single day from Park-place — as if other people were not as partial to their own Park-places. Adieu! Yours ever.

Tuesday noon.

I wrote my letter last night; this morning I received yours, and shall wait till Sunday, as you bid me, which will be more convenient for my gout, though not for other engagements; but I shall obey the superior, as *nullum tempus occurrit regi et podagræ*.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, July 7, 1772.

DEAR SIR,

I SENT you last week by the Cambridge Fly, that puts up in Gray's-inn-lane, six copies of King Edward's Letters, but fear I forgot to direct their being left at Mr. Bentham's, by which neglect perhaps you have not yet got them; so that I

have been very blameable, while I thought I was very expeditious; and it was not till reading your letter again just now that I discovered my carelessness.

I have not heard of Dr. Glynn, &c., but the housekeeper has orders to receive them. I thank you a thousand times for the Maltese notes, which I have given to the gentleman, and for the Wyattiana: I am going to work on the latter.

I have not yet seen Mr. Gray's print, but am glad it is so like. I expected Mr. Mason would have sent me one early; but I suppose he keeps it for me, as I shall call on him in my way to Lord Strafford's.

Mr. West,¹ one of our brother antiquaries, is dead. He had a very curious collection of old pictures, English coins, English prints, and manuscripts. But he was so rich, that I take for granted nothing will be sold. I could wish for his family pictures of Henry V. and Henry VIII.

Foote, in his new comedy of *The Nabob*, has lashed Master Doctor Milles and our Society very deservedly for the nonsensical discussion they had this winter about Whittington and his Cat. Few of them are fit for anything better than such researches. Poor Mr. Granger has been very ill, but is almost recovered. I intend to invite him to meet you in September. It is a party I shall be very impatient for: you know how sincerely I am, dear Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, July 28, 1772.

DEAR SIR,

I AM anew obliged to you, as I am perpetually, for the notice you give me of another intended publication against me

¹ James West, Esq. He was for some time one of the secretaries of the treasury, vice-president of the Society of Antiquaries, and president of the Royal Society. His curious collection of manuscripts were purchased by the Earl of Shelburne, and are now deposited in the British Museum.—E.

in the Archæologia, or Old Woman's Logic. By your account, the author will add much credit to their Society! For my part, I shall take no notice of any of his *handycrafts*. However, as there seems to be a willingness to carp at me, and as gnats may on a sudden provoke one to give a slap, I choose to be at liberty to say what I think of the learned Society; and therefore I have taken leave of them, having so good an occasion presented as their council on Whittington and his Cat, and the ridicule that Foote has thrown on them. They are welcome to say anything on my writings, but that they are the works of a fellow of so foolish a Society.

I am at work on the Life of Sir Thomas Wyat, but it does not please me; nor will it be entertaining, though you have contributed so many materials towards it. You must take one trouble more:—it is to inquire and search for a book that I want to see. It is the Pilgrim; was written by William Thomas, who was executed in Queen Mary's time; but the book was printed under, and dedicated to, Edward VI. I have only an imperfect memorandum of it, and cannot possibly recal to mind from whence I made it. All I think I remember is, that the book was in the King's library. I have sent to the Museum to inquire after it; but I cannot find it mentioned in Ames's History of English Printers. Be so good as to ask all your antiquarian friends if they know such a work.

Amidst all your kindness, you have added one very disagreeable paragraph:—I mean, you doubt about coming here in September. Fear of a sore throat would be a reason for your never coming. It is one of the distempers in the world the least to be foreseen, and September, a dry month, one of the least likely months to bring it. I do not like your recurring to so very ill-founded an excuse, and positively will not accept it, unless you wish I should not be so much as I am, dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

H. W.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, August 25, 1772.

DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for your notices, dear Sir, and will deliver you from the trouble of any further pursuit of the Peleryne of Thomas. I have discovered him among the Cottonian MSS. in the Museum, and am to see him.

If Dr. Browne is returned to Cambridge, may I beg you to give him a thousand thanks for the present he left at my house, a goar-stone and a seal, that belonged to Mr. Gray. I shall lay them up in my cabinet at Strawberry among my most valuables. Dr. Browne, however, was not quite kind to me; for he left no direction where to find him in town, so that I could not wait upon him, nor invite him to Strawberry Hill, as I much wished to do. Do not these words, "invite him to Strawberry," make your ears tingle? September is at hand, and you must have no sore throat. The new chapel in the garden is almost finished, and you must come to the dedication.

I have seen Lincoln and York, and, to say the truth, prefer the former in some respects. In truth, I was scandalized in the latter. William of Hatfield's tomb and figure is thrown aside into a hole: and yet the chapter possess an estate that his mother gave them. I have charged Mr. Mason¹ with my anathema, unless they do justice. I saw Roche Abbey, too; which is hid in such a venerable chasm, that you might lie concealed there even from a 'squire parson of the parish. Lord Scarborough, to whom it belongs, and who lives at next door, neglects it as much as if he was afraid of ghosts. I believe Montesino's cave lay in just such a solemn thicket, which is now so over-grown, that, when one finds the spot, one can scarce find the ruins.

I forgot to tell you, that in the screen of York Minster there are most curious statues of the Kings of England, from

¹ Mason was a residentiary of York cathedral; as well as prebendary of Duffield, and rector of Aston.—E.

the Conqueror to Henry VI.; very singular, evidently by two different hands, the one better than the other, and most of them, I am persuaded, very authentic. Richard II, Henry III, and Henry V, I am sure are; and Henry IV, though unlike the common portrait at Hampton-court, in Herefordshire, the most singular and villainous countenance I ever saw. I intend to try to get them well engraved. That old fool, James I, is crowded in, in the place of Henry VII, that was taken away to make room for this piece of flattery; for the chapter did not slight live princes. Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, August 28, 1772.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR repentance is much more agreeable than your sin, and will cancel it whenever you please. Still I have a fellow-feeling for the indolence of age, and have myself been writing an excuse this instant for not accepting an invitation above three-score miles off. One's limbs, when they grow old, will not go anywhere, when they do not like it. If yours should find themselves in a more pliant humour, you are always sure of being welcome here, let the fit of motion come when it will.

Pray what is become of that figure you mention of Henry VII, which the destroyers, not the builders, have rejected? and which the antiquaries, who know a man by his crown better than by his face, have rejected likewise? The latter put me in mind of characters in comedies, in which a woman disguised in man's habit, and whose features her very lover does not know, is immediately acknowledged by pulling off her hat, and letting down her hair, which her lover had never seen before. I should be glad to ask Dr. Milles, if he thinks the crown of England was always made, like a quart pot, by Winchester measure? If Mr. Tyson has made a print from that little statue, I trust he will give me one; and if he, or Mr. Essex, or both, will accompany you hither, I shall be glad to see them.

At Buckden, in the Bishop's palace, I saw a print of Mrs. Newcome: I suppose the late mistress of St. John's. Can you tell me where I can procure one? Mind, I insist that you do not serve me as you have often done, and send me your own, if you have one. I seriously will not accept it, nor ever trust you again. On the staircase, in the same palace, there is a picture of two young men, in the manner of Vandyck, not at all ill done: do you know who they are, or does anybody? There is a worse picture, in a large room, of some lads, which, too, the housemaid did not know. Adieu! dear Sir, yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 7, 1772.

DEAR SIR,

I DID receive the print of Mrs. Newcome, for which I am extremely obliged to you, with a thousand other favours, and should certainly have thanked you for it long ago, but I was then, and am now, confined to my bed with the gout in every limb, and in almost every joint. I have not been out of my bedchamber these five weeks to-day; and last night the pain returned violently into one of my feet; so that I am now writing to you in a most uneasy posture, which will oblige me to be very short.

Your letter, which I suppose was left at my house in Arlington-street by Mr. Essex, was brought to me this morning. I am exceedingly sorry for his disappointment, and for his coming without writing first; in which case I might have prevented his journey. I do not know, even, whither to send to him, to tell him how impossible it is for me just now, in my present painful and hopeless situation, to be of any use to him. I am so weak and faint, I do not see even my nearest relations, and God knows how long it will be before I am able to bear company, much less application. I have some thoughts, as soon as I am able, of removing to Bath; so that I cannot guess when it will be in my power to consider duly

Mr. Essex's plan with him. I shall undoubtedly, if ever I am capable of it, be ready to give him my advice, such as it is; or to look over his papers, and even to correct them, if his modesty thinks me more able to polish them than he is himself. At the same time, I must own, I think he will run too great a risk by the expense. The engravers in London are now arrived at such a pitch of exorbitant imposition, that, for my own part, I have laid aside all thoughts of having a single plate more done.

Dear Sir, pray tell Mr. Essex how concerned I am for his mischance, and for the total impossibility I am under of seeing him now. I can write no more, but shall be glad to hear from you on his return to Cambridge: and, when I am recovered, you may be assured how glad I shall be to talk his plan over with him. I am his and

Your obliged humble servant.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

I HAVE had a relapse, and not been able to use my hand, or I should have lamented with you on the plunder of your prints by that Algerine hog.¹ I pity you, dear Sir, and feel for your awkwardness, that was struck dumb at his rapaciousness. The beast has no sort of taste neither—and in a twelvemonth will sell them again. I regret particularly one print, which I dare to say he seized, that I gave you, Gertrude More; I thought I had another, and had not; and, as you liked it, I never told you so. This Muley Moloch used to buy books, and now sells them. He has hurt his fortune, and ruined himself, to have a collection, without any choice of what it should be composed. It is the most underbred swine I ever saw; but I did not know it was so ravenous. I wish

¹ This letter may want some explanation. A gentleman, a collector of prints, and a neighbour of Mr. Walpole's, had just before requested to see Mr. Cole's collection, and on Mr. Cole's offering to accommodate him with such heads as he had not, he selected and took away no less than one hundred and eighty-seven of the most rare and valuable.



MISS MARY CATHART, THE ATTORNEY'S
DAUGHTER, AS APPEARED IN THE COURT OF THE COMMONS

you may get paid any how; you see by my writing how difficult it is to me, and therefore will excuse my being short.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1772.

INDEED, Madam, I want you and Mr. Conway in town. Christmas has dispersed all my company, and left nothing but a loo-party or two. If all the fine days were not gone out of town, too, I should take the air in a morning; but I am not yet nimble enough, like old Mrs. Nugent, to jump out of a post-chaise into an assembly.

You have a woful taste, my lady, not to like Lord Gower's bon-mot. I am almost too indignant to tell you of a most amusing book in six volumes, called "*Histoire Philosophique et Politique du Commerce des Deux Indes*."¹ It tells one everything in the world;—how to make conquests, invasions, blunders, settlements, bankruptcies, fortunes, &c.; tells you the natural and historical history of all nations; talks commerce, navigation, tea, coffee, china, mines, salt, spices; of the Portuguese, English, French, Dutch, Danes, Spaniards, Arabs, caravans, Persians, Indians, of Louis XIV. and the King of Prussia; of La Bourdonnais, Dupleix, and Admiral Saunders; of rice, and women that dance naked; of camels, gingham, and muslin; of millions of millions of livres, pounds, rupees, and cowries; of iron cables and Circassian women; of Law and the Mississippi; and against all governments and religions. This and everything else is in

¹ By the Abbé Raynal. Sensible of the faults of his work, the Abbé visited England and Holland to obtain correct mercantile information, and, on his return, published an improved edition at Geneva, in ten volumes, octavo. Hannah More relates, that, when in England, the Abbé was introduced to Dr. Johnson, and advancing to shake his hand, the Doctor drew back and put it behind him, and afterwards replied to the expostulation of a friend—"Sir, I will not shake hands with an infidel." The Parliament of Paris ordered the work to be burnt, and the author to be arrested; but he retired to Spain, and, in 1788, the National Assembly cancelled the decree passed against him. He died at Passy in 1794, at the age of eighty-five.—E.

the two first volumes. I cannot conceive what is left for the four others. And all is so mixed, that you learn forty new trades, and fifty new histories, in a single chapter. There is spirit, wit, and clearness—and, if there were but less avoirdupois weight in it, it would be the richest book in the world in materials—but figures to me are so many ciphers, and only put me in mind of children that say, an hundred hundred hundred millions. However, it has made me learned enough to talk about Mr. Sykes and the Secret Committee,¹ which is all that anybody talks of at present, and yet Made-moiselle Heinel² is arrived. This is all I know, and a great deal, too, considering I know nothing—and yet, were there either truth or lies, I should know them; for one hears everything in a sick room. Good night both!

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, Jan. 8, 1773.

IN return to your very kind inquiries, dear Sir, I can let you know, that I am quite free from pain, and walk a little about my room, even without a stick: nay, have been four times to take the air in the park. Indeed, after fourteen weeks this is not saying much; but it is a worse reflection, that when one is subject to the gout, and far from young, one's worst account will probably be better than that after the next fit. I neither flatter myself on one hand, nor am impatient on the other—for will either do one any good? one must bear one's lot whatever it be.

I rejoice Mr. * * * * has justice,³ though he had no bowels. How Gertrude More escaped him I do not guess. It will be wrong to rob you of her, after she has come to you through so many hazards—nor would I hear of it either, if you have a mind to keep her, or have not given up all thoughts of a collection since you have been visited by a Visigoth.

¹ Upon East-Indian affairs.

² See *anté*, p. 314.

³ The gentleman who had carried off so many of Mr. Cole's prints. He now fully remunerated Mr. Cole in a valuable present of books.

I am much more impatient to see Mr. Gray's print, than Mr. What-d'ye-call-him's answer to my *Historic Doubts*.¹ He may have made himself very angry; but I doubt whether he will make me at all so. I love antiquities; but I scarce ever knew an antiquary who knew how to write upon them. Their understandings seem as much in ruins as the things they describe. For the Antiquarian Society, I shall leave them in peace with Whittington and his Cat. As my contempt for them has not, however, made me disgusted with what they do not understand, antiquities, I have published two numbers of *Miscellanies*, and they are very welcome to mumble them with their toothless gums. I want to send you these—not their gums, but my pieces, and a *Grammont*,² of which I have printed only a hundred copies, and which will be extremely scarce, as twenty-five copies are gone to France. Tell me how I shall convey them safely.

Another thing you must tell me, if you can, is, if you know anything ancient of the Freemasons. Governor Pownall,³ a Whittingtonian, has a mind they should have been a corporation erected by the popes. As you see what a good creature I am, and return good for evil, I am engaged to pick up what I can for him, to support this system, in which I believe no more than in the pope: and the work is to appear in a volume of the Society's pieces. I am very willing to oblige him, and turn my cheek, that they may smite that, also. Lord help them! I am sorry they are such numsculls, that they almost make me think myself something! but there are great authors enough to bring me to my senses again.

¹ Mr. Masters's pamphlet, printed at the expense of the Antiquarian Society in the second volume of the *Archæologia*.

² "*Mémoires du Comte de Grammont, nouvelle édition, augmentée de Notes et Eclaircissemens nécessaires, par M. Horace Walpole.*" Strawberry Hill, 1772. 4to. To the *Mémoires* was prefixed the following dedication to Madame du Deffand:—"L'Editeur vous consacre cette édition, comme un monument de son amitié, de son admiration, et de son respect, à vous dont les grâces, l'esprit, et le goût retracent au siècle présent le siècle de Louis XIV, et les agrémens de l'auteur de ces *Mémoires*."—E.

³ Thomas Pownall, Esq. the antiquary, and a constant contributor to the *Archæologia*. Having been governor of South Carolina and other American colonies, he was always distinguished from his brother John, who was likewise an antiquary, by the title of Governor.—E.

Posterity, I fear, will class me with the writers of this age, or forget me with them, not rank me with any names that deserve remembrance. If I cannot survive the Milles's, the What-d'ye-call-him's, and the compilers of catalogues of topography, it would comfort me very little to confute them. I should be as little proud of success as if I had carried a contest for churchwarden.

Not being able to return to Strawberry Hill, where all my books and papers are, and my printer lying fallow, I want some short bills to print. Have you anything you wish printed? I can either print a few to amuse ourselves, or, if very curious, and not too dry, could make a third number of *Miscellaneous Antiquities*.

I am not in any eagerness to see Mr. What-d'ye-call-him's pamphlet against me; therefore pray give yourself no trouble to get it for me. The specimens I have seen of his writing take off all edge from curiosity. A print of Mr. Gray will be a real present. Would it not be dreadful to be commended by an age that had not taste enough to admire his Odes? Is not it too great a compliment to me to be abused, too? I am ashamed! Indeed our antiquaries ought to like me. I am but too much on a par with them. Does not Mr. Henshaw come to London? Is he a professor, or only a lover of engraving? If the former, and he were to settle in town, I would willingly lend him heads to copy. Adieu!

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, Feb. 18, 1773.

THE most agreeable ingredient of your last, dear Sir, is the paragraph that tells me you shall be in town in April, when I depend on the pleasure of seeing you; but, to be certain, wish you would give me a few days' law, and let me know, too, where you lodge. Pray bring your books, though the continuation of the *Miscellaneous Antiquities* is uncertain. I thought the affectation of loving veteran anecdotes was so vigorous, that I ventured to print five hundred

copies. One hundred and thirty only are sold. I cannot afford to make the town perpetual presents: though I find people exceedingly eager to obtain them when I do; and if they will not buy them, it is a sign of such indifference, that I shall neither bestow my time, nor my cost, to no purpose. All I desire is, to pay the expenses, which I can afford much less than my idle moments. Not but the operations of my press have often turned against myself in many shapes. I have told people many things they did not know, and from fashion they have bought a thousand things out of my hands, which they do not understand, and only love *en passant*. At Mr. West's sale, I got literally nothing: his prints sold for the frantic sum of 1495*l.* 10*s.* Your and my good friend Mr. Gulston threw away above 200*l.* there.

I am not sorry Mr. Lort has recourse to the fountain-head: Mr. Pownall's system of Freemasonry is so absurd and groundless, that I am glad to be rid of intervention. I have seen the former once: he told me he was willing to sell his prints, as the value of them is so increased—for that very reason I did not want to purchase them.

Paul Sanby promised me ten days ago to shew Mr. Henshaw's engravings (which I received from Dr. Ewen) to Bartolozzi, and ask his terms, thinking he would delight in so very promising a scholar; but I have heard nothing since, and therefore fear there is no success. Let me, however, see the young man when he comes, and I will try if there is any other way of serving him.

What shall I say to you, dear Sir, about Dr. Prescott? or what shall I say to him? It hurts me not to be very civil, especially as any respect to my father's memory touches me much more than any attention to myself, which I cannot hold to be a quarter so well founded. Yet, how dare I write to a poor man, who may do, as I have lately seen done by a Scotch woman that wrote a play,¹ and printed Lord Chesterfield's

¹ "Sir Harry Gaylove; or, Comedy in Embryo;" by Mrs. Jane Marshall. It was printed in Scotland by subscription, but not acted. In the preface, she complains bitterly of the managers of the three London theatres, for refusing her the advantages of representing her performance.—E.

and Lord Lyttelton's letters to her, as *Testimonia Auctorum*: I will therefore beg you to make my compliments and thanks to the master, and to make them as grateful as you please, provided I am dispensed with giving any certificate under my hand. You may plead my illness, which, though the fifth month ended yesterday, is far from being at an end. My relapses have been endless: I cannot yet walk a step: and a great cold has added an ague in my cheek, for which I am just going to begin the bark. The prospect for the rest of my days is gloomy. The case of my poor nephew still more deplorable: he arrived in town last night, and bore his journey tolerably—but his head is in much more danger of not recovering than his health; though they give us hopes of both. But the evils of life are not good subjects for letters—why afflict one's friends? Why make common-place reflections? Adieu! Yours ever.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.¹

March 2, 1773.

WHAT shall I say? How shall I thank you for the kind manner in which you submit your papers to my correction? But if you are friendly, I must be just. I am so far from being dissatisfied, that I must beg to shorten your pen, and in that respect only would I wish, with regard to myself, to alter your text. I am conscious that in the beginning of the differences between Gray and me, the fault was mine. I was young, too fond of my own diversions; nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation, as a prime minister's son, not to have been inattentive to the feelings of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me; of one, whom presumption and folly made me deem not very superior in parts, though I have since felt my infinite inferiority to him. I treated him insolently.

¹ This and the following letter are from Mr. Mitford's valuable edition of Gray's Works. See vol. iv. pp. 216, 218.—E.

He loved me, and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us, when he acted from the conviction of knowing that he was my superior. I often disregarded his wish of seeing places, which I would not quit my own amusements to visit, though I offered to send him thither without me. Forgive me, if I say that his temper was not conciliating, at the same time that I confess to you, that he acted a most friendly part had I had the sense to take advantage of it. He freely told me my faults. I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them. You will not wonder, that with the dignity of his spirit, and the obstinate carelessness of mine, the breach must have widened till we became incompatible.

After this confession, I fear you will think I fall short in the words I wish to have substituted for some of yours. If you think them inadequate to the state of the case, as I own they are, preserve this letter, and let some future Sir John Dalrymple produce it to load my memory; but I own I do not desire that any ambiguity should aid his invention to forge an account for me. If you would have no objection, I would propose your narrative should run thus, [Here follows a note, which is inserted verbatim in Mason's *Life of Gray*.¹] and contain no more, till a more proper time shall come for publishing the truth, as I have stated it to you. While I am living, it is not pleasant to see my private disagreements discussed in magazines and newspapers.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Strawberry Hill, March 27, 1773.

I HAVE received your letter, dear Sir, your manuscript, and Gray's letters to me. Twenty things crowd upon my pen,

¹ "In justice to the memory of so respectable a friend, Mr. Walpole enjoins me to charge himself with the chief blame in their quarrel; confessing that more attention and complaisance, more deference to a warm friendship, superior judgment and prudence, might have prevented a rupture that gave such uneasiness to them both, and a lasting concern to the survivor; though, in the year 1744, a reconciliation was effected between them, by a lady who wished well to both parties."—E.

and juggle, and press to be said. As I came here to-day for a little air, and to read you undisturbed, they shall all have a place in due time. But having so safe a conveyance for my thoughts, I must begin with the uppermost of them, the Heroic Epistle. I have read it so very often, that I have got it by heart; and, now I am master of all its beauties, I confess I like it infinitely better than I did, though I liked it infinitely before. There is more wit, ten times more delicacy of irony, as much poetry, and greater facility *than* and *as* in the Dunciad. But what signifies what *I* think? All the world thinks the same. No soul has, I have heard, guessed within an hundred miles. I caught at Anstey's name, and have, I believe, contributed to spread that notion. It has since been called Temple Luttrell's, and, to my infinite honour, mine; Lord —— swears he should think so, if I did not praise it so excessively. But now, my dear Sir, that you have tapped this mine of talent, and it runs so richly and easily, for Heaven's sake, and for England's sake, do not let it rest! You have a vein of irony, and satire, &c.

I am extremely pleased with the easy unaffected simplicity of your manuscript (Memoirs of Gray), and have found scarcely anything I could wish added, much less retrenched, unless the paragraph on Lord Bute,¹ which I don't think quite clearly expressed; and yet perhaps too clearly, *while you wish to remain unknown as the author of the Heroic Epistle,*² *since it might lead to suspicion.* For as Gray asked for the place, and accepted it afterwards from the Duke of Grafton, it

¹ This paragraph was suppressed.—E.

² In March 1798, Mr. Matthias suggested, in the Pursuits of Literature, that Walpole's papers would possibly lead to the discovery of the author of the far-famed Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers. By Thomas Warton, the poet laureate, it was supposed to have been "written by Walpole, and buckrum'd by Mason;" and Mr. Croker, in a note to his edition of Boswell's Johnson, says of it, "there can be no doubt that it was the joint production of Mason and Walpole; Mason supplying the poetry and Walpole the points:" while the Quarterly Review, vol. xv. p. 385, observes, that "when it is remembered that no one then alive, with the same peculiar taste and the same political principles, could have written such poetry, we must either ascribe the Heroic Epistle to Mr. Mason, or suppose, very needlessly and improbably, that one person supplied the matter and another shaped it into verse: but, the personal insolence displayed in this poem to his Sovereign, which was

might be thought that he, or his friend for him, was angry with the author of the disappointment.

I can add nothing to your account of Gray's going abroad with me. It was my own thought and offer, and cheerfully accepted. Thank you for inserting my alteration. As I am the survivor, any softening would be unjust to the dead. I am sorry I had a fault towards him. It does not wound me to own it; and it must be believed when I allow it, that not he, but I myself, was in the wrong.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, April 7, 1773.

I HAVE now seen the second volume of the *Archæologia*, or *Old Woman's Logic*, with Mr. Masters's Answer to me. If he had not taken such pains to declare it was written against my Doubts, I should have thought it a defence of them; for the few facts he quotes make for my arguments, and confute himself; particularly in the case of Lady Eleanor Butler; whom, by the way, he makes *marry* her own *nephew*, and not *descend* from her *own family*, because she was *descended* from her *grandfather*.

This Mr. Masters is an excellent Sancho Panza to such a Don Quixote as Dean Milles! but enough of such goosecaps! Pray thank Mr. Ashby for his admirable correction of Sir Thomas Wyat's *bon-mot*. It is right beyond all doubt, and I will quote it if ever the piece is reprinted.

Mr. Tyson surprises me by usurping your Dissertation. It seems all is fish that comes to the net of the Society. Mercy on us! What a cart-load of brick and rubbish, and Roman ruins, they have piled together! I have found nothing tole-

probably the true reason for concealing the writer's name—the principles of genuine taste which abound in it—the bitter and sarcastic strain of indignation against a monstrous mode of bad taste then beginning to prevail in landscape gardening, and, above all, a vigorous flow of spirited and harmonious verse, all concur to mark it as the work of our independent and uncourtly bard." The above letter settles the long-disputed point, and fixes the sole authorship of this exquisite poem on Mason.—E.

rable in the volume but the Dissertation of Mr. Masters; which is followed by an answer, that, like Masters's, contradicts him, without disproving anything.

Mr. West's books are selling outrageously. His family will make a fortune by what he collected from stalls and Moorfields. But I must not blame the virtuosi, having surpassed them. In short, I have bought his two pictures of Henry V. and Henry VIII. and their families; the first of which is engraved in my Anecdotes, or, as the catalogue says, engraved by Mr. H. Walpole, and the second described there. The first cost me 38*l.* and the last 84*l.* though I knew Mr. West bought it for six guineas. But, in fact, these two, with my Marriages of Henry VI. and VII, compose such a suite of the House of Lancaster, and enrich my Gothic house so completely, that I would not deny myself. The Henry VII. cost me as much, and is less curious: the price of antiquities is so exceedingly risen, too, at present, that I expected to have paid more. I have bought much cheaper at the same sale, a picture of Henry VIII. and Charles V. in one piece, both much younger than ever I saw any portrait of either. I hope your pilgrimage to St. Gulaston's this month will take place, and that you will come and see them. Adieu!

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, April 27, 1773.

I HAD not time this morning to answer your letter by Mr. Essex, but I gave him the card you desired. You know, I hope, how happy I am to obey any orders of yours.

In the paper I showed you in answer to Masters, you saw I was apprised of Rastel's Chronicle: but pray do not mention my knowing of it; because I draw so much from it, that I lie in wait, hoping that Milles, or Masters, or some of their fools, will produce it against me; and then I shall have another word to say to them, which they do not expect, since they think Rastel makes for them.

Mr. Gough¹ wants to be introduced to me! Indeed! I would see him, as he has been midwife to Masters; but he is so dull, that he would only be troublesome — and besides you know I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such bad company. They are always in earnest, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning. I laugh at all those things, and write only to laugh at them, and divert myself. None of us are authors of any consequence; and it is the most ridiculous of all vanities to be vain of being *mediocre*. A page in a great author humbles me to the dust; and the conversation of those that are not superior to myself, reminds me of what will be thought of myself. I blush to flatter them, or to be flattered by them, and should dread letters being published some time or other, in which they should relate our interviews, and we should appear like those puny conceited wittlings in Shenstone's and Hughes' Correspondence,² who give themselves airs from being in possession of the soil of Parnassus for the time being; as peers are proud, because they enjoy the estates of great men who went before them. Mr. Gough is very welcome to see Strawberry Hill; or I would help him to any scraps in my possession, that would assist his publications; though he is one of those industrious who are only re-burying the dead — but I cannot be acquainted with him. It is contrary to my system, and my humour; and, besides, I know nothing of barrows, and Danish entrenchments, and Saxon barbarisms, and Phœnician characters — in short, I know nothing of those ages that knew nothing — then how should I be of use to modern literati? All the Scotch metaphysicians have sent me their works. I did not read one of them, because I do not understand what is not understood by those that write about it; and I did not get acquainted with

¹ Richard Gough, Esq. author of the *British Topography*, and the *Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain*; and editor of *Camden's Britannia*. This learned antiquary was born in 1735, and died in the year 1809.—E.

² A second edition had just appeared of “*Letters by several eminent Persons deceased; including the Correspondence of John Hughes, Esq. and several of his Friends.*”—E.

one of the writers. I should like to be intimate with Mr. Anstey,¹ even though he wrote Lord Buckhorse, or with the author of the Heroic Epistle.² I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith; though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense, 'till he changed it for words, and sold it for a pension. Don't think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray. Adieu! Yours ever.

P. S. Mr. Essex has shown me a charming drawing, from a charming round window at Lincoln. It has revived all my eagerness to have him continue his plan.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, May 4, 1773.

I SHOULD not have hurried to answer your letter, dear Sir, the moment I receive it, but to send you another ticket³ for your sister, in case she should not have recovered the other; and I think you said she was to stay but a fortnight in town. I would have sent it to her, had I known whither: and I have made it for five persons, in case she should have a mind to carry so many.

I am sorry for the young engraver; but I can by no means meddle with his going abroad, without the father's consent. It would be very wrong, and would hurt the young man essentially, if the father has anything to leave. In any case, I certainly would not be accessory to sending away the son against the father's will. The father is an impertinent fool—but that you and I cannot help.

Pray be not uneasy about Gertrude More: I shall get the original; or, at least, a copy. Tell me how I shall send you martagons by the safest conveyance, or anything else you want. I am always in your debt; and the apostle-spoon will make the debtor side in my book of gratitude run over.

¹ The author of the New Bath Guide. See *antè*, p. 150.—E.

² See *antè*, p. 342.—E.

³ Of admission to Strawberry.

Your public orator has done me too much honour by far — especially as he named me with my father,¹ to whom I am so infinitely inferior, both in parts and virtues. Though I have been abused undeservedly, I feel I have more title to censure than praise, and will subscribe to the former sooner than to the latter. Would not it be prudent to look upon the encomium as a funeral oration, and consider myself as dead? I have always dreaded outliving myself, and writing after what small talents I have should be decayed. Except the last volume of the *Anecdotes of Painting*, which has been finished and printed so long, and which, appear when they may, will still come too late for many reasons, I am disposed never to publish any more of my own self; but I do not say so positively, lest my breaking my intention should be but another folly. The gout has, however, made me so indolent and inactive, that if my head does not inform me how old I grow, at least my mind and my feet will — and can one have too many monitors of one's weakness?

I am sorry you think yourself so much inconvenienced by stirring from home. This is an *incommodity* by which your friends will suffer more than yourself, and nobody more sensibly than yours, &c.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, May 29, 1773.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been so much taken up of late with poor Lord Orford's affairs, that I have not had, and scarce have now, time to write you a line, and thank you for all your kindnesses, informations, and apostle-spoon. I have not Newcomb's *Repertorium*, and shall be obliged to you for the transcript; not as doubting, but to confirm what Heaven, King Edward I, and the Bishop of the Tartars have deposed

¹ On presenting a relation of Mr. Walpole's to the Vice-chancellor for his honorary degree.

in favour of Malibrunus, the Jew-painter's abilities. I should sooner have suspected that Mr. Masters would have produced such witnesses to condemn Richard III. The note relating to Lady Boteler does not relate to her marriage.

I send you two martagon roots, and some jonquils; and have added some prints, two enamelled pictures, and three medals. One of Oliver, by Simon; a fine one of Pope Clement X, and a scarce one of Archbishop Sancroft and the Seven Bishops. I hope the two latter will atone for the first. As I shall never be out of your debt, pray draw on me for any more other roots, or anything that will be agreeable to you, and excuse me at present.

TO DR. BERKENHOUT.¹

July 6, 1773.

SIR,

I AM so much engaged in private business at present, that I have not had time to thank you for the favour of your letter: nor can I now answer it to your satisfaction.

My life has been too insignificant to afford materials interesting to the public. In general, the lives of mere authors are dry and unentertaining; nor, though I have been one occasionally, are my writings of a class or merit to entitle me to any distinction. I can as little furnish you, Sir, with a list of them or their dates, which would give me more trouble to make out than is worth while. If I have any merit with the public, it is for printing and preserving some valuable works of others; and if ever you write the lives of printers, I may be

¹ Dr. John Berkenhout had been a captain both in the English and Prussian service, and in 1765 took his degree of M.D. at Leyden. His application to Walpole was for the purpose of procuring materials for a life of him in his forthcoming work, "Biographia Literaria, or a Biographical History of Literature; containing the Lives of English, Irish, and Scottish Authors, from the dawn of Letters in these Kingdoms to the present Times." The first volume, which treats of those writers who lived from the beginning of the fifth to the end of the sixth century, and which is the only one ever published, appeared in 1777. He died in 1791.—E.

enrolled in the number. My own works, I suppose, are dead and buried; but, as I am not impatient to be interred with them, I hope you will leave that office to the parson of the parish, and I shall be, as long as I live, yours, &c.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Aug. 30, 1773.

I RETURNED last night from Houghton,¹ where multiplicity of business detained me four days longer than I intended, and where I found a scene infinitely more mortifying than I expected; though I certainly did not go with a prospect of finding a land flowing with milk and honey. Except the pictures, which are in the finest preservation, and the woods, which are become forests, all the rest is ruin, desolation, confusion, disorder, debts, mortgages, sales, pillage, villany, waste, folly, and madness. I do not believe that five thousand pounds would put the house and buildings into good repair. The nettles and brambles in the park are up to your shoulders; horses have been turned into the garden, and banditti lodged in every cottage. The perpetuity of livings that come up to the park-pales have been sold — and every farm let for half its value. In short, you know how much family-pride I have, and consequently may judge how much I have been mortified! Nor do I tell you half, or *near* the worst circumstances. I have just stopped the torrent — and that is all. I am very uncertain whether I must not fling up the trust; and some of the difficulties in my way seem unsurmountable, and too dangerous not to alarm even my zeal; since I must not ruin myself, and hurt those for whom I must feel, too, only to restore a family that will end with myself, and to retrieve an estate from which I am not likely ever to receive the least advantage.

If you will settle with the Churchills your journey to Chalfont, and will let me know the day, I will endeavour to meet

¹ Whither he had gone during the mental alienation of his nephew, George Earl of Orford, to endeavour to settle and arrange his affairs.

you there; I hope it will not be till next week. I am overwhelmed with business—but, indeed, I know not when I shall be otherwise! I wish you joy of this endless summer.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 24, 1773.

THE multiplicity of business which I found chalked out to me by my journey to Houghton, has engaged me so much, my dear lord, and the unpleasant scene opened to me there struck me so deeply, that I have neither had time nor cheerfulness enough to flatter myself I could amuse my friends by my letters. Except the pictures, I found everything worse than I expected, and the prospect almost too bad to give me courage to pursue what I am doing. I am totally ignorant in most of the branches of business that are fallen to my lot, and not young enough to learn any new business well. All I can hope is to clear the worst part of the way; for, in undertaking to retrieve an estate, the beginning is certainly the most difficult of the work—it is fathoming a chaos. But I will not unfold a confusion to your lordship which your good sense will always keep you from experiencing—very unfashionably; for the first geniuses of this age hold, that the best method of governing the world is to throw it into disorder. The experiment is not yet complete, as the rearrangement is still to come.

I am very seriously glad of the birth of your nephew,¹ my lord; I am going this evening with my gratulations; but have been so much absent and so hurried, that I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing Lady Anne,² though I have called twice. To Gunnersbury I have had no summons this summer: I receive such honours, or the want of them, with proper respect. Lady Mary Coke, I fear, is in chace of a *Dulcineus* that she will never meet. When the ardour of peregrination is a little abated, will not she

¹ A son of John Earl of Buckingham, who died young.

² Lady Anne Conolly.

probably give in to a more comfortable pursuit; and, like a print I have seen of the blessed martyr Charles the First, abandon the hunt of a *corruptible* for that of an *incorruptible crown*? There is another beatific print just published in that style: it is of Lady Huntingdon. With much pompous humility, she looks like an old basket-woman trampling on her coronet at the mouth of a cavern.—Poor Whitfield! if he was forced to do the honours of the *spelunca*!—Saint Fanny Shirley is nearer consecration. I was told two days ago that she had written a letter to Lady Selina that was not intelligible. Her grace of Kingston's glory approaches to consummation in a more worldly style. The Duke¹ is dying, and has given her the whole estate, seventeen thousand a-year. I am told she has already notified the contents of the will, and made offers of the sale of Thoresby. Pious matrons have various ways of expressing decency.

Your lordship's new bow-window thrives. I do not want it to remind me of its master and mistress, to whom I am ever the most devoted humble servant.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1773.

I AM very sorry, my dear lord, that you are coming towards us so slowly and unwillingly. I cannot quite wonder at the latter. The world is an old acquaintance that does not improve upon one's hands: however, one must not give way to the disgusts it creates. My maxim, and practice, too, is to laugh, because I do not like to cry. I could shed a pail-full of tears over all I have seen and learnt since my poor nephew's misfortune—the more one has to do with men the worse one finds them. But can one mend them? No. Shall we shut ourselves up from them? No. We should grow humorists—and of all animals an Englishman is least made to live alone. For my part, I am conscious of so many

¹ The Duke of Kingston died on the 22d of September, when all his honours became extinct.—E.

faults, that I think I grow better the more bad I see in my neighbours; and there are so many I would not resemble, that it makes me watchful over myself. You, my lord, who have forty more good qualities than I have, should not seclude yourself. I do not wonder you despise knaves and fools; but remember, they want better examples; they will never grow ashamed by conversing with one another.

I came to settle here on Friday, being drowned out of Twickenham. I find the town desolate, and no news in it, but that the ministry give up the Irish tax—some say, because it will not pass in Ireland; others, because the city of London would have petitioned against it; and some, because there were factions in the council—which is not the most incredible of all. I am glad, for the sake of some of my friends who would have suffered by it, that it is over.¹ In other respects, I have too much private business of my own to think about the public, which is big enough to take care of itself.

I have heard of some of Lady Mary Coke's mortifications. I have regard and esteem for her good qualities, which are many; but I doubt her genius will never suffer her to be quite happy. As she will not take the psalmist's advice of not putting trust, I am sure she would not follow mine; for, with all her piety, King David is the only royal person she will not listen to, and therefore I forbear my sweet counsel. When she and Lord Huntingdon meet, will not they put you in mind of Count Gage and Lady Mary Herbert, who met in the mines of Asturias, after they had failed of the crown of Poland?²—Adieu, my dear lord! Come you and

¹ A tax upon absentees. Mr. Hardy, in his *Memoirs of Lord Charlemont*, says, that the influence of the Whig leaders predominated so far as to oblige the ministers to relinquish the measure.—E.

² “The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stunted modest Gage.”

Pope, in a note to the above couplet, states that Mr. Gage and Lady Mary Herbert, “each of them, in the Mississippi scheme, despised to realize above three hundred thousand pounds; the gentleman with a view to the purchase of the crown of Poland, the lady on a vision of the like royal nature: they have since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold, in the mines of the Asturias.”—E.

my lady among us. You have some friends that are not odious, and who will be rejoiced to see you both—witness, for one,
 Yours most faithfully.

TO LADY MARY COKE.¹

[1773?]

YOUR ladyship's illustrious exploits are the constant theme of my meditations. Your expeditions are so rapid, and to such distant regions, that I cannot help thinking you are possessed of the giant's boots that stepped seven leagues at a stride, as we are assured by that accurate historian Mother Goose. You are, I know, Madam, an excellent walker, yet methinks seven leagues at once are a prodigious straddle for a fair lady. But whatever is your manner of travelling, few heroines ancient or modern can be compared to you for length of journeys. Thalestris, Queen of the Amazons, and M. M. or N. N. Queen of Sheba, went each of them the Lord knows how far to meet Alexander the Great and Solomon the Wise; the one to beg the favour of having a daughter (I suppose) and heiress by him; and the other, says scandal, to grant a like favour to the Hebrew monarch. Your ladyship, who has more real Amazonian principles, never makes visits but to empresses, queens, and princesses; and your country is enriched with the maxims of wisdom and virtue which you collect in your travels. For such great ends did Herodotus, Pythagoras, and other sages, make voyages to Egypt, and every distant kingdom; and it is amazing how much their own countries were benefited by what those philosophers learned in their peregrinations. Were it not that your ladyship is actuated by such public spirit, I could put you in mind, Madam, of an old story that might save you a great

¹ See the two preceding letters. It will be recollected that Lady Mary Coke was sister-in-law to the Earl of Strafford, and widow of Viscount Coke, heir apparent of Thomas Earl of Leicester, who died without issue by her, in his father's lifetime. Lady Mary died at a great age in 1811.—E.

deal of fatigue and danger — and now I think of it, as I have nothing better to fill my letter with, I will relate it to you.

Pyrrhus, the martial and *magnanimous* King of Epirus (as my Lord Lyttelton would call him), being, as I have heard or seen Goodman Plutarch say, intent on his preparations for invading Italy, Cineas, one of the grooms of his bedchamber, took the liberty of asking his Majesty what benefit he expected to reap if he should be successful in conquering the Romans?—Jesus! said the King, peevishly; why the question answers itself. When we have overcome the Romans, no province, no town, whether Greek or barbarian, will be able to resist us: we shall at once be masters of all Italy. Cineas after a short pause replied, And having subdued Italy, what shall we do next?—Do next? answered Pyrrhus; why, seize Sicily. Very likely, quoth Cineas; but will that put an end to the war?—The gods forbid! cried his Majesty: when Sicily is reduced, Libya and Carthage will be within our reach. And then, without giving Cineas time to put in a word, the heroic Prince ran over Africa, Greece, Asia, Persia, and every other country he had ever heard of upon the face of God's earth; not one of which he intended should escape his victorious sword. At last, when he was at the end of his geography, and a little out of breath, Cineas watched his opportunity, and said quietly, Well, Sire, and when we have conquered all the world, what are we to do then?—Why, then, said his Majesty, extremely satisfied with his own prowess, we will live at our ease; we will spend whole days in banqueting and carousing, and will think of nothing but our pleasures.

Now, Madam, for the application. Had I had the honour a few years ago of being your confidential abigail, when you meditated a visit to Princess Esterhazi, I would have ventured to ask your ladyship of what advantage her acquaintance would be to you? Probably you would have told me, that she would introduce you to several electresses and margravines, whose courts you would visit. That having conquered all their hearts, as I am persuaded you would, your

next jaunt should be to Hesse; from whence it would be but a trip to Aix, where Madame de Rochouart lives. Soaring from thence you would repair to the Imperial court at Vienna, where resides the most august, most virtuous, and most plump of empresses and queens — no, I mistake — I should only have said, of empresses; for her Majesty of Denmark, God bless her! is reported to be full as virtuous, and three stone heavier. Shall not you call at Copenhagen, Madam! If you do, you are next door to the Czarina, who is the quintessence of friendship, as the Princess Daskioff says, whom, next to the late Czar, her Muscovite Majesty loves above all the world. Asia, I suppose, would not enter into your ladyship's system of conquest; for, though it contains a sight of queens and sultanas, the poor ladies are locked up in abominable places, into which I am sure your ladyship's amity would never carry you — I think they call them seraglios. Africa has nothing but empresses stark-naked; and of complexions directly the reverse of your alabaster. They do not reign in their own right; and what is worse, the emperors of those barbarous regions wear no more robes than the sovereigns of their hearts.—And what are princes and princesses without velvet and ermine? As I am not a jot a better geographer than King Pyrrhus, I can at present recollect but one lady more who reigns alone, and that is her Majesty of Otaheite, lately discovered by Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander; and for whom your ladyship's compassionate breast must feel the tenderest emotions, she having been cruelly deprived of her faithful minister and lover Tobiu, since dead at Batavia.

Well, Madam, after you should have given me the plan of your intended expeditions, and not left a queen regent on the face of the globe unvisited, I would ask what we were to do next?—Why then, dear Abigail, you would have said, we will retire to Notting-hill, we will plant shrubs all the morning, read Anderson's Royal Genealogies all the evening; and once or twice a week I will go to Gunnersbury and drink a bottle with Princess Amelia.—Alas, dear lady! and cannot you do all that without skuttling from one end of the world to the other?—This was the upshot of all Cineas's inquisitiveness:

and this is the pith of this tedious letter from, Madam, your ladyship's most faithful Aulic Counsellor and humble admirer.

TO THE HON. MRS. GREY.¹

Dec. 9, 1773.

DEAR MADAM,

As I hear Lady Blandford has a return of the gout, as I foretold last night from the red spot being not gone, I beg you will be so good as to tell her, that if she does not encourage the swelling by keeping her foot wrapped up as hot as possible in flannel, she will torment herself and bring more pain. I will answer that if she will let it swell, and suffer the swelling to go off of itself, she will have no more pain; and she must remember, that the gout will bear contradiction no more than she herself.² Pray read this to her, and what I say farther—that though I know she will not bear pain for herself, I am sure she will for her friends. Her misfortune has produced the greatest satisfaction that a good mind can receive, the experience that that goodness has given her a great many sincere friends, who have shown as much concern as ever was known, and the most disinterested; as we know her generosity has left her nothing to give. We wish to preserve her for her own sake and ours, and the poor beseech her to bear a little pain for them.

I am going out of town till Monday, or would bring my prescription myself. She wants no virtue but patience; and patience takes it very ill to be left out of such good company. I am, dear Madam,

Your obedient servant,

DR. WALPOLE.

¹ Now first printed.

² It has already been stated, that Lady Blandford was somewhat impatient in her temper.—E.

TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.¹

SIR,

Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1773.

I HAVE received from Mr. Dodsley, and read with pleasure, your "Remarks on the History of Scotland," though I am not competently versed in some of the subjects. Indeed, such a load of difficult and vexatious business is fallen upon me by the unhappy situation of my nephew, Lord Orford, of whose affairs I have been forced to undertake the management, though greatly unfit for it, that I am obliged to bid adieu to all literary amusement and pursuits; and must dedicate the rest of a life almost worn out, and of late wasted and broken by a long illness, to the duties I owe to my family. I hope you, Sir, will have no such disagreeable avocation, and am your obliged servant.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington Street, May 4, 1774.

WE have dropped one another, as if we were not antiquaries, but people of this world — or do you disclaim me, because I have quitted the Society? I could give you but too sad reasons for my silence. The gout kept entire possession of me for six months; and, before it released me, Lord Orford's illness and affairs engrossed me totally. I have been twice in Norfolk since you heard from me. I am now at liberty again. What is your account of yourself? To ask you to come above ground, even so far as to see me, I know is in vain — or I certainly would ask it. You impose Carthusian shackles on yourself, will not quit your cell, nor will speak above once a week. I am glad even to hear of you, and to see your hand, though you make that as much like print as you can. If you were to be tempted abroad, it would be a pilgrimage: and I can lure you even with that. My chapel is finished, and the shrine will actually be placed in

¹ Now first collected.

less than a fortnight. My father is said to have said, that every man had his price. You are a *Beatus*, indeed, if you resist a shrine. Why should not you add to your claustral virtues that of a peregrination to Strawberry? You will find me quite alone in July. Consider, Strawberry is almost the last monastery left, at least in England. Poor Mr. Bateman's is despoiled. Lord Bateman has stripped and plundered it: has sequestered the best things, has advertised the site, and is dirtily selling by auction what he neither would keep, nor can sell for a sum that is worth while. I was hurt to see half the ornaments of the chapel, and the reliquaries, and in short a thousand trifles, exposed to sneers. I am buying a few to keep for the founder's sake. Surely it is very indecent for a favourite relation, who is rich, to show so little remembrance and affection. I suppose Strawberry will have the same fate! It has already happened to two of my friends. Lord Bristol got his mother's house from his brother, by persuading her he was in love with it. He let it in a month after she was dead — and all her favourite pictures and ornaments, which she had ordered not to be removed, are mouldering in a garret!

You are in the right to care so little for a world where there is no measure but *avoirdupois*. Adieu! Yours sincerely.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, May 28, 1774.

NOTHING will be more agreeable to me, dear Sir, than a visit from you in July. I will try to persuade Mr. Granger to meet you; and if you had any such thing as summer in the fens, I would desire you to bring a bag with you. We are almost freezing here in the midst of beautiful verdure, with a profusion of blossoms and flowers; but I keep good fires, and seem to feel warm weather while I look through the window; for the way to ensure summer in England, is to have it framed and glazed in a comfortable room.

I shall be still more glad to hear you are settled in your living. Burnham is almost in my neighbourhood; and its

being in that of Eton and Windsor, will more than console you, I hope, for leaving Ely and Cambridge. Pray let me know the moment you are certain. It would now be a disappointment to me as well as you. You shall be inaugurated in my chapel, which is much more venerable than your parish church, and has the genuine air of antiquity. I bought very little of poor Mr. Bateman's. His nephew disposed of little that was worth house-room, and yet pulled the whole to pieces.

Mr. Pennant has published a new *Tour to Scotland and the Hebrides*: and, though he has endeavoured to paint their dismal isles and rocks in glowing colours, they will not be satisfied; for he seems no bigot about Ossian, at least in some passages; and is free in others, which their intolerating spirit will resent. I cannot say the book is very entertaining to me, as it is more a book of rates than of antiquities. The most amusing part was communicated to him by Mr. Banks, who found whole islands that bear nothing but columns, as other places do grass and barley. There is a beautiful cave called Fingal's; which proves that nature loves Gothic architecture.

Mr. Pennant has given a new edition of his former *Tour* with more cuts. Among others, is the vulgar head, called the Countess of Desmond. I told him I had discovered, and proved past contradiction, that it is Rembrandt's mother. He owned it, and said, he would correct it by a note — but he has not. This is a brave way of being an antiquary! as if there could be any merit in giving for genuine what one knows to be spurious. He is, indeed, a superficial man, and knows little of history or antiquity: but he has a violent rage for being an author. He set out with *Ornithology*, and a little *Natural History*, and picks up his knowledge as he rides. I have a still lower idea of Mr. Gough; for Mr. Pennant, at least, is very civil: the other is a hog. Mr. Fenn,¹

¹ Sir John Fenn, who edited the "Original Letters, written during the Reigns of Henry VI, Edward IV, Richard III, and Henry VII, by various Persons of rank and consequence, digested in a chronological order; with Notes historical and explanatory;" which were published in four volumes, quarto, between the years 1787-1789. The letters are principally by members of the Paston family and others, who were of great consequence in Norfolk at the time. Sir John, who was a native of Norwich, died in 1794. A fifth volume was published in 1823.—E.

another smatterer in antiquity, but a very good sort of man, told me, Mr. Gough desired to be introduced to me — but as he has been such a bear to you,¹ he shall not come. The Society of Antiquaries put me in mind of what the old Lord Pembroke said to Anstis the herald: “Thou silly fellow! thou dost not know thy own silly business.” If they went beyond taste, by poking into barbarous ages, when there was no taste, one could forgive them — but they catch at the first ugly thing they see, and take it for old, because it is new to them, and then usher it pompously into the world, as if they had made a discovery; though they have not yet cleared up a single point that is of the least importance, or that tends to settle any obscure passage in history.

I will not condole with you on having had the gout, since you find it has removed other complaints. Besides, as it begins late, you are never likely to have it severely. I shall be in terrors in two or three months, having had the four last fits periodically and biennially. Indeed, the two last were so long and severe, that my remaining and shattered strength could ill support such.

I must repeat how glad I shall be to have you at Burnham. When people grow old, as you and I do, they should get together. Others do not care for us: but we seem wiser to one another by finding fault with them. Not that I am apt to dislike young folks, whom I think everything becomes: but it is a kind of self-defence to live in a body. I dare to say, that monks never find out that they grow old fools. Their age gives them authority, and nobody contradicts them. In the world, one cannot help perceiving one is out of fashion. Women play at cards with women of their own standing, and censure others between the deals, and thence conclude themselves Gamaliels. *I*, who see many young men with better parts than myself, submit with a good grace, or retreat hither to my castle, where I am satisfied with what I have done, and am always in good humour. But I like to have one or two old friends with me. I do not much invite the juvenile, who think my castle and me of equal

¹ Alluding to his not having answered a letter from Mr. Cole for nearly a twelvemonth.

antiquity: for no wonder, if they suppose George I. lived in the time of the crusades.

Adieu! my good Sir, and pray let Burnham Wood and Dunsinane be good neighbours. Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, June 21, 1744.

YOUR illness, dear Sir, is the worst excuse you could make me; and the worse, as you may be well in a night, if you will, by taking six grains of James's Powder. He cannot cure death; but he can most complaints that are not mortal or chronical. He could cure you so soon of colds, that he would cure you of another distemper, to which I doubt you are a little subject, the *fear of them*. I hope you were certain, that illness is a legal plea for missing induction, or you will have nursed a cough and hoarseness with too much tenderness, as they certainly could bear a journey. Never see my face again, if you are not rector of Burnham. How can you be so bigoted to Milton? I should have thought the very name would have prejudiced you against the place, as the name is all that could approach towards reconciling me to the fens. I shall be very glad to see you here, whenever you have resolution enough to quit your cell. But since Burnham and the neighbourhood of Windsor and Eton have no charms for you, can I expect that Strawberry Hill should have any? Methinks, when one grows old, one's contemporary friends should be our best amusement: for younger people are soon tired of us, and our old stories: but I have found the contrary in some of mine. For your part, you care for conversing with none but the dead: for I reckon the unborn, for whom you are writing, as much dead, as those from whom you collect.

You certainly ask no favour, dear Sir, when you want prints of me. They are at anybody's service that thinks them worth having. The owner sets very little value on them, since he sets very little, indeed, on himself: as a man,

a very faulty one; and as an author, a very middling one: which whoever thinks a comfortable rank, is not at all of my opinion. Pray convince me that you think I mean sincerely, by not answering me with a compliment. It is very weak to be pleased with flattery; the stupidest of all delusions to beg it. From you I should take it ill. We have known one another almost fifty years—to very little purpose, indeed, if any ceremony is necessary, or downright sincerity not established between us. Only tell me that you are recovered, and that I shall see you some time or other. I have finished the Catalogue of my collection; but you shall never have it without fetching, nor, though a less punishment, the prints you desire. I propose in time to have plates of my house added to the Catalogue, yet I cannot afford them, unless by degrees. Engravers are grown so much dearer, without my growing richer, that I must have patience! a quality I seldom have, *but* when I *must*. Adieu! Yours ever.

P. S. I have lately been at Amptill, and saw Queen Catherine's cross. It is not near large enough for the situation, and would be fitter for a garden than a park: but it is executed in the truest and best taste. Lord Ossory is quite satisfied, as well as I, and designs Mr. Essex a present of some guineas. If ever I am richer, I shall consult the same honest man about building my offices, for which I have a plan: but if I have no more money ever, I will not run in debt, and distress myself: and therefore remit my designs to chance and a little economy.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, June 23, 1774.

I HAVE nothing to say—which is the best reason in the world for writing; for one must have a great regard for anybody one writes to, when one begins a letter neither on ceremony nor business. You are seeing armies,¹ who are

¹ Mr. Conway was now on a tour of military curiosity through Flanders, Germany, Prussia, and part of Hungary.

always in fine order and great spirits when they are in cold blood: I am sorry you thought it worth while to realize what I should have thought you could have seen in your mind's eye. However, I hope you will be amused and pleased with viewing heroes, both in their autumn and their bud. Vienna will be a new sight; so will the Austrian eagle and its two heads. I should like *seeing*, too, if any fairy would present me with a chest that would fly up into the air by touching a peg, and transport me whither I pleased in an instant: but roads, and inns, and dirt are terrible drawbacks on my curiosity. I grow so old, or so indolent, that I scarce stir from hence; and the dread of the gout makes me almost as much a prisoner, as a fit of it. News I know none, if there is any. The papers tell me the city was to present a petition to the King against the Quebec-bill yesterday; and I suppose they will tell me to-morrow whether it was presented. The King's Speech tells me, there has nothing happened between the Russians and the Turks.¹ Lady Barrymore told me t'other day, that nothing was to happen between her and Lord Egremont. I am as well satisfied with these negatives, as I should have been with the contrary. I am much more interested about the rain, for it destroys all my roses and orange-flowers, of which I have exuberance; and my hay is cut, and cannot be made. However, it is delightful to have no other distresses. When I compare my present tranquillity and indifference with all I suffered last year,² I am thankful for my happiness, and enjoy it—unless the bell rings at the gate early in the morning—and then I tremble, and think it an express from Norfolk.

It is unfortunate, that when one has nothing to talk of but one's self, one should have nothing to say of one's self. It is shameful, too, to send such a scrap by the post. I think I shall reserve it till Tuesday. If I have then nothing to add, as is probable, you must content yourself with my good intentions,

¹ Peace between Russia and Turkey was proclaimed at St. Petersburg on the 14th of August 1774.—E.

² During the illness of his nephew, Lord Orford.

as you, I hope, will with this speculative campaign. Pray, for the future, remain at home and build bridges: I wish you were here to expedite ours to Richmond, which they tell me will not be passable these two years. I have done looking so forward. Adieu!

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Matson, near Gloucester, Aug. 15, 1774.

DEAR SIR,

As I am your disciple in antiquities (for you studied them when I was but a scoffer), I think it my duty to give you some account of my journeyings in the good cause. You will not dislike my date. I am in the very mansion where King Charles the First and his two eldest sons lay during the siege; and there are marks of the last's hacking with his hanger on a window, as he told Mr. Selwin's grandfather afterwards. The present master has done due honour to the royal residence, and erected a good marble bust of the Martyr, in a little gallery. In a window is a shield in painted glass, with that King's and his Queen's arms, which I gave him. So you see I am not a rebel, when *alma mater* antiquity stands godmother.

I went again to the cathedral, and, on seeing the monument of Edward II. a new historic doubt started, which I pray you to solve. His Majesty has a longish beard; and such were certainly worn at that time. Who is the first historian that tells the story of his being shaven with cold water from a ditch, and weeping to supply warm, as he was carried to Berkeley Castle? Is not this apocryphal? The house whence Bishop Hooper¹ was carried to the stake, is still standing *tale quale*. I made a visit to his actual successor, Warburton, who is very infirm, speaks with much hesitation, and, they say, begins to lose his memory. They

¹ John Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, who, having refused to recant his opinions, was burned alive before the cathedral of Gloucester in the year 1554.—E.

have destroyed the beautiful cross; the two battered heads of Henry III. and Edward III. are in the post-master's garden.

Yesterday I made a jaunt four miles hence that pleased me exceedingly, to Prinknash, the individual villa of the abbots of Gloucester. I wished you there with their mitre on. It stands on a glorious, but impracticable hill, in the midst of a little forest of beech, and commanding Elysium. The house is small, but has good rooms, and though modernized here and there, not extravagantly. On the ceiling of the hall is Edward IVth's jovial device, a *fau-con serrure*. The chapel is low and small, but antique, and with painted glass, with many angels in their coronation robes, *i. e.* wings and crowns. Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour lay here: in the dining-room are their arms in glass, and of Catherine of Arragon, and of Brays and Bridges. Under the window, a barbarous bas-relief head of Harry, young: as it is still on a sign of an ale-house, on the descent of the hill. Think of my amazement, when they showed me the chapel plate, and I found on it, on four pieces, my own arms, quartering my mother-in-law, Skerret's, and in a shield of pretence, those of Fortescue; certainly by mistake, for those of my sister-in-law, as the barony of Clinton was in abeyance between her and Fortescue Lord Clinton. The whole is modern and blundered: for Skerret should be impaled, not quartered, and instead of our crest, are two spears tied together in a ducal coronet, and no coronet for my brother, in whose time this plate must have been made, and at whose sale it was probably bought; as he finished the repairs of the church at Houghton, for which, I suppose, this decoration was intended. But the silversmith was no herald, you see.

As I descended the hill, I found in a wretched cottage a child, in an ancient oaken cradle, exactly in the form of that lately published from the cradle of Edward II. I purchased it for five shillings; but don't know whether I shall have fortitude enough to transport it to Strawberry Hill. People would conclude me in my second childhood.

To-day I have been at Berkeley and Thornbury Castles.

The first disappointed me much, though very entire. It is much smaller than I expected, but very entire, except a small part burnt two years ago, while the present Earl was in the house. The fire began in the housekeeper's room, who never appeared more; but as she was strict over the servants, and not a bone of her was found, it was supposed that she was murdered, and the body conveyed away. The situation is not elevated nor beautiful, and little improvements made of late, but some silly ones *à la Chinoise*, by the present Dowager. In good sooth, I can give you but a very imperfect account; for, instead of the lord's being gone to dine with the mayor of Gloucester, as I expected, I found him in the midst of all his captains of the militia. I am so sillily shy of strangers and youngsters, that I hurried through the chambers, and looked for nothing but the way out of every room. I just observed that there were many bad portraits of the family, but none ancient; as if the Berkeleys had been commissaries, and raised themselves in the last war. There is a plentiful addition of those of Lord Berkeley of Stratton, but no knights templars, or barons as old as Edward I.; yet are there three beds on which there may have been as frisky doings three centuries ago, as there probably have been within these ten years. The room shown for the murder of Edward II, and the shrieks of an agonizing king, I verily believe to be genuine. It is a dismal chamber, almost at top of the house, quite detached, and to be approached only by a kind of foot-bridge, and from that descends a large flight of steps that terminate on strong gates; exactly a situation for a *corps de garde*. In that room they show you a cast of a face in plaister, and tell you it was taken from Edward's. I was not quite so easy of faith about that; for it is evidently the face of Charles I.

The steeple of the church, lately rebuilt handsomely, stands some paces from the body; in the latter are three tombs of the old Berkeleys, with cumbent figures. The wife of the Lord Berkeley,¹ who was supposed to be privy to the murder,

¹ Thomas, third Lord Berkeley, was entrusted with the custody of Edward II; but, owing to the humanity with which he treated the captive monarch, he was forced to resign his prisoner and his castle to Lord

has a curious head-gear; it is like a long horse-shoe, quilted in quatrefoils; and, like Lord Poppington's wig, allows no more than the breadth of a half-crown to be discovered of the face. Stay, I think I mistake; the husband was a conspirator against Richard II. not Edward. But in those days, loyalty was not so rife as at present.

From Berkeley Castle I went to Thornbury, of which the ruins are half ruined. It would have been glorious, if finished.¹ I wish the lords of Berkeley had retained the spirit of deposing till Henry the VIIIth's time! The situation is fine, though that was not the fashion; for all the windows of the great apartment look into the inner court. The prospect was left to the servants. Here I had two adventures. I could find nobody to show me about. I saw a paltry house that I took for the sexton's, at the corner of the close, and bade my servant ring, and ask who could show me the Castle. A voice in a passion flew from a casement, and issued from a divine. "What! was it his business to show the Castle? Go look for somebody else! What did the fellow ring for as if the house was on fire?" The poor Swiss came back in a fright, and said, the doctor had sworn at him. Well—we scrambled over a stone stile, saw a room or two glazed near the gate, and rung at it. A damsel came forth, and satisfied our curiosity. When we had done seeing, I said, "Child, we don't know our way, and want to be directed into the London road; I see the Duke's steward yonder at the window, pray desire him to come to me, that I may consult him." She went—he stood staring at us at the window, and sent his footman. I do not think courtesies is resident at Thornbury. As I returned through the close, the divine came running out of breath, and without his beaver or band, and calls out, "Sir, I am come to justify myself: your servant says I swore

Maltravers and Sir Thomas Gournay. After the murder of Edward, Lord Berkeley was arraigned as a participator in the crime, but honourably acquitted. The Lady Berkeley alluded to by Walpole was his first wife, Margaret, daughter of Roger de Mortimer, Earl of March, and widow of Robert Vere, Earl of Oxford.—E.

¹ Thornbury Castle was designed, but never finished, by the Duke of Buckingham, in Henry VIII.'s time.—E.

at him: I am no swearer — Lord bless me! (dropping his voice) it is Mr. Walpole!" "Yes, Sir, and I think you was Lord Beauchamp's tutor at Oxford, but I have forgot your name." "Holwell, Sir." "Oh! yes —" and then I comforted him, and laid the ill-breeding on my footman's being a foreigner; but could not help saying, I really had taken his house for the sexton's. "Yes, Sir, it is not very good without, won't you please to walk in?" I did, and found the inside ten times worse, and a lean wife, suckling a child. He was making an Index to Homer, is going to publish the chief beauties, and I believe had just been reading some of the delicate civilities that pass between Agamemnon and Achilles, and that what my servant took for oaths, were only Greek compliments.¹ Adieu! Yours ever.

You see I have not a line more of paper.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, August 18, 1774.

It is very hard, that because you do not get my letters, you will not let me receive yours, who do receive them. I have not had a line from you these five weeks. Of your honours and glories fame has told me;² and for aught I know, you may be a *veldt-marshal* by this time, and despise such a poor cottager as me. Take notice, I shall disclaim you in my turn, if you are sent on a command against Dantzick, or to usurp a new district in Poland.³

I have seen no armies, kings, or empresses, and cannot send you such august gazettes; nor are they what I want to

¹ The Rev. William Holwell, vicar of Thornbury, prebendary of Exeter, and some time chaplain to the King. He was distinguished by superior talents as a scholar, and a critical knowledge of the Greek language. His "Extracts from Mr. Pope's Translation, corresponding with the Beauties of Homer, selected from the Iliad," were published in 1776.—E.

² Alluding to the distinguished notice taken of General Conway by the King of Prussia.

³ The first dismemberment of Poland had taken place in the preceding year, by which a third of her territory was ceded to Russia, Austria, and Prussia.—E.

hear of. I like to hear you are well and diverted; nay, have pined towards the latter, by desiring Lady Ailesbury to send you Monsieur de Guisnes's invitation to a military fête at Metz.¹ For my part, I wish you was returned to your plough. Your Sabine farm is in high beauty. I have lain there twice within this week, going to and from a visit to George Selwyn, near Gloucester: a tour as much to my taste as yours to you. For fortified towns I have seen ruined castles. Unluckily, in that of Berkeley I found a whole regiment of militia in garrison, and as many young officers as if the Countess was in possession, and ready to surrender at indiscretion. I endeavoured to comfort myself, by figuring that they were guarding Edward II. I have seen many other ancient sights without asking leave of the King of Prussia: it would not please me so much to write *to* him, as it once did to write *for* him.²

They have found at least seventy thousand pounds of Lord Thomond's.³ George Howard has decked himself with a red riband, money, and honours! Charming things! and yet one may be very happy without them.

The young Mr. Coke is returned from his travels in love with the Pretender's queen,⁴ who has permitted him to have her picture. What can I tell you more? Nothing. Indeed, if I only write to postmasters, my letter is long enough. Everybody's head but mine is full of elections. I had the satisfaction at Gloucester, where George Selwyn is canvassing, of reflecting on my own wisdom. "*Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,*" &c. I am certainly the greatest philosopher in the world, without ever having thought of being so: always employed, and never busy; eager about trifles, and indifferent to everything serious. Well, if it is not phi-

¹ To see the review of the French regiment of carabineers, then commanded by Monsieur de Guisnes.

² Alluding to the Letter to Rousseau in the name of the King of Prussia.

³ Percy Wyndham Obrien. He was the second son of Sir Charles Wyndham, chancellor of the exchequer to Queen Anne, and took the name of Obrien, pursuant to the will of his uncle, the Earl of Thomond in Ireland.

⁴ The Countess of Albany.—E.

losophy, at least it is content. I am as pleased here with my own nutshell, as any monarch you have seen these two months astride his eagle — not but I was dissatisfied when I missed you at Park-place, and was peevish at your being in an Aulic chamber. Adieu! Yours ever.

P. S. They tell us from Vienna, that the peace is made between Tisiphone and the Turk: is it true?

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 7, 1774.

I DID not think you had been so like the rest of the world, as, when you pretended to be visiting armies, to go in search of gold and silver mines!¹ The favours of courts and the smiles of emperors and kings, I see, have corrupted even you, and perverted you to a nabob. Have you brought away an ingot in the calf of your leg? What abomination have you committed? All the gazettes in Europe have sent you on different negotiations: instead of returning with a treaty in your pocket, you will only come back with bills of exchange. I don't envy your subterraneous travels, nor the hospitality of the Hungarians. Where did you find a spoonful of Latin about you? I have not attempted to speak Latin these thirty years, without perceiving I was talking Italian thickened with terminations in *us* and *orum*. I should have as little expected to find an Ovid in those regions; but I suppose the gentry of Presburg read him for a fashionable author, as our 'squires and their wives do the last collections of ballads that have been sung at Vauxhall and Marybone. I wish you may have brought away some sketches of Duke Albert's architecture. You know I deal in the works of royal authors, though I have never admired any of their own buildings, not excepting King Solomon's temple. Stanley² and Edmondson in Hungary! What carried them thither? The chase of

¹ Mr. Conway had gone to see the gold and silver mines of Cremonitz, in the neighbourhood of Grau in Hungary.

² Mr. Hans Stanley.

mines, too? The first, perhaps, waddled thither obliquely, as a parrot would have done whose direction was to Naples.

Well, I am glad you have been entertained, and seen such a variety of sights. You don't mind fatigues and hardships, and hospitality, the two extremes that to me poison travelling. I shall never see anything more, unless I meet with a ring that renders one invisible. It was but the other day that, being with George Selwyn at Gloucester, I went to view Berkeley Castle, knowing the Earl was to dine with the mayor of Gloucester. Alas! when I arrived, he had put off the party to enjoy his militia a day longer, and the house was full of officers. They might be in the Hungarian dress, for aught I knew; for I was so dismayed, that I would fain have persuaded the housekeeper that she could not show me the apartments; and when she opened the hall, and I saw it full of captains, I hid myself in a dark passage, and nothing could persuade me to enter, till they had the civility to quit the place. When I was forced at last to go over the castle, I ran through it without seeing any thing, as if I had been afraid of being detained prisoner.

I have no news to send you: if I had any, I would not conclude, as all correspondents do, that Lady Ailesbury left nothing untold. Lady Powis is gone to hold mobs at Ludlow, where there is actual war, and where a *knight*, I forget his name, one of their friends, has been *almost cut in two* with a scythe. When you have seen all the other armies in Europe, you will be just in time for many election-battles — perhaps, for a war in America, whither more troops are going. Many of those already sent have deserted; and to be sure the prospect there is not smiling. *Apropos*, Lord Mahon,¹ whom Lord Stanhope, his father, will not suffer to wear powder because wheat is so dear, was presented t'other day in coal-black hair and a white feather: they said “he had been tarred and feathered.”

¹ Charles Viscount Mahon, born on the 3rd of August 1753. In the following December, he married Lady Hester Pitt, eldest daughter of the Earl of Chatham. He succeeded his father, as third Earl Stanhope, in March 1786, and died in 1816.—E.

In France you will find a new scene.¹ The Chancellor is sent, a little before his time, to the devil. The old Parliament is expected back. I am sorry to say I shall not meet you there. It will be too late in the year for me to venture, especially as I now live in dread of my biennial gout, and should die of it in an *hôtel garni*, and forced to receive all comers—I, who you know lock myself up when I am ill as if I had the plague.

I wish I could fill my sheet, in return for your five pages. The only thing you will care for knowing is, that I never saw Mrs. Damer better in her life, nor look so well. You may trust me, who am so apt to be frightened about her.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 27, 1774.

I SHOULD be very ungrateful indeed if I thought of complaining of you, who are goodness itself to me: and when I did not receive letters from you, I concluded it happened from your eccentric positions. I am amazed, that, hurried as you have been, and your eyes and thoughts crowded with objects, you have been able to find time to write me so many and such long letters, over and above all those to Lady Ailesbury, your daughter, brother, and other friends. Even Lord Strafford brags of your frequent remembrance. That your superabundance of royal beams would dazzle you, I never suspected. Even I enjoy for you the distinctions you have received—though I should hate such things for myself, as they are particularly troublesome to me, and I am particularly awkward under them, and as I abhor the King of Prussia, and, if I passed through Berlin, should have no joy like avoiding him—like one of our countrymen, who changed horses at Paris, and asked what the name of that town was? All the other civilities you have received I am perfectly happy in. The Germans are certainly a civil, well-meaning people, and, I be-

¹ In consequence of the death of Louis XV. on the 10th of May.—E.

lieve, one of the least corrupted nations in Europe. I don't think them very agreeable; but who do I think are so? A great many French women, some English men, and a few English women; exceedingly few French men. Italian women are the grossest, vulgarest of the sex. If an Italian man has a grain of sense, he is a buffoon. So much for Europe!

I have already told you, and so must Lady Ailesbury, that my courage fails me, and I dare not meet you at Paris. As the period is arrived when the gout used to come, it is never a moment out of my head. Such a suffering, such a helpless condition as I was in for five months and a half, two years ago, makes me tremble from head to foot. I should die at once if seized in a French inn; or, what, if possible, would be worse, at Paris, where I must admit everybody.—I, who you know can hardly bear to see even you when I am ill, and who shut up myself here, and would not let Lord and Lady Hertford come near me—I, who have my room washed though in bed, how could I bear French dirt? In short, I, who am so capricious, and whom you are pleased to call a philosopher, I suppose because I have given up everything but my own will—how could I keep my temper, who have no way of keeping my temper but by keeping it out of everybody's way! No, I must give up the satisfaction of being with you at Paris. I have just learnt to give up my pleasures, but I cannot give up my pains, which such selfish people as I, who have suffered much, grow to compose into a system that they are partial to, because it is their own. I must make myself amends when you return: you will be more stationary, I hope, for the future; and if I live I shall have intervals of health. In lieu of me, you will have a charming succedaneum, Lady Harriet Stanhope.¹ Her father, who is more a hero than I, is packing up his decrepit bones, and goes too. I wish she may not have him to nurse, instead of diverting herself.

The present state of your country is, that it is drowned and dead drunk; all water without, and wine within. Opposition for the next elections everywhere, even in Scotland; not from

¹ Daughter of the Earl of Harrington. Her ladyship was married, in 1776, to Thomas second Lord Foley.—E.

party, but as laying out money to advantage. In the headquarters, indeed, party is not out of the question: the day after to-morrow will be a great bustle in the city for a Lord Mayor,¹ and all the winter in Westminster, where Lord Mahon and Humphrey Cotes oppose the court. Lady Powis is saving her money at Ludlow and Powis Castles by keeping open house day and night against Sir Watkin Williams, and fears she shall be kept there till the general election. It has rained this whole month, and we have got another inundation. The Thames is as broad as your Danube, and all my meadows are under water. Lady Browne and I, coming last Sunday night from Lady Blandford's, were in a piteous plight. The ferry-boat was turned round by the current, and carried to Isleworth. Then we ran against the piers of our new bridge, and the horses were frightened. Luckily, my *cicisbeo* was a Catholic, and screamed to so many saints, that some of them at the nearest ale-house came and saved us, or I should have had no more gout, or what I dreaded I should; for I concluded we should be carried ashore somewhere, and be forced to wade through the mud up to my middle. So you see one may wrap oneself up in flannel and be in danger, without visiting all the armies on the face of the globe, and putting the immortality of one's chaise to the proof.

I am ashamed of sending you but three sides of smaller paper in answer to seven large — but what can I do? I see nothing, know nothing, do nothing. My castle is finished, I have nothing new to read, I am tired of writing, I have no new or old bit for my printer. I have only black hoods around me; or, if I go to town, the family-party in Grosvenor-street. One trait will give you a sample of how I passed my time, and made me laugh, as it put me in mind of you; at least it was a fit of absence, much more likely to have happened to you than to me. I was playing at eighteenpenny treddrille with the Duchess of Newcastle² and Lady Browne,

¹ When Mr. Wilkes was elected.

² Catherine, eldest daughter and heiress of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, married to Henry ninth Earl of Lincoln; who, in consequence of his marriage with her, inherited, in 1768, the dukedom of Newcastle-under-Line, on the demise of the Countess's uncle, Thomas Pelham

and certainly not much interested in the game. I cannot recollect nor conceive what I was thinking of, but I pushed the cards very gravely to the Duchess, and said, "*Doctor*, you are to deal." You may guess at their astonishment, and how much it made us all laugh. I wish it may make you smile a moment, or that I had anything better to send you. Adieu, most affectionately. Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1774.

LADY AILESBURY brings you this,¹ which is not a letter, but a paper of directions, and the counterpart of what I have written to Madame du Deffand. I beg of you seriously to take a great deal of notice of this dear old friend of mine. She will, perhaps, expect more attention from *you*, as my friend, and as it is her own nature a little, than will be quite convenient to you: but you have an infinite deal of patience and good-nature, and will excuse it. I was afraid of her importuning Lady Ailesbury, who has a vast deal to see and do, and, therefore, I have prepared Madame du Deffand, and told her Lady Ailesbury loves amusements, and that, having never been at Paris before, she must not confine her: so you must pay for both—and it will answer: and I do not, I own, ask this only for Madame du Deffand's sake, but for my own, and a little for yours. Since the late King's death she has not dared to write to me freely, and I want to know the present state of France exactly, both to satisfy my own curiosity, and for her sake, as I wish to learn whether her pension, &c. is in any danger from the present ministry, some of whom are not her friends. She can tell you a great deal if she will—by that I don't mean that she is reserved, or partial to her own country against

Holles, who had been created Duke of Newcastle-under-Line, with special remainder to the Earl of Lincoln, in 1756.—E.

¹ Mr. Conway ended his military tour at Paris; whither Lady Ailesbury and Mrs. Damer went to meet him, and where they spent the winter together.

ours—quite the contrary; she loves me better than all France together—but she hates politics; and therefore, to make her talk on it, you must tell her it is to satisfy me, and that I want to know whether she is well at court, whether she has any fears from the government, particularly from Maurepas and Nivernois: and that I am eager to have Monsieur de Choiseul and *ma grandmaman*, the Duchess, restored to power. If you take it on this foot easily, she will talk to you with the utmost frankness and with amazing cleverness. I have told her you are strangely absent, and that, if she does not repeat it over and over, you will forget every syllable: so I have prepared her to joke and be quite familiar with you at once.¹ She knows more of personal characters, and paints them better, than anybody: but let this be between ourselves, for I would not have a living soul suspect that I get any intelligence from her, which would hurt her; and, therefore, I beg you not to let any human being know of this letter, nor of your conversation with her, neither English nor French.

Madame du Deffand hates *les philosophes*; so you must give them up to her. She and Madame Geoffrin are no friends: so, if you go thither, don't tell her of it. Indeed you would be sick of that house, whither all the pretended *beaux esprits* and *faux savants* go, and where they are very impertinent and dogmatic.

Let me give you one other caution, which I shall give Lady Ailesbury too. Take care of your papers at Paris, and have a very strong lock to your *porte-feuille*. In the *hôtels garnis* they have double keys to every lock, and examine every drawer and paper of the English they can get at. They will pilfer, too, whatever they can. I was robbed of half my clothes there the first time, and they wanted to

¹ In her letter to Walpole, of the 28th of October, Madame du Deffand draws the following portrait of General Conway:—"Selon l'idée que vous m'en aviez donnée, je le croyais grave, sévère, froid, imposant; c'est l'homme le plus aimable, le plus facile, le plus doux, le plus obligeant, et le plus simple que je connaisse. Il n'a pas ces premiers mouvemens de sensibilité qu'on trouve en vous, mais aussi n'a-t-il pas votre humeur."—E.

hang poor Louis to save the people of the house who had stolen the things.

Here is another thing I must say. Madame du Deffand has kept a great many of my letters, and, as she is very old, I am in pain about them. I have written to her to beg she will deliver them up to you to bring back to me, and I trust she will.¹ If she does, be so good to take great care of them. If she does not mention them, tell her just before you come away, that I begged you to bring them; and if she hesitates, convince her how it would hurt me to have letters written in very bad French, and mentioning several people, both French and English, fall into bad hands, and, perhaps, be printed.

Let me desire you to read this letter more than once, that you may not forget my requests, which are very important to me; and I must give you one other caution, without which all would be useless. There is at Paris a Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse,² a pretended *bel esprit*, who was formerly an humble companion of Madame du Deffand; and betrayed her and used her very ill. I beg of you not to let anybody carry you thither. It would disoblige my friend of all things in the world, and she would never tell you a syllable; and I own it would hurt me, who have such infinite obligations to her, that I should be very unhappy, if a particular friend of mine showed her this disregard. She has done everything upon earth to please and serve me, and I owe it to her to be earnest about this attention. Pray

¹ To this request Madame du Deffand replied—"Je ne me flatte point de vous revoir l'année prochaine, et le renvoi que vous voulez que je vous fasse de vos lettres est ce qui m'en fait douter. Ne serait-il pas plus naturel, si vous deviez venir, que je vous les rendisse à vous-même? car vous ne pensez pas que je ne puisse vivre encore un an. Vous me faites croire, par votre méfiance, que vous avez en vue d'effacer toute trace de votre intelligence avec moi."—E.

² Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, the friend of D'Alembert, born at Lyons in 1732, was the natural child of Mademoiselle d'Albon, whose legitimate daughter was married to the Marquis de Vichy. After the death of her mother, she resided with Monsieur and Madame de Vichy; but in consequence of some disagreements, left them, and in May 1754 went to reside with Madame du Deffand, with whom she remained until 1764. The letters of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse were published some few years since.—E.

do not mention it; it might look simple in me, and yet I owe it to her, as I know it would hurt her: and, at her age, with her misfortunes, and with infinite obligations on my side, can I do too much to show my gratitude, or prevent her any new mortification? I dwell upon it, because she has some enemies so spiteful that they try to carry all English to Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse.

I wish the Duchess of Choiseul may come to Paris while you are there; but I fear she will not; you would like her of all things. She has more sense and more virtues than almost any human being. If you choose to see any of the *savans*, let me recommend Monsieur Buffon. He has not only much more sense than any of them, but is an excellent old man, humane, gentle, well-bred, and with none of the arrogant pertness of all the rest. If he is at Paris, you will see a good deal of the Comte de Broglie at Madame du Deffand's. He is not a genius of the first water, but lively and sometimes agreeable. The court, I fear, will be at Fontainebleau, which will prevent your seeing many, unless you go thither. Adieu! at Paris! I leave the rest of my paper for England, if I happen to have anything particular to tell you.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 11, 1774.

DEAR SIR,

I ANSWER yours immediately; as one pays a shilling to clench a bargain, when one suspects the seller. I accept your visit in the last week of this month, and will prosecute you if you do not execute. I have nothing to say about elections, but that I congratulate myself every time I feel I have nothing to do with them. By my nephew's strange conduct about his boroughs, and by many other reasons, I doubt whether he is so well as he seemed to Dr. Barnardiston. It is a subject I do not love to talk on; but I know I tremble every time the bell rings at my gate at an unusual hour.

Have you seen Mr. Granger's Supplement? Methinks it grows too diffuse. I have hinted to him that fewer panegyrics from funeral sermons would not hurt it. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, Oct. 16, 1774.

I RECEIVED this morning your letter of the 6th from Strasburg; and before you get this you will have had three from me by Lady Ailesbury. One of them should have reached you much sooner; but Lady Ailesbury kept it, not being sure where you was. It was in answer to one in which you told me an anecdote, which in this last you ask if I had received.

Your letters are always so welcome to me, that you certainly have no occasion for excusing what you say or do not say. Your details amuse me, and so would what you suppress; for, though I have no military genius or curiosity, whatever relates to yourself must interest me. The honours you have received, though I have so little taste for such things myself, gave me great satisfaction; and I do not know whether there is not more pleasure in *not* being a prophet in one's own country, when one is almost received like Mahomet in every other. To be an idol at home, is no assured touch-stone of merit. Stocks and stones have been adored in fifty regions, but do not bear transplanting. The Apollo Belvidere and the Hercules Farnese may lose their temples, but never lose their estimation, by travelling.

Elections, you may be sure, are the only topic here at present—I mean in England—not on this quiet hill, where I think of them as little as of the spot where the battle of Blenheim was fought. They say there will not be much alteration, but the phoenix will rise from its ashes with most of its old plumes, or as bright. Wilkes at first seemed to carry all before him, besides having obtained the mayoralty of London at last. Lady Hertford told me last Sunday, that he would carry twelve members. I have not been in

town since, nor know anything but what I collect from the papers; so, if my letter is opened, M. de Vergennes will not amass any very authentic intelligence from my *dispatches*.

What I have taken notice of, is as follows: For the city Wilkes will have but three members: he will lose Crosby, and Townsend will carry Oliver. In Westminster, Wilkes will not have one; his Humphrey Cotes is by far the lowest on the poll; Lord Percy and Lord T. Clinton are triumphant there. Her grace of Northumberland sits at a window in Covent-garden, harangues the mob, and is "Hail, fellow, well met!" At Dover, Wilkes has carried one, and probably will come in for Middlesex himself with Glynn. There have been great endeavours to oppose him, but to no purpose. Of this I am glad, for I do not love a mob so near as Brentford; especially, as my road lies through it. Where he has any other interest I am too ignorant in these matters to tell you. Lord John Cavendish is opposed at York, and at the beginning of the poll had the fewest numbers. Charles Fox, like the ghost in Hamlet, has shifted to many quarters; but in most the cock crew, and he walked off.¹ In Southwark there has been outrageous rioting; but I neither know the candidates, their connexions, nor success. This, perhaps, will appear a great deal of news at Paris: here, I dare to say, my butcher knows more.

I can tell you still less of America. There are two or three more ships with forces going thither, and Sir William Draper as second in command.

Of private news, except that Dyson has had a stroke of palsy and will die, there is certainly none; for I saw that shrill Morning Post, Lady Greenwich, two hours ago, and she did not know a paragraph.

I forgot to mention to you M. de Maurepas. He was by far the ablest and most agreeable man I knew at Paris: and if you stay, I think I could take the liberty of giving you a letter to him; though, as he is now so great a man, and I remain so little an one, I don't know whether it would be quite

¹ Mr. Fox was returned for Malmesbury.—E.

so proper — though he was exceedingly good to me, and pressed me often to make him a visit in the country. But Lord Stormont can certainly carry you to him — a better passport.

There was one of my letters on which I wish to hear from you. There are always English coming from Paris, who would bring such a parcel: at least, you might send me one volume at a time, and the rest afterwards: but I should not care to have them ventured by the common conveyance. Madame du Deffand is negotiating for an enamel picture for me; but, if she obtains it, I had rather wait for it till you come. The books I mean, are those I told you Lady Ailesbury and Mrs. Damer would give you a particular account of, for they know my mind exactly. Don't reproach me with not meeting you at Paris. Recollect what I suffered this time two years; and, if you can have any notion of fear, imagine my dread of torture for five months and a half! When all the quiet of Strawberry did but just carry me through it, could I support it in the noise of a French hotel! and, what would be still worse, exposed to receive all visits? for the French, you know, are never more in public than in the act of death. I am like animals, and love to hide myself *when I am dying*. Thank God, I am now two days beyond the crisis when I expected my dreadful periodic visitant, and begin to grow very sanguine about the virtue of the bootikins. I shall even have courage to go to-morrow to Chalfont for two days, as it is but a journey of two hours. I would not be a day's journey from hence for all Lord Clive's diamonds. This will satisfy *you*. I doubt Madame du Deffand is not so easily convinced: therefore, pray do not drop a hint before her of blaming me for not meeting you; rather assure her you are persuaded it would have been too great a risk for me at this season. I wish to have her quite clear of my attachment to her; but that I do not always find so easy. You, I am sure, will find her all zeal and *empressement* for you and yours. Adieu!

Yours ever.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 29, 1774.

I HAVE received your letter of the 23rd, and it certainly overpays me, when you thank instead of scolding me, as I feared. A passionate man has very little merit in being in a passion, and is sure of saying many things he repents, as I do. I only hope you think that I could not be so much in the wrong for everybody; nor should have been, perhaps, even for you, if I had not been certain I was the only person, at that moment, that could serve you essentially: and at such a crisis, I am sure I should take exactly the same part again, except in saying some things I did, of which I am ashamed!¹ I will say no more now on that topic, nor on anything relating to it, because I have written my mind very fully, and you will know it soon. I can only tell you now, that I approve extremely your way of thinking, and hope you will not change it before you hear from me, and know some material circumstances. You and Lady Ailesbury and I agree exactly, and she and I certainly consider only *you*. I do not answer her last, because I could not help telling you how very kindly I take your letter. All I beg is, that you would have no delicacy about my serving you any way. You know it is a pleasure to me: anybody else may have views that would embarrass you; and, therefore, till you are on the spot, and can judge for yourself (which I always insist on, because you are cooler than I, and because, though I have no interests to serve, I have passions, which equally mislead one), it will be wiser to decline all kind of proposals and offers. You will avoid the plague of contested elections and solicitations: and I see no reasons, at present, that can tempt you to be in a hurry.²

You must not expect to be Madame du Deffand's first

¹ This relates to Mr. Walpole having resented, in a very warm manner, some neglect on the part of his friends, which deprived Mr. Conway of a seat in Parliament at the general election which took place in the year 1774.—E.

² A vacancy having taken place for St. Edmund's Bury, in March 1775, Mr. Conway was returned without opposition.—E.

favourite. Lady Ailesbury has made such a progress there, that you will not easily supplant her. I have received volumes in her praise.¹ You have a better chance with Madame de Cambis, who is very agreeable; and I hope you are not such an English husband as not to conform to the manners of Paris while you are there.

I forgot to mention one or two of my favourite objects to Lady Ailesbury, nay, I am not sure she will taste one of them, the church of the Celestines. It is crowded with beautiful old tombs; one of Francis II. whose beatitude is presumed from his being husband of the martyr Mary Stuart. Another is of the first wife of John Duke of Bedford, the Regent of France. I think you was once there with me formerly. The other is Richelieu's tomb, at the Sorbonne — but that everybody is carried to see. The Hôtel de Carnavalet,² near the Place Royale, is worth looking at, even for the façade, as you drive by. But of all earthly things the most worth seeing is the house at Versailles, where the King's pictures, not hung up, are kept. There is a treasure past belief, though in sad order, and piled one against another. Monsieur de Guerchy once carried me thither; and you may certainly get leave. At the Luxembourg are some hung up, and one particularly is worth going to see alone: it is the Deluge by Nicolo Poussin, as winter. The three other seasons are good for nothing; but the Deluge is the first picture in the world of its kind. You will be shocked to see the glorious pictures at the Palais Royal transplanted to new canvasses, and new painted and varnished, as if they were to be scenes at the Opera — at least, they had treated half-a-dozen of the best so, three years ago, and were going on. The Prince of Monaco has a few fine, but still worse used; one of

¹ “Miladi Ailesbury,” writes Madame du Deffand, “est certainement la meilleure des femmes, la plus douce, et la plus tendre: je suis trompée si elle n’aime passionnément son mari, et si elle n’est pas parfaitement heureuse: son humeur me paraît très-égale, sa politesse noble et aisée; elle a le meilleur ton du monde; exempte de toutes prétentions, elle plaira à tous les gens de goût, et ne déplaira jamais à personne; c’est de toutes les Anglaises que j’ai vues, celle que je trouve la plus aimable sans nulle exception.”—E.

² Where Madame de Sévigné resided.

them shines more than a looking-glass. I fear the exposition of pictures is over for this year; it is generally very *diverting*.¹ I, who went into every church of Paris, can assure you there are few worth it, but the Invalids—except the *scenery* at St. Roch, about one or two o'clock at noon, when the sun shines; the Carmelites, for the Guido and the portrait of Madame de la Valière as a Magdalen; the Val de Grace, for a moment; the *treasure* at Notre Dame; the Sainte Chapelle, where in the ante-chapel are two very large enamelled portraits; the tomb of Condé at the Great Jesuits in the Rue St. Antoine, if not shut up; and the little church of St. Louis in the Louvre, where is a fine tomb of Cardinal Fleury, but large enough to stand on Salisbury-plain. One thing some of you *must* remember, as you return; nay, it is better to go soon to St. Denis, and Madame du Deffand must get you a particular order to be shown (which is never shown without) the effigies of the Kings.² They are in presses over the treasure which is shown, and where is the glorious antique cameo-cup; but the countenance of Charles IX. is so horrid and remarkable, you would think he had died on the morrow of the St. Barthelemi, and waked full of the recollection. If you love enamels and exquisite medals, get to see the collection of a Monsieur d'Henery, who lives in the corner of the street where Sir John Lambert lives—I forget its name. There is an old man behind the Rue de Colombier, who has a great but bad collection of old French portraits; I delighted in them, but perhaps you would not. *I*, you may be sure, hunted out everything of that sort. The convent and collection of St. Germain, I mean that over against the Hôtel du Parc Royal, is well worth seeing—but I forget names strangely—Oh! delightful!—Lord Cholmondeley sends me

¹ He means from their extreme bad taste.

² The abbey of St. Denis was sadly shorn of its glories during the Revolution. On the 16th of October 1793, the coffin of Louis XV. was taken out of the vaults; and, after a stormy debate, it was decided to throw the remains of all the kings, even those of Henry IV. and Louis XIV, which were yet to a great degree preserved entire, into a pit, to melt down their leaden coffins on the spot, and to take away and cast into bullets whatever lead there still remained in the church; not even excepting the roof.—E.

word he goes to Paris on Monday: I shall send this and my other letter by him. It was him I meant; I knew he was going, and had prepared it.

Pray take care to lock up your papers in a strong box, that nobody can open. They imagine you are at Paris on some commission, and there is no trusting French hotels or servants. America is in a desperate situation. The accounts from the Congress are not expected before the 10th, and expected very warm. I have not time to tell you some manœuvres against them that will make your blood curdle. Write to me when you can by private hands, as I will to you. There are always English passing backwards and forwards.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 7, 1774.

I HAVE written such tomes to Mr. Conway, Madam, and have so nothing new to write, that I might as well, methinks, begin and end like the lady to her husband: "*Je vous écris parceque je n'ai rien à faire: je finis parceque je n'ai rien à vous dire.*" Yes, I have two complaints to make, one of your ladyship, the other of myself. You tell me nothing of Lady Harriet: have you no tongue, or the French no eyes? or are her eyes employed in nothing but seeing? What a vulgar employment for a fine woman's eyes after she is risen from her toilet! I declare I will ask no more questions—what is it to me, whether she is admired or not? I should know how charming she is, though all Europe were blind. I hope I am not to be told by any barbarous nation upon earth what beauty and grace are!

For myself, I am guilty of the gout in my elbow; the left—witness my hand-writing. Whether I caught cold by the deluge in the night, or whether the bootikins, like the water of Styx, can only preserve the parts they surround, I doubt they have saved me but three weeks, for so long my reckoning has been out. However, as I feel nothing in my feet, I flatter myself that this Pindaric transition will not be a regu-

lar ode, but a fragment, the more valuable for being imperfect.

Now for my gazette.—Marriages—Nothing done. Intrigues—More in the political than civil way. Births—Under par since Lady Berkeley left off breeding. Gaming—Low water. Deaths—Lord Morton, Lord Wentworth, Duchess Douglas. Election stock—More buyers than sellers. Promotions—Mr. Wilkes as high as he can go.—*Apropos*, he was told the Lord Chancellor intended to signify to him, that the King did not approve the City's choice: he replied, "Then I shall signify to his lordship, that I am at least as fit to be Lord Mayor as he to be Lord Chancellor." This being more gospel than everything Mr. Wilkes says, the formal approbation was given.

Mr. Burke has succeeded in Bristol, and Sir James Peachey will miscarry in Sussex. But what care you, Madam, about our Parliament? You will see the *rentrée* of the old one, with songs and epigrams into the bargain. We do not shift our Parliaments with so much gaiety. Money in one hand, and abuse in t'other—those are all the arts we know. *Wit and a gamut* I don't believe ever signified a Parliament,¹ whatever the glossaries may say; for they never produce pleasantry and harmony. Perhaps you may not taste this Saxon pun, but I know it will make the Antiquarian Society die with laughing.

Expectation hangs on America. The result of the general assembly is expected in four or five days. If one may believe the papers, which one should not believe, the other side of the waterists are not *doux comme des moutons*, and yet we do intend to eat them. I was in town on Monday; the Duchess of Beaufort graced our loo, and made it as rantipole as a Quaker's meeting. *Loois Quinze*,² I believe, is arrived by this time, but I fear without *quinze louis*.

Your herb-snuff and the four glasses are lying in my warehouse, but I can hear of no ship going to Paris. You are

¹ Witenagemot.

² This was a cant name given to Lady Powis, who was very fond of loo, and had lost much money at that game.

now at Fontainebleau, but not thinking of Francis I. the Queen of Sweden, and Monaldelschi. It is terrible that one cannot go to courts that are gone! You have supped with the Chevalier de Boufflers: did he act everything in the world, and sing everything in the world, and laugh at everything in the world? Has Madame de Cambis sung to you "*Sans dépit, sans légèreté*?"¹ Has Lord Cholmondeley delivered my packet? I hear I have hopes of Madame d'Olonne.² Gout or no gout, I shall be little in town till after Christmas. My elbow makes me bless myself that I am not at Paris. Old age is no such uncomfortable thing, if one gives oneself up to it with a good grace, and don't drag it about

"To midnight dances and the public show."

If one stays quietly in one's own house in the country, and cares for nothing but oneself, scolds one's servants, condemns everything that is new, and recollects how charming a thousand things were formerly that were very disagreeable, one gets over the winters very well, and the summers get over themselves.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 11, 1774.

I AM sorry there is still time, my dear lord, to write to you again; and that though there is, I have so little to amuse you with. One is not much nearer news for being within ten miles of London than if in Yorkshire; and besides, whatever reaches us, Lady Greenwich catches at the rebound before me, and sends you before I can. Our own circle furnishes very little. Dowagers are good for propagating news when planted, but have done with sending forth suckers. Lady Blandford's coffee-house is removed to town, and the Duchess of Newcastle's is little frequented, but by your sister Anne,

¹ The first words of a favourite French air.

² The portrait in enamel of Madame d'Olonne by Petitot, which Walpole afterwards purchased.—E.

Lady Browne, and me. 'This morning, indeed, I was at a very fine concert at old Franks's at Isleworth, and heard Leoni,¹ who pleased me more than anything I have heard these hundred years. There is a full melancholy melody in his voice, though a *fulsetta*, that nothing but a natural voice ever compasses. Then he sung songs of Handel in the genuine simple style, and did not put one in pain like rope-dancers. Of the Opera I hear a dismal account; for I did not go to it to sit in our box like an old King dowager by myself. Garrick is treating the town, as it deserves and likes to be treated, with scenes, fireworks, and his own writing. A good new play I never expect to see more, nor have seen since *The Provoked Husband*, which came out when I was at school.

Bradshaw is dead, they say by his own hand: I don't know wherefore. I was told it was a great political event. If it is, our politics run as low as our plays. From town I heard that Lord Bristol was taken speechless with a stroke of the palsy. If he dies, Madam Chudleigh² must be tried by her peers, as she is certainly either duchess or countess. Mr. Conway and his company are so pleased with Paris, that they talk of staying till Christmas. I am glad; for they will certainly be better diverted there than here. Your lordship's most faithful servant.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 12, 1774.

I HAVE received a delightful letter from you of four sheets, and another since. I shall not reply to the campaigning part (though much obliged to you for it), because

¹ Leoni, a celebrated singer of the day, considered one of the best in England. He was a Jew, and engaged at the synagogues, from which he is said to have been dismissed for singing in the Messiah of Handel.—E.

² The Duchess of Kingston; against whom an indictment for bigamy was found on the 8th of December, she having married the Duke of Kingston, having been previously married to the Hon. Augustus John Hervey, then living, and who, by the death of his brother, in March 1775, became Earl of Bristol.—E.

I have twenty other subjects more pressing to talk of. The first is to thank you for your excessive goodness to my dear old friend—she has some indiscretions, and *you must not have any to her*; but she has the best heart in the world, and I am happy, at her great age, that she has spirits enough not to be always upon her guard. A bad heart, especially after long experience, is but too apt to overflow *inwardly* with prudence. At least, as I am but too like her, and have corrected too few of my faults, I would fain persuade myself that some of them flow from a good principle—but I have not time to talk of myself, though you are much too partial to me, and give me an opportunity; yet I shall not take it.

Now for English news, and then your letter again. There has been a great mortality here; though Death has rather been *prîé* than a volunteer. Bradshaw, as I told Lady Ailesbury last post, shot himself. He is dead, totally undone. Whether that alone was the cause, or whether he had not done something worse, I doubt. I cannot conceive that, with his resources, he should have been hopeless—and, to suspect him of delicacy, impossible!

A ship is arrived from America, and I doubt with very bad news; for none but trifling letters have yet been given out—but I am here, see nobody that knows anything, and only hear by accident from people that drop in. The sloop that is to bring the result of the general assembly is not yet come. There are indeed rumours, that both the non-importation and even non-exportation have been decreed, and that the flame is universal. I hope this is exaggerated! yet I am told the stocks will fall very much in a day or two.

I have nothing to tell Lady Ailesbury, but that I hear a deplorable account of the Opera. There is a new puppet-show at Drury-lane, as fine as scenes can make it, called “The Maid of the Oaks,”¹ and as dull as the author could not help making it.

¹ Written by General Burgoyne. Walpole’s opinion of the General’s abilities as a writer totally changed upon the appearance of “The Heiress,” which he always called the genteelest comedy in the English language.—E.

Except M. d'Herouville, I know all the people you name. C. I doubt, by things I have heard formerly, may have been a *concessionnaire*. The Duke, your *protecteur*,¹ is *médiocre* enough; you would have been more pleased with his wife. The Chevalier's² *bon-mot* is excellent, and so is he. He has as much *buffonnerie* as the Italians, with more wit and novelty. His impromptu verses often admirable. Get Madame du Deffand to show you his embassy to the Princess Christine, and his verses on his eldest uncle, beginning *Si Monsieur de Veau*. His second uncle has parts, but they are not so natural. Madame de Caraman is a very good kind of woman, but has not a quarter of her sister's parts.³ Madame de Mirepoix is *the* agreeable woman of the world when she pleases—but there must not be a card in the room. Lord * * * * has acted like himself; that is, unlike anybody else. You know, I believe, that I think him a very good speaker; but I have little opinion of his judgment and knowledge of the world, and a great opinion of his affectation and insincerity. The Abbé Raynal, though he wrote that fine work on the Commerce des Deux Indes, is the most tiresome creature in the world. The first time I met him was at the dull Baron d'Olbach's: we were twelve at table: I dreaded opening my mouth in French, before so many people and so many servants: he began questioning me, cross the table, about our colonies, which I understand as little as I do Coptic. I made him signs I was deaf. After dinner, he found I was not, and never forgave me. Mademoiselle de Raucoux I never saw till you told me Madame du Deffand said she was *démoniaque sans chaleur*! What painting! I see her now. Le Kain sometimes pleased me, oftener not. Molé is charming in genteel, or in pathetic comedy, and would be fine in tragedy, if he was

¹ The Duc de la Valière; of whom Mr. Conway had said, that, when presented to him, "his reception was what might be called good, but rather *de protection*."

² The Chevalier de Boufflers; well known for his "Letters from Switzerland," addressed to his mother; his "Reine de Golconde," a tale; and a number of very pretty Vers de Société.—E.

³ Madame de Cambis.—E.

stronger. Preville is always perfection. I like his wife in affected parts, though not animated enough. There was a delightful woman who did the Lady Wishforts, I don't know if there still, I think her name Mademoiselle Drouin; and a fat woman, rather elderly, who sometimes acted the *soubrette*. But you have missed the Dumenil, and Caillaut! What irreparable losses! Madame du Deffand, perhaps—I don't know—could obtain your hearing the Clairon—yet the Dumenil was infinitely preferable.

I could now almost find in my heart to laugh at you for liking Boutin's garden.¹ Do you know, that I drew a plan of it, as the completest absurdity I ever saw. What! a river that wriggles at right angles through a stone gutter, with two tansy puddings that were dug out of it, and three or four beds in a row, by a corner of the wall, with samples of grass, corn, and of *en friche*, like a tailor's paper of patterns! And you like this! I will tell Park-place—Oh! I had forgot your audience in dumb show—Well, as Madame de Sévigné said, “Le Roi de Prusse, c'est le plus grand Roi du monde still.”² My love to the old Parliament; I don't love new ones.

I went several times to Madame de Monconseil's, who is just what you say. Mesdames de Tingri et de la Vauguion I never saw: Madame de Noailles once or twice, and enough. You say something of Madame de Mallet, which I could not read; for, by the way, your brother and I agree that you are grown not to write legibly: is that lady in being? I knew her formerly. Madame de Blot³ I know, and Mon-

¹ See another ludicrous description of this garden in a letter to Mr. Chute; *antè*, p. 308.—E.

² This alludes to Mr. Conway's presentation to the King of France, Louis XVI, at Fontainebleau, of which, in his letter to Mr. Walpole, he gives the following account:—“On St. Hubert's day in the morning I had the honour of being presented to the King: 'twas a good day, and an excellent deed. You may be sure I was well received, the French are so polite! and their court so polished! The Emperor, indeed, talked to me every day; so did the King of Prussia, regularly and much; but that was not to be compared to the extraordinary reception of his most Christian Majesty, who, when I was presented, did not stop nor look to see what sort of an animal was offered to his notice, but carried his head, as it seemed, somewhat higher, and passed his way.”

³ Wife of M. Chavigny de Blot, attached to the service of the Duke

sieur de Paulmy I know; but for Heaven's sake who is Colonel Conway?¹ Mademoiselle Sanadon is *la sana donna*, and not Mademoiselle *Celadon*,² as you call her. Pray assure my good Monsieur Schouwalow³ of my great regard: he is one of the best of beings.

I have said all I could, at least all I should. I reserve the rest of my paper for a postscript; for this is but Saturday, and my letter cannot depart till Tuesday: but I could not for one minute defer answering your charming volumes, which interest me so much. I grieve for Lady Harriet's swelled face, and wish for both their sakes she could transfer it to her father. I assure her I meant nothing by desiring you to see the verses to the Princess Christine,⁴ wherein there is very profane mention of a pair of swelled cheeks. I hear nothing of Madame d'Olonne. Oh! make Madame du Deffand show you the sweet portrait of Madame de Prie, the Duke of Bourbon's mistress. Have you seen Madame de Monaco, and the remains of Madame de Brionne? If you wish to see Mrs. A * * *, ask for the Princesse de Ligne. If you have seen Monsieur de Maurepas, you have seen the late Lord Hardwicke.⁵ By your not naming him, I suppose the Duc de Nivernois is not at Paris. Say a great deal for me to M. de Guisnes. You will not see my passion, the Duchess de Chatillon. If you see Madame de Nivernois, you will think the Duke of Newcastle is come to life again. Alas! where is my postscript? Adieu!

Yours ever.

of Orleans: she was sister to the Comte d'Hennery, who died at St. Domingo, where he was commander-in-chief.—E.

¹ An officer in the French service.

² Mademoiselle Sanadon, a lady who lived with Madame du Deffand. She was niece to the Père Sanadon, well known by his translation of Horace, accompanied with valuable notes, and by his elegant poems and orations in the Latin language.—E.

³ The Russian minister at Paris. See *antè*, p. 10. Madame du Deffand thus describes the Count in a letter to Walpole:—"Je trouve notre bon ami un peu ennuyeux; il n'a nulle inflexion dans la parole, nul mouvement dans l'ame; ce qu'il dit est une lecture sans ponctuation."—E.

⁴ By the Chevalier de Boufflers.

⁵ He means, from their personal resemblance.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Nov. 27, 1774.

I HAVE received your delightful plump packet with a letter of six pages, one from Madame du Deffand, the *Eloges*,¹ and the *Lit de justice*. Now, observe my gratitude: I appoint you my resident at Paris; but you are not to resemble all our ministers abroad, and expect to live at home, which would destroy *my Lord Castlecomer's*² view in your staying at Paris. However, to prove to you that I have some gratitude that is not totally selfish, I will tell you what little news I know, before I answer your letter; for English news, to be sure, is the most agreeable circumstance in a letter from England.

On my coming to town yesterday, there was nothing but more deaths—don't you think we have the plague? The Bishop of Worcester,³ Lord Breadalbane, Lord Strathmore. The first fell from his horse, or with his horse, at Bath, and the bishopric was incontinently given to Bishop North.

America is still more refractory, and I doubt will outvote the ministry. They have picked General Gage's pocket of three pieces of cannon,⁴ and intercepted some troops that were going to him. Sir William Draper is writing plans of pacification in our newspapers; and Lord Chatham flatters himself that he shall be sent for when the patient is given over; which I don't think at all unlikely to happen. My poor nephew is very political too: so we shall not want mad-doctors. *Apropos*, I hear Wilkes says he will propose Maereh for Speaker.

¹ Two rival *Eloges* of Fontenelle, by Champfort and La Harpe.—E.

² A cant phrase of Mr. Walpole's; which took its rise from the following story:—The tutor of a young Lord Castlecomer, who lived at Twickenham with his mother, having broken his leg, and somebody pitying the poor man to Lady Castlecomer, she replied, "Yes, indeed, it is very inconvenient to my Lord Castlecomer."—E.

³ Dr. James Johnson.—E.

⁴ The seizure of Fort William and Mary, near Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, by the provincial militia, in which they found many barrels of gunpowder, several pieces of cannon, &c.—E.

The Ecclesiastical Court are come to a resolution that the Duchess of Kingston is Mrs. Hervey; and the sentence will be public in a fortnight. It is not so certain that she will lose the estate. Augustus¹ is not in a much more pleasant predicament than she is. I saw Lord Bristol last night: he looks perfectly well, but his speech is much affected, and his right hand.

Lady Lyttelton, who, you know, never hears anything that has happened, wrote to me two days ago, to ask if it would not be necessary for *you* to come over for the meeting of the Parliament. I answered, very gravely, that to be sure you ought: but though Sir James Morgan threatened you loudly with a petition, yet, as it could not be heard till after Christmas, I was afraid you would not be persuaded to come sooner. I hope she will inquire who Sir James Morgan is, and that people will persuade her she has made a confusion about Sir James Peachy. Now for your letter.

I have been in the *Chambre de Parlement*, I think they call it the *Grande Chambre*; and was shown the corner in which the monarchs sit, and do not wonder you did not guess where it was they sat. It is just like the dark corner, under the window, where I always sat in the House of Commons. What has happened, has past exactly according to my ideas. When one King breaks one parliament, and another another, what can the result be but despotism? or of what else is it a proof? If a Tory King displaces his father's Whig lord chamberlain, neither lord chamberlain has the more or the less power over the theatres and court mournings and birth-day balls. All that can arrive is, that the people will be still more attached to the old parliament, from this seeming restitution of a right—but the people must have some power before their attachment can signify a straw. The old parliament, too, may some time or other give itself more airs on this confession of right; but that too cannot be but in a minority, or when the power of the crown is lessened by reasons that have nothing to do with the par-

¹ The Hon. Augustus Hervey, to whom she was first married.

liament. I will answer for it, they will be too *grateful* to give umbrage to their restorer. Indeed, I did not think the people would be so quick-sighted at once, as to see the distinction of old and new was without a difference. Methinks France and England are like the land and the sea; one gets a little sense when the other loses it.

I am quite satisfied with all you tell me about my friend. My intention is certainly to see her again, if I am able; but I am too old to lay plans, especially when it depends on the despot gout to register or cancel them. It is even melancholy to see her, when it will probably be but once more; and still more melancholy, when we ought to say to one another, in a different sense from the common, *au revoir*! However, as mine is a pretty cheerful kind of philosophy, I think the best way is to think of dying, but to talk and act as if one was not to die; or else one tires other people, and dies before one's time. I have truly all the affection and attachment for her that she deserves from me, or I should not be so very thankful as I am for your kindness to her. The Choiseuls will certainly return at Christmas, and will make her life much more agreeable. The Duchess has as much attention to her as I could have; but that will not keep me from making her a visit.

I have only seen, not known, the younger Madame de Boufflers. For her musical talents, I am little worthy of them—yet I am just going to Lady Bingham's to hear the Bastardella, whom, though the first singer in Italy, Mrs. Yates could not or would not agree with;¹ and she is to have twelve hundred pounds for singing twelve times at the Pantheon, where, if she had a voice as loud as Lord Clare's, she could not be heard. The two *bons-mots* you sent me are excellent; but, alas! I had heard them both before; consequently your own, which is very good too, pleased me much

¹ Mrs. Yates was at this time joint manager of the Opera with Mrs. Brook. In November 1773, she spoke a poetical exordium, by which it appeared that she intended mixing plays with operas, and entertaining the public with singing and declamation alternately; but permission could not be obtained from the Lord Chamberlain to put this plan into execution.—E.

more. M. de Stainville I think you will not like: he has sense, but has a dry military harshness, that at least did not suit me — and then I hate his barbarity to his wife.¹

You was very lucky indeed to get one of the sixty tickets.² Upon the whole, your travels have been very fortunate, and the few mortifications amply compensated. If a Duke³ has been spiteful when your back was turned, a hero-king has been all courtesy. If another king has been silent, an emperor has been singularly gracious. Frowns or silence may happen to anybody: the smiles have been addressed to you particularly. So was the ducal frown indeed — but would you have earned a smile at the price set on it? One cannot do right and be always applauded — but in such cases are not frowns tantamount?

As my letter will not set forth till the day after to-morrow, I reserve the rest for my additional news, and this time *will* reserve it.

St. Parliament's day, 29th, after breakfast.

The Speech is said to be firm, and to talk of the *rebellion*⁴ of our province of Massachusetts. No sloop is yet arrived to tell us how to call the rest. Mr. Van⁵ is to move for the expulsion of Wilkes; which will distress, and may produce an odd scene. Lord Holland is certainly dead; the papers say, Robinson too, but that I don't know: — so many deaths of late make report kill to right and left.

¹ Upon a suspicion of gallantry with Clairval, an actor, she was confined for life in the convent of Les Filles de Sainte Marie, at Nancy.—E.

² To see the *lit de justice* held by Louis XVI. when he recalled the Parliament of Paris, banished by Louis XV. at the instigation of the Chancellor Maupeou, and suppressed the new one of their creation.

³ The Duke de Choiseul.

⁴ The King's Speech announced, "that a most daring spirit of resistance and disobedience to the law still unhappily prevailed in the province of Massachusetts Bay;" and expressed the King's "firm and steadfast resolution to withstand every attempt to weaken or impair the supreme authority of *this* legislature over all the dominions of his crown; the maintenance of which he considered as essential to the dignity, the safety, and welfare of the British empire."—E.

⁵ Charles Van, Esq. member for Brecon town. No motion for the expulsion of Wilkes took place.—E.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Dec. 15, 1774.

As I wrote to Lady Ailesbury but on Tuesday, I should not have followed it so soon with this, if I had nothing to tell you but of myself. My gout is never dangerous, and the shades of them not important. However, to dispatch this article at once, I will tell you, that the pain I felt yesterday in my elbow made me think all former pain did not deserve the name. Happily the torture did not last above two hours; and, which is more surprising, it is all the real pain I have felt; for though my hand has been as sore as if flayed, and that both feet are lame, the bootkins demonstrably prevent or extract the sting of it, and I see no reason not to expect to get out in a fortnight more. Surely, if I am laid up but one month in two years, instead of five or six, I have reason to think the bootkins sent from heaven.

The long expected sloop is arrived at last, and is, indeed, a *man of war*! The General Congress have voted, a non-importation, a non-exportation, a non-consumption; that, in case of hostilities committed by the troops at Boston, the several provinces will march to the assistance of their countrymen; that the cargoes of ships now at sea shall be sold on their arrival, and the money arising thence given to the poor at Boston; that a letter, in the nature of a petition of rights, shall be sent to the King; another to the House of *Commons*; a third to the people of England; a demand of repeal of all the acts of parliament affecting North America passed during this reign, as also of the Quebec-bill: and these resolutions not to be altered till such repeal is obtained.

Well, I believe you do not regret being neither in parliament nor in administration! As you are an idle man, and have nothing else to do, you may sit down and tell one a remedy for all this. Perhaps you will give yourself airs, and say you was a prophet, and that prophets are not honoured in their own country. Yet, if you have any inspiration about you, I assure you it will be of great service — we are at our

wit's end—which was no great journey. Oh! you conclude Lord Chatham's crutch will be supposed a wand, and be sent for. They might as well send for *my* crutch; and they should not have it; the stile is a little too high to help them over. His lordship is a little fitter for raising a storm than laying one, and of late seems to have lost both virtues. The Americans at least have acted like men,¹ gone to the bottom at once, and set the whole upon the whole. Our conduct has been that of pert children: we have thrown a pebble at a mastiff, and are surprised it was not frightened. Now we must be worried by it, or must kill the guardian of the house, which will be plundered the moment little master has nothing but the old nurse to defend it. But I have done with reflections; you will be fuller of them than I.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Dec. 26, 1774.

I BEGIN my letter to-day, to prevent the fatigue of dictating two to-morrow. In the first and best place, I am very near recovered; that is, though still a mummy, I have no pain left, nor scarce any sensation of gout except in my right hand, which is still in complexion and shape a lobster's claw. Now, unless anybody can prove to me that three weeks are longer than five months and a half, they will hardly convince me that the bootikins are not a cure for fits of the gout, and a very short cure, though they cannot prevent it: nor perhaps is it to be wished they should; for if the gout prevents everything else, would not one have something that does? I have but one single doubt left about the bootikins, which is, whether they do not weaken my breast: but as I am sensible that my own spirits do half the mischief, and that, if I could have held

¹ "I have not words to express my satisfaction," says Lord Chatham, in a letter of the 21th, "that the Congress has conducted this most arduous and delicate business with such manly wisdom and calm resolution, as do the highest honour to their deliberations. Very few are the things contained in their resolves, that I could wish had been otherwise." Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 368.—E.

my tongue, and kept from talking and dictating letters, I should not have been half so bad as I have been, there remains but half due to bootikins on the balance: and surely the ravages of the last long fit, and two years more in age, ought to make another deduction. Indeed, my forcing myself to dictate my last letter to you almost killed me; and since the gout is not dangerous to me, if I am kept perfectly quiet, my good old friend must have patience, and not insist upon letters from me but when it is quite easy to me to send them. So much for me and my gout. I will not endeavour to answer such parts of your last letters as I can in this manner, and considering how difficult it is to read *your* writing in a dark room.

I have not yet been able to look into the French harangues you sent me. Voltaire's verses to Robert Covelle are not only very bad, but very contemptible.

I am delighted with all the honours you receive, and with all the amusements they procure you, which is the best part of honours. For the glorious part, I am always like the man in Pope's *Donne*,

“ Then happy he who shows the tombs, said I.”

That is, they are least troublesome there. The *serenissime*¹ you met at Montmorency is one of the least to my taste; we quarrelled about Rousseau, and I never went near him after my first journey. Madame du Deffand will tell you the story, if she has not forgotten it.

It is supposed here, that the new proceedings of the French Parliament will produce great effects: I don't suppose any such thing. What America will produce I know still less; but certainly something very serious. The merchants have summoned a meeting for the second of next month, and the petition from the Congress to the King is arrived. The heads have been shown to Lord Dartmouth; but I hear one of the agents is against presenting it; yet it is thought it will be delivered, and then be ordered to be laid before Parlia-

¹ The Prince de Conti.

ment. The whole affair has already been talked of there on the army and navy-days; and Burke, they say, has shone with amazing wit and ridicule on the late inactivity of Gage, and his losing his cannon and straw; on his being entrenched in a town with an army of observation; with that army being, as Sir William Meredith had said, an asylum for magistrates, and to secure the port. Burke said, he had heard of an asylum for debtors and whores, never for magistrates; and of ships, never of armies, securing a port. This is all there has been in Parliament, but elections. Charles Fox's place did not come into question. Mr. * * *, who is one of the new elect, has opened, but with no success. There is a seaman, Luttrell,¹ that promises much better.

I am glad you like the Duchess de Lauzun:² she is one of my favourites. The Hôtel du Chatelet promised to be very fine, but was not finished when I was last at Paris. I was much pleased with the person that slept against St. Lambert's poem: I wish I had thought of the nostrum, when Mr. Seward, a thousand years ago, at Lyons, would read an epic poem to me just as I had received a dozen letters from England. St. Lambert is a great jackanapes, and a very tiny genius. I suppose the poem was *The Seasons*, which is four fans spun out into a Georgic. If I had not been too ill, I should have thought of bidding you hear midnight mass on Christmas-eve in Madame du Deffand's tribune, as I used to do. To be sure, you know that her apartment was part of Madame du Montespan's, whose arms are on the back of the grate in Madame du Deffand's own bedchamber. *Apropos*, ask her to show you Madame de Prie's picture, M. le Duc's mistress — I am very fond of it — and make her tell you her history.³

¹ The Hon. James Luttrell, fourth son of Lord Irnham, a lieutenant in the navy.—E.

² She became Duchesse de Biron upon the death of her husband's uncle, the Maréchal Duc de Biron. See *antè*, p. 133. Her person is thus described by Rousseau:—"Amélie de Boufflers a une figure, une douceur, une timidité de vierge: rien de plus aimable et de plus intéressant que sa figure; rien de plus tendre et de plus chaste que les sentimens qu'elle inspire."—E.

³ Madame de Prie was the mistress of the Regent Duke of Orleans.

I have but two or three words more. Remember my parcel of letters from Madame du Deffand,¹ and pray remember this injunction, not to ruin yourselves in bringing presents. A very slight fairing of a guinea or two obliges as much, is more fashionable, and not a moment sooner forgotten than a magnificent one; and then you may very cheaply oblige the more persons; but as the sick fox, in Gay's Fables, says (for one always excepts oneself),

“A chicken too might do me good——”

I allow you to go as far as three or even five guineas for a snuff-box for me: and then, as * * * * * told the King, when he asked for the reversion of the lighthouse for two lives, and the King reproached him with having always advised him against granting reversions; he replied, “Oh! Sir, but if your Majesty will give me this, I will take care you shall never give away another.” Adieu, with my own left hand.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Dec. 31, 1774.

No child was ever so delighted to go into breeches, as I was this morning to get on a pair of cloth shoes as big as Jack Harris's: this joy may be the spirits of dotage—but what signifies whence one is happy? Observe, too, that this is written with my own *right* hand, with the bootikin actually upon it, which has no distinction of fingers: so I no longer see any miracle in Buckinger, who was famous for writing without hands or *feet*; as it was indifferent which one uses, provided one has a pair of either. Take notice, I write so

A full account of her family, character, &c. will be found in Duclos's Memoirs.—E.

¹ At Walpole's earnest solicitation, Madame du Deffand returned by General Conway all the letters she had received from him. In so doing, she thus wrote to him:—“Vous aurez long-tems de quoi allumer votre feu, surtout si vous joignez à ce que j'avais de vous ce que vous avez de moi, et rien ne serait plus juste: mais je m'en rapporte à votre prudence; je ne suivrai pas l'exemple de méfiance que vous me donnez.”—E.

much better without fingers than with, that I advise *you* to try a bootikin. To be sure, the operation is a little slower; but to a prisoner, the duration of his amusement is of far more consequence than the vivacity of it.

Last night I received your very kind, I might say *your* letter *tout court*, of Christmas-day. By this time I trust you are quite out of pain about me. My fit has been as regular as possible; only, as if the bootikins were post-horses, it made the grand tour of all my limbs in three weeks. If it will always use the same expedition, I am content it should take the journey once in two years. You must not mind my breast: it was always the weakest part of a very weak system; yet did not suffer now by the gout, but in consequence of it; and would not have been near so bad, if I could have kept from talking and dictating letters. The moment I am out of pain, I am in high spirits; and though I never take any medicines, there is one thing absolutely necessary to be put into my mouth—a gag. At present, the town is so empty that my tongue is a sinecure.

I am well acquainted with the Bibliothèque du Roi, and the medals, and the prints. I spent an entire day in looking over the English portraits, and kept the librarian without his dinner till dark night, till I was satisfied. Though the Choiseuls¹ will not *acquaint* with you, I hope their Abbé Barthelemi² is not put under the same quarantine. Besides great learning, he has infinite wit and *polissonnerie*, and is one of the best kind of men in the world. As to the grandpapa,³ *il ne nous aime pas nous autres*, and has never forgiven Lord Chatham. Though exceedingly agreeable himself, I don't think his taste exquisite. Perhaps I was piqued; but he seemed to like Wood better than any of us. Indeed, I am a little afraid that my dear friend's impetuous zeal may have been a little too prompt in pressing you upon them *d'abord*:

¹ Mr. Conway and the ladies of his party had met with the most flattering and distinguished reception at Paris from everybody but the Duc and Duchesse de Choiseul, who rather seemed to decline their acquaintance.

² The author of the *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis*.

³ A name given to the Duc de Choiseul by Madame du Deffand.

—but don't say a word of this—it is her great goodness.—I thank you a million of times for all yours to her:—she is perfectly grateful for it. The Chevalier's¹ verses are pretty enough. I own I like Saurin's² much better than you seem to do. Perhaps I am prejudiced by the curse on the Chancellor at the end.

Not a word of news here. In a sick room one hears all there is, but I have not heard even a lie; but as this will not set out these three days, it is to be hoped some charitable Christian will tell a body one. Lately indeed we heard that the King of Spain had abdicated; but I believe it was some stockjobber that had deposed him.

Lord George Cavendish, for my solace in my retirement, has given me a book, the History of his own Furness-abbey, written by a Scotch ex-Jesuit.³ I cannot say that this unnatural conjunction of a Cavendish and a Jesuit has produced a lively colt; but I found one passage worth any money. It is in an extract of a constable's journal kept during the civil war; and ends thus: "And there was never heard of such troublesome and distracted times as these five years have been, *but especially for constables.*" It is so natural, that *inconvenient to my Lord Castlecomer* is scarce a better proverb.

Pray tell Lady Ailesbury that though she has been so very good to me, I address my letters to you rather than to her, because my pen is not always upon its guard, but is apt to say whatever comes into its nib; and then if she peeps over your shoulder, I am *censé* not to know it. Lady Harriet's wishes have done me great good: nothing but a father's gout could be obdurate enough to resist them. My Mrs. Damer

¹ Verses written by the Chevalier de Boufflers, to be presented by Madame du Deffand to the Duke and Duchess of Choiseul.

² They were addressed to M. de Malesherbes, then premier president de la Cour des Aides; afterwards, still more distinguished by his having been the intrepid advocate selected by the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth on his trial. He soon after perished by the same guillotine, from which he could not preserve his ill-fated master.—E.

³ "The Antiquities of Furness; or, an Account of the Royal Abbey of St. Mary, in the vale of Nightshade, near Dalton, in Furness." London, 1774, 4to. This volume, which was dedicated to Lord George Cavendish, was written by Thomas West the antiquary, who was likewise the author of "A Guide to the Lakes in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire."—E.

says nothing to me; but I give her intentions credit, and lay her silence on you.

January 1, 1775; and a happy new year!

I walk! I walk! walk alone!—I have been five times quite round my rooms to-day, and my month is not up! The day after to-morrow I shall go down into the dining-room; the next week to take the air; and then if Mrs. * * * * is very pressing, why, I don't know what may happen. Well! but you want news, there are none to be had. They think there is a ship lost with Gage's dispatches. Lady Temple gives all her diamonds to Miss Nugent.¹ Lord Pigot lost 400*l.* the other night at Princess Amelia's. Miss Davis² has carried her cause against Mrs. Yates, and is to sing again at the Opera. This is all my coffee-house furnished this morning.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, Jan. 9, 1775.

I EVERY day intended to thank you for the copy of Nell Gwyn's letter, till it was too late; the gout came, and made me moult my goose-quill. The letter is very curious, and I am as well content as with the original. It is lucky you do not care for news more recent than the Reformation. I should have none to tell you; nay, nor earlier neither. Mr. Strutt's³ second volume I suppose you have seen. He showed me two or three much better drawings from pic-

¹ Mary, only daughter and heiress of Robert Earl Nugent, of the kingdom of Ireland. She was married, on the 16th of April 1775, to George Grenville, second Earl Temple, who then assumed, by royal permission, the surnames of Nugent and Temple before that of Grenville, and the privilege of signing Nugent before all titles whatsoever. In 1784, he was created Marquis of Buckingham.—E.

² Cecilia Davis, known in Italy by the name of L'Inglesina, first appeared at the Opera in 1773. She was considered on the Continent as second only to Gabrieli, and in England is said to have been surpassed only by Mrs. Billington. She was a pupil of the celebrated Hasse; and, after having taught several crowned heads, died at an advanced age, and in very distressed circumstances, in 1836.—E.

³ His "Complete View of the Manners, Customs, Arms, Habits, &c. of the Inhabitants of England, from the arrival of the Saxons till the reign of Henry VIII; with a short Account of the Britons during the Government of the Romans."—E.

tures in the possession of Mr. Ives. One of them made me very happy: it is a genuine portrait of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and is the individual same face as that I guessed to be his in my *Marriage of Henry VI.* They are infinitely more like each other, than any two modern portraits of one person by different painters. I have been laughed at for thinking the skull of Duke Humphrey at St. Alban's proved my guess; and yet it certainly does, and is the more like, as the two portraits represent him very bald, with only a ringlet of hair, as monks have. Mr. Strutt is going to engrave his drawings. Yours faithfully.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Jan. 15, 1775.

You have made me very happy by saying your journey to Naples is laid aside. Perhaps it made too great an impression on me; but you must reflect, that all my life I have satisfied myself with your being perfect, instead of trying to be so myself. I don't ask you to return, though I wish it: in truth there is nothing to invite you. I don't want you to come and breathe fire and sword against the Bostonians, like that second Duke of Alva, the inflexible Lord George Germain; or to anathematize the court and all its works, like the incorruptible Burke, who scorns lucre, except when he can buy a hundred thousand acres from naked Caribs for a song. I don't want you to do anything like a party-man. I trust you think of every party as I do, with contempt, from Lord Chatham's mustard-bowl down to Lord Rockingham's hartshorn. All, perhaps, will be tried in their turns, and yet, if they had genius, might not be mighty enough to save us. From some ruin or other I think nobody can, and what signifies an option of mischiefs?

An account is come of the Bostonians having voted an army of sixteen thousand men, who are to be called *minute-men*, as they are to be ready at a minute's warning. Two directors or commissioners, I don't know what they are called,

are appointed. There has been too a kind of mutiny in the Fifth regiment. A soldier was found drunk on his post. Gage, in his time of *danger*, thought rigour necessary, and sent the fellow to a court-martial. They ordered two hundred lashes. The general ordered them to improve their sentence. Next day it was published in the Boston Gazette. He called them before him, and required them on oath to abjure the communication: three officers refused. Poor Gage is to be scape-goat, not for this, but for what was a reason against employing him, incapacity. I wonder at the precedent! Howe is talked of for his successor.—Well, I have done with *you*!—Now I shall go gossip with Lady Ailesbury.

You must know, Madam, that near Bath is erected a new Parnassus, composed of three laurels, a myrtle-tree, a weeping-willow, and a view of the Avon, which has been new-christened Helicon. Ten years ago there lived a Madam Riggs, an old rough humourist who passed for a wit; her daughter, who passed for nothing, married to a Captain Miller, full of good-natured officiousness. These good folks were friends of Miss Rich,¹ who carried me to dine with them at Batheaston, now Pindus. They caught a little of what was then called taste, built and planted, and begot children, till the whole caravan were forced to go abroad to retrieve. Alas! Mrs. Miller is returned a beauty, a genius, a Sappho, a tenth Muse, as romantic as Mademoiselle Seuderi, and as sophisticated as Mrs. Vesey. The Captain's fingers are loaded with cameos, his tongue runs over with *virtù*, and that both may contribute to the improvement of their own country, they have introduced *bouts-rimés* as a new discovery. They hold a Parnassus-fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival; six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest compositions, which the respective suc-

¹ Daughter of Sir Robert Rich, and sister to the second wife of George Lord Lyttelton.

cessful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope Miller, kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle, with—I don't know what. You may think this is fiction, or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbelievers! The collection is printed, published.¹—Yes, on my faith, there are *bouts-rimés* on a buttered muffin, made by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland;² receipts to make them by Corydon the venerable, alias George Pitt; others very pretty, by Lord Palmerston;³ some by Lord Carlisle; many by Mrs. Miller herself, that have no fault but wanting metre; and immortality promised to her without end or measure. In short, since folly, which never ripens to madness but in this hot climate, ran distracted, there never was anything so entertaining or so dull—for you cannot read so long as I have been telling.⁴

¹ They were published under the title of “Poetical Amusements at a Villa near Bath.” An edition appeared in 1781, in four volumes.—E.

² “The pen which I now take and Has long lain useless in my Know, every maid, from her on To her who shines in glossy That could they now prepare an From best receipt of book in Ever so fine, for all their I should prefer a butter'd A muffin Jove himself might If eat with Miller at	brandish standish. patten, sattin, oglio folio, puffing, muffin; feast on, Batheaston.”—E.
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³ The following are the concluding lines of a poem on Beauty, by Lord Palmerston:—

“In vain the stealing hand of Time
May pluck the blossoms of their prime;
Envy may talk of bloom decay'd,
How lilies droop and roses fade;
But Constancy's unalter'd truth,
Regardful of the vows of youth—
Affection that recalls the past,
And bids the pleasing influence last,
Shall still preserve the lover's flame
In every scene of life the same;
And still with fond endearments blend
The wife, the mistress, and the friend!”—E.

⁴ “Lady Miller's collection of verses by fashionable people, which were put into her vase at Batheaston, in competition for honorary prizes, being mentioned, Dr. Johnson held them very cheap: ‘*Bouts-rimés*,’ said he, ‘is a mere conceit, and an old conceit; I wonder how people were persuaded to write in that manner for this lady.’ I named a gentleman of his acquaintance who wrote for the vase. JOHNSON.—‘He was a

January 17.

Before I could finish this, I received your dispatches by Sir Thomas Clarges, and a most entertaining letter in three tomes. It is being very dull, not to be able to furnish a quarter so much from your own country—but what can I do? You are embarked in a new world, and I am living on the scraps of an old one, of which I am tired. The best I can do is to reply to your letter, and not attempt to amuse you when I have nothing to say. I think the Parliament meets to-day, or in a day or two—but I hope you are coming.—Your brother says so, and Madame du Deffand says so; and sure it is time to leave Paris, when you know ninety of the inhabitants.¹ There seems much affectation in those that will not know you;² and affectation is always a littleness—it has been even rude; but to be sure the rudeness one feels least is that which is addressed to one before there has been any acquaintance.

Ninon came,³ because, on Madame du Deffand's mentioning it, I concluded it a new work, and am disappointed. I can say this by heart. The picture of Madame de Prie, which you don't seem to value, and so Madame du Deffand says, I believe I shall dispute with you; I think it charming, but when offered to me years ago, I would not take it—it was now given to you a little *à mon intention*.

I am sorry that, amongst all the verses you have sent me, you should have forgotten what you commend the most, *Les trois exclamations*: I hope you will bring them with you. Voltaire's are intolerably stupid, and not above the level of officers in garrison. Some of M. de Pezay's are very pretty, though there is too much of them; and in truth I had seen them before. Those on Madame de la

blockhead for his pains!'—BOSWELL. 'The Duchess of Northumberland wrote.'—JOHNSON. 'Sir, the Duchess of Northumberland may do what she pleases; nobody will say anything to a lady of her high rank: but I should be apt to throw * * * 's verses in his face.'” Boswell; vol. v. p. 227.—E.

¹ Madame du Deffand, writing of General Conway to Walpole, had said—“*Savez-vous combien il connaît déjà de personnes dans Paris? Quatre-vingt dix. Il n'est nullement sauvage.*”—E.

² The Duc de Choiseul.

³ The Life of Ninon de l'Enclos.

Valière pretty too, but one is a little tired of Venus and the Graces. I am most pleased with your own—and if you have a mind to like them still better, make Madame du Deffand show you mine, which are neither French, nor measure, nor metre. She is unwilling to tell me so; which diverts me. Yours are really genteel and new.

I envy you the Russian Anecdotes¹ more than M. de Chamfort's Fables, of which I know nothing; and as you say no more, I conclude I lose not much. The stories of Sir Charles² are so far not new to me, that I heard them of him from abroad after he was mad: but I believe no mortal of his acquaintance ever heard them before; nor did they at all correspond with his former life, with his treatment of his wife, or his history with Mrs. Woffington, *qui n'était pas dupe*. I say nothing on the other stories you tell me of billets dropped,³ *et pour cause*.

I think I have touched all your paragraphs, and have nothing new to send you in return. In truth, I go nowhere but into private rooms; for I am not enough recovered to re-launch into the world, when I have so good an excuse for avoiding it. The bootikins have done wonders; but even two or three such victories will cost too dear. I submit very patiently to my lot. I am old and broken, and it never was my system to impose upon myself when one can deceive nobody else. I have spirits enough for my use, that is, amongst my friends and contemporaries: I like young people and their happiness for everything but to live with; but I cannot learn their language, nor tell them old stories, of which I must explain every step as I go. Politics, the proper resource of age, I detest—I am contented, but see few that are so—and I never will be led by any man's self-interest. A great scene is opening, of which I cannot expect to see the end; I am pretty sure not a happy end—

¹ The account of the revolution in Russia which placed Catherine II. on the throne, by M. de la Rulhière, afterwards published. Mr. Conway had heard it read in manuscript in a private society.

² Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

³ This alludes to circumstances Mr. Conway mentions as having taken place at a ball at Versailles.

so that, in short, I am determined to think the rest of my life but a postscript: and as this has been too long an one, I will wish you good night, repeating what you know already, that the return of you three is the most agreeable prospect I expect to see realized. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.¹

January 22, 1775.

AFTER the magnificent overture for peace from Lord Chatham, that I announced to Madame du Deffand, you will be most impatient for my letter. *Ohinè!* you will be sadly disappointed. Instead of drawing a circle with his wand round the House of Lords, and ordering them to pacify America, on the terms he prescribed before they ventured to quit the circumference of his commands, he brought a ridiculous, uncommunicated, unconsulted motion for addressing the King immediately to withdraw the troops from Boston, as an earnest of lenient measures. The Opposition stared and shrugged; the courtiers stared and laughed. His own two or three adherents left him, except Lord Camden and Lord Shelburne, and except Lord Temple, who is not his adherent, and was not there. Himself was not much animated, but very hostile; particularly on Lord Mansfield, who had taken care not to be there. He talked of three millions of Whigs in America, and told the ministers they were check-mated and had not a move left to make. Lord Camden was as strong. Lord Suffolk was thought to do better than ever, and Lord Lyttelton's declamation was commended as usual. At last, Lord Rockingham, very punily, and the Duke of Richmond joined and supported the motion; but at eight at night it was rejected by 68 to 18, though the Duke of Cumberland voted for it.²

¹ Now first printed.

² In the Chatham Correspondence will be found another, and a very different, account of this debate, in a letter to Lady Chatham, from their son William: — "Nothing," he says, "prevented my father's speech from being the most forcible that can be imagined, and the administra-

This interlude would be only entertaining, if the scene was not so totally gloomy. The cabinet have determined on civil war, and regiments are going from Ireland and our West Indian islands. On Thursday the plan of the war is to be laid before both Houses.

To-morrow the merchants carry their petition; which, I suppose, will be coolly received, since, if I hear true, the system is to cut off all traffic with America at present—as, you know, we can revive it when we please. There! there is food for meditation! Your reflections, as you understand the subject better than I do, will go further than mine could. Will the French you converse with be civil and keep their countenances?

George Damer¹ t'other day proclaimed your departure for the 25th; but the Duchess of Richmond received a whole cargo of letters from ye all on Friday night, which talk of a fortnight or three weeks longer. Pray remember it is not decent to be dancing at Paris, when there is a civil war in your own country. You would be like the country squire, who passed by with his hounds as the battle of Edgehill began.

tion fully felt it. The matter and manner were striking; far beyond what I can express. It was everything that was superior; and though it had not the desired effect on an obdurate House of Lords, it must have an infinite effect without doors, the bar being crowded with Americans, &c. Lord Suffolk, I cannot say answered him, but spoke after him. He was a contemptible orator indeed, with paltry matter and a whining delivery. Lord Shelburne spoke well, and supported the motion warmly. Lord Camden was supreme, with only one exception, and as zealous as possible. Lord Rockingham spoke shortly, but sensibly; and the Duke of Richmond well, and with much candour as to the Declaratory act. Upon the whole, it was a noble debate. The ministry were violent beyond expectation, almost to madness: instead of recalling the troops now there, they talked of sending more. My father has had no pain, but is lame in one ancle near the instep from standing so long. No wonder he is lame: his first speech lasted above an hour, and the second half an hour—surely, the two finest speeches that ever were made before, unless by himself!¹—Dr. Franklin too, who heard the debate, says, in reference to Lord Chatham's speech—"I am filled with admiration of that truly great man. I have seen, in the course of my life, sometimes eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence: in the present instance, I see both united, and both, as I think, in the highest degree possible." Vol. iv. pp. 375, 385.—E.

¹ Afterwards second Earl of Dorchester.—E.

January 24.

I am very sorry to tell you the Duke of Gloucester is dying. About three weeks ago the physicians said it was absolutely necessary for him to go abroad immediately. He dallied, but was actually preparing. He now cannot go, and probably will not live many days, as he has had two shivering fits, and the physicians give the Duchess no hopes.¹ Her affliction and courage are not to be described; they take their turns as she is in the room with him or not. His are still greater. His heart is broken, and yet his firmness and coolness amazing. I pity her beyond measure; and it is not a time to blame her having accepted an honour which so few women could have resisted, and scarce one ever has resisted.

The London and Bristol merchants carried their petitions yesterday to the House of Commons. The Opposition contended for their being heard by *the* committee of the whole House, who are to consider the American papers; but the Court sent them to *a* committee,² after a debate till nine at night, with nothing very remarkable, on divisions of 197 to 81, and 192 to 65. Lord Stanley³ spoke for the first time; his voice and manner pleased, but his matter was not so successful. Dowdeswell⁴ is dead, and Tom Hervey.⁵ The latter sent for his wife and acknowledged her. Don't forget to inform me when my letters must stop. Adieu! Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, April 11, 1775.

I THANK you, dear Sir, for your kind letter, and the good account you give of yourself—nor can I blame your

¹ His Royal Highness survived this illness more than thirty years.—E.

² This committee was wittily called by Mr. Burke, and afterwards generally known as, “the committee of oblivion.”—E.

³ Afterwards Earl of Derby.—E.

⁴ The Right Hon. William Dowdeswell, of Pull Court, member for the county of Worcester. He died at Nice, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health.—E.

⁵ The Hon. Thomas Hervey, second son of John first Earl of Bristol.—E.

change from writing—that is, transcribing, to reading—sure you ought to divert yourself rather than others—though I should not say so, if your pen had not confined itself to transcripts.

I am perfectly well, and heed not the weather; though I wish the seasons came a little oftener into their own places instead of each other's. From November, till a fortnight ago, we had warmth that I should often be glad of in summer—and since we are not sure of it then, was rejoiced when I could get it. For myself, I am a kind of delicate Hercules; and though made of paper, have, by temperance, by using as much cold water inwardly and outwardly as I can, and by taking no precautions against catching cold, and braving all weathers, become capable of suffering by none. My biennial visitant, the gout, has yielded to the bootikins, and stayed with me this last time but five weeks in lieu of five months. Stronger men perhaps would kill themselves by my practice, but it has done so long with me, I shall trust to it.

I intended writing to you on Gray's Life,¹ if you had not prevented me. I am charmed with it, and prefer it to all the biography I ever saw. The style is excellent, simple, unaffected; the method admirable, artful, and judicious. He has *framed* the fragments, as a person said, so well, that they are fine drawings, if not finished pictures. For my part, I am so interested in it, that I shall certainly read it over and over. I do not find that it is likely to be the case with many *yet*. Never was a book, which people pretended to expect so much with impatience, less devoured—at least

¹ "The Poems of Mr. Gray: to which are prefixed Memoirs of his Life and Writings; by W. Mason, M.A. York, 1775." At the end of Mason's work Mr. Cole wrote the following memorandum:—"I am by no means satisfied with this Life; it has too much the affectation of classical shortness to please me. More circumstances would have suited my taste better; besides, I think the biographer had a mind to revenge himself of the sneerings Mr. Gray put upon him, though he left him, I guess, above a thousand pounds, which is slightly hinted at only; yet Mr. Walpole was quite satisfied with the work when I made my objection." A copy of Gray's will is given in the Rev. J. Mitford's very valuable edition of the poet's works, published by Pickering, in four volumes, 1836.—E.

in London, where quartos are not of quick digestion. Faults are found, I hear, at Eton with the Latin Poems for false quantities — no matter — they are equal to the English — and can one say more?

At Cambridge, I should think the book would both offend much and please; at least if they are as sensible to humour as to ill-humour; and there is orthodoxy enough to wash down a camel. The Scotch and the Reviewers will be still more angry, and the latter have not a syllable to pacify them. So they who wait for their decisions will probably miss of reading the most entertaining book in the world — a punishment which they who trust to such wretched judges deserve; for who are more contemptible than such judges, but they who pin their faith on them?

In answer to you, yourself, my good Sir, I shall not subscribe to your censure of Mr. Mason, whom I love and admire, and who has shown the greatest taste possible in the execution of this work. Surely he has *said* enough in gratitude, and *done* far beyond what gratitude could demand. It seems delicacy in expatiating on the legacy; particularizing more gratitude would have lessened the evidence of friendship, and made the justice done to Gray's character look more like a debt. He speaks of him in slender circumstances, not as distressed: and so he was till after the deaths of his parents and aunts; and even then surely not rich. I think he does somewhere say that he meant to be buried with his mother, and not specifying any other place confirms it. In short, Mr. Mason shall never know your criticisms; he has a good heart, and would feel them, though certainly not apprized that he would merit them. A man who has so called out all his friend's virtues, could not want them himself.

I shall be much obliged to you for the prints you destine for me. The Earl of Cumberland I have, and will not rob you of. I wish you had been as successful with Mr. G. as with Mr. T. I mean, if you are not yet paid — now is the time, for he has sold his house to the Duke of Marlborough — I suppose he will not keep his prints long: he changes

his pursuits continually and extravagantly — and then sells to indulge new fancies.

I have had a piece of luck within these two days. I have long lamented our having no certain piece written by Anne Boleyn's brother, Lord Rochford. I have found a very pretty copy of verses by him in the new published volume of the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, though by mistake he is called Earl of, instead of Viscount, Rochford. They are taken from a MS. dated twenty-eight years after the author's death, and are much in the manner of Lord Surrey's and Sir T. Wyatt's poems. I should at first have doubted if they were not counterfeited, on reading my Noble Authors; but then the blunder of *earl* for *viscount* would hardly have been committed. A little modernized and softened in the cadence, they would be very pretty.

I have got the rest of the Digby pictures, but at a very high rate. There is one very large of Sir Kenelm, his wife, and two sons, in exquisite preservation, though the heads of him and his wife are not so highly finished as those I have — yet the boys and draperies are so amazing that, together with the size, it is certainly the most capital miniature in the world: there are a few more, very fine, too. I shall be happy to show them to you, whenever you Burnhamize — I mean before August, when I propose making my dear old blind friend a visit at Paris — nothing else would carry me thither. I am too old to seek diversions, and too indolent to remove to a distance by choice, though not so immovable as you to much less distance. Adieu! pray tell me what you hear is said of Gray's Life at Cambridge.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, April 25, 1775.

THE least I can do, dear Sir, in gratitude for the cargo of prints I have received to-day from you, is to send you a medicine. A pair of bootikins will set out to-morrow morning in the machine that goes from the Queen's-head in

Gray's-inn-lane. To be certain, you had better send for them where the machine inns, lest they should neglect delivering them at Milton. My not losing a moment shows my zeal; but if you can bear a little pain, I should not press you to use them. I have suffered so dreadfully, that I constantly wear them to diminish the stock of gout in my constitution; but as your fit is very slight, and will not last, and as you are pretty sure by its beginning so late, that you will never have much; and as the gout certainly carries off other complaints, had not you better endure a little, when it is rather a remedy than a disease? I do not desire to be entirely delivered from the gout, for all reformatations do but make room for some new grievance: and, in my opinion, a disorder that requires no physician, is preferable to any that does. However, I have put relief in your power, and you will judge for yourself. You must tie them as tight as you can bear, the flannel next to the flesh; and, when you take them off, it should be in bed: rub your feet with a warm cloth, and put on warm stockings, for fear of catching cold while the pores are open. It would kill anybody but me, who am of adamant, to walk out in the dew in winter in my slippers in half an hour after pulling off the bootikins. A physician sent me word, good-naturedly, that there was danger of catching cold after the bootikins, unless one was careful. I thanked him, but told him my precaution was, never taking any. All the winter I pass five days in a week without walking out, and sit often by the fireside till seven in the evening. When I do go out, whatever the weather is, I go with both glasses of the coach down, and so I do at midnight out of the hottest room. I have not had a single cold, however slight, these two years.

You are too candid in submitting at once to my defence of Mr. Mason. It is true I am more charmed with his book than I almost ever was with one. I find more people like the grave letters than those of humour, and some think the latter a little affected, which is as wrong a judgment as they could make; for Gray never wrote anything easily but things of humour. Humour was his natural and original turn — and

though, from his childhood, he was grave and reserved, his genius led him to see things ludicrously and satirically; and though his health and dissatisfaction gave him low spirits, his melancholy turn was much more affected than his pleasantry in writing. You knew him enough to know I am in the right—but the world in general always wants to be told how to think, as well as what to think. The print, I agree with you, though like, is a very disagreeable likeness, and the worst likeness of him. It gives the primness he had when under constraint; and there is a blackness in the countenance which was like him only the last time I ever saw him, when I was much struck with it; and, though I did not apprehend him in danger, it left an impression on me that was uneasy, and almost prophetic of what I heard but too soon after leaving him. Wilson drew the picture under much such impression, and I could not bear it in my room; Mr. Mason altered it a little, but still it is not well, nor gives any idea of the determined virtues of his heart. It just serves to help the reader to an image of the person whose genius and integrity they must admire, if they are so happy as to have a taste for either.

The Peep into the Gardens at Twickenham is a silly little book, of which a few little copies were printed some years ago for presents, and which now sets up for itself as a vendible book. It is a most inaccurate, superficial, blundering account of Twickenham and other places, drawn up by a Jewess, who has married twice, and turned Christian, poetess, and authoress. She has printed her poems, too, and one complimentary copy of mine, which, in good breeding, I could not help sending her in return for violent compliments in verse to me. I do not remember that hers were good; mine I know were very bad, and certainly never intended for the press.

I bought the first volume of Manchester, but could not read it; it was much too learned for me, and seemed rather an account of Babel than Manchester, I mean in point of antiquity.¹ To be sure, it is very kind in an author to promise

¹ "The History of Manchester," by John Whitaker, B. D. London, 1771-3-5. 2 vols. 4to. "We talked," says Boswell, "of antiquarian

one the history of a country town, and give one a circumstantial account of the antediluvian world into the bargain. But I am simple and ignorant, and desire no more than I pay for. And then for my progenitors, Noah and the Saxons, I have no curiosity about them. Bishop Lyttelton used to plague me to death about barrows, and tumuli, and Roman camps, and all those bumps in the ground that do not amount to a most imperfect ichnography; but, in good truth, I am content with all arts when perfected, nor inquire how ingeniously people contrive to do without them—and I care still less for remains of art that retain no vestiges of art. Mr. Bryant,¹ who is sublime in unknown knowledge, diverted me more, yet I have not finished his work, no more than he has. There is a great ingenuity in discovering all his history [though it has never been written] by etymologies. Nay, he convinced me that the Greeks had totally mistaken all they went to learn in Egypt, &c. by doing, as the French do still, judge wrong by the ear—but as I have been trying now and then for above forty years to learn something, I have not time to unlearn it all again, though I allow this our best sort of

researches.—JOHNSON. ‘All that is really *known* of the ancient state of Britain is contained in a few pages. We *can* know no more than what the old writers have told us; yet what large books have we upon it; the whole of which, excepting such parts as are taken from those old writers, is all a dream, such as Whitaker’s Manchester.’” Life of Johnson, vol. vii. p. 189.—E.

¹ Jacob Bryant, the learned author of “A New System; or, an Analysis of Ancient Mythology,” London, 4to. 1774-6, 3 vols.; and of many other works. His character was thus finely drawn, in 1796, by Mr. Matthias, in “The Pursuits of Literature:”—“No man of literature can pass by the name of Mr. Bryant without gratitude and reverence. He is a gentleman of attainments peculiar to himself, and of classical erudition without an equal in Europe. His whole life has been spent in laborious researches, and the most curious investigations. He has a youthful fancy and a playful wit; with the mind, and occasionally with the pen of a poet; and with an ease and simplicity of style aiming only at perspicuity, and, as I think, attaining it. He has lived to see his eightieth winter (and may he yet long live!) with the esteem of the wise and good; in honourable retirement from the cares of life; with a gentleness of manners, and a readiness and willingness of literary communication, seldom found. He is admired and sought after by the young who are entering on a course of study, and revered, and often followed, by those who have completed it. *Nomen in exemplum sero servabimus ævo!*” Mr. Bryant died in 1804, in his eighty-ninth year, in consequence of a wound on his shin, occasioned by his foot slipping from a chair which he had stepped on to reach a book in his library.—E.

knowledge. If I should die when I am not clear in the History of the World below its first three thousand years, I should be at a sad loss on meeting with Homer and Hesiod, or any of those *moderns* in the Elysian fields, before I knew what I ought to think of them.

Pray do not betray my ignorance: the reviewers and such literati have called me *a learned and ingenious gentleman*. I am sorry they ever heard my name, but don't let them know how irreverently I speak of the erudite, whom I dare to say they admire. These wasps, I suppose, will be very angry at the just contempt Mr. Gray had for them, and will, as insects do, attempt to sting, in hopes that their twelpenny readers will suck a little venom from the momentary tumour they raise — but good night — and once more, thank you for the prints. Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, June 5, 1775.

I AM extremely concerned, dear Sir, to hear you have been so long confined by the gout. The painting of your house may, from the damp, have given you cold — I don't conceive that paint can affect one otherwise, if it does not make one sick, as it does me of all things. Dr. Heberden¹ (as every physician, to make himself talked of, will set up some new hypothesis,) pretends that a damp house, and even damp sheets, which have ever been reckoned fatal, are wholesome: to prove his faith he went into his own new house totally unaided, and survived it. At Malvern, they certainly put patients into sheets just dipped in the spring — however, I am glad you have a better proof that dampness is not mortal, and it is better to be too cautious than too rash. I am perfectly well, and expect to be so for a year and a half — I desire no more of the bootikins than to curtail my fits.

¹ Dr. William Heberden, the distinguished physician and medical writer, who died, on the 17th of March 1801, at the advanced age of ninety-one.—E.

Thank you for the note from North's Life, though, having reprinted my Painters, I shall never have an opportunity of using it. I am still more obliged to you for the offer of an Index to my Catalogue—but, as I myself know exactly where to find everything in it, and as I dare to say nobody else will want it, I shall certainly not put you to that trouble.

Dr. Glynn will certainly be most welcome to see my house, and shall, if I am not at home:—still I had rather know a few days before, because else he may happen to come when I have company, as I have often at this time of the year, and then it is impossible to let it be seen, as I cannot ask my company, who may have come to see it too, to go out, that somebody else may see it, and I should be very sorry to have the Doctor disappointed. These difficulties, which have happened more than once, have obliged me to give every ticket for a particular day; therefore, if Dr. Glynn will be so good as to advertise me of the day he intends to come here, with a direction, I shall send him word what day he can see it.

I have just run through the two vast folios of Hutchins's Dorsetshire.¹ He has taken infinite pains; indeed, all but those that would make it entertaining.

Pray can you tell me anything of some relations of my own, the Burwells? My grandfather married Sir Jeffery Burwell's daughter, of Rongham, in Suffolk. Sir Jeffery's mother, I imagine, was daughter of a Jeffery Pitman, of Suffolk; at least I know there was such a man in the latter, and that we quarter the arms of Pitman. But I cannot find who Lady Burwell, Sir Jeffery's wife, was. Edmondson has searched in vain in the Heralds' office; and I have outlived all the ancient of my family so long, that I know not of whom to inquire, but you of the neighbourhood. There is an old walk in the Park at Houghton, called "Sir Jeffery's Walk," where the old gentleman used to teach my father (Sir Robert) his book. Those very old trees encouraged my father to plant at Houghton.

¹ "The History and Antiquities of the County of Dorset." London, 1774, in two volumes, folio. A second edition, corrected, augmented, and improved, by Richard Gough and John Bowyer Nichols, in four volumes, folio, appeared in 1796-1815.—E.

When people used to try to persuade him nothing would grow there, he said, why will not other trees grow as well as those in Sir Jeffery's Walk?—Other trees have grown to some purpose! Did I ever tell you that my father was descended from Lord Burleigh? The latter's grand-daughter, by his son Exeter, married Sir Giles Allington, whose daughter married Sir Robert Crane, father of Sir Edward Walpole's wife. I want but Lady Burwell's name to make my genealogic tree shoot out stems every way. I have recovered a barony in fee, which has no defect but in being antecedent to any summons to Parliament, that of the Fitz Osberts: and on my mother's side it has mounted the Lord knows whither by the Philipps's to Henry VIII. and has sucked in Dryden for a great-uncle: and by Lady Philipps's mother, Darcy, to Edward III. and there I stop for brevity's sake — especially as Edward III. is a second Adam; who almost is not descended from Edward? as posterity will be from Charles II. and all the princes in Europe from James I. I am the first antiquary of my race. People don't know how entertaining a study it is. Who begot whom is a most amusing kind of hunting; one recovers a grandfather instead of breaking one's own neck — and then one grows so pious to the memory of a thousand persons one never heard of before. One finds how Christian names came into a family, with a world of other delectable erudition. You cannot imagine how vexed I was that Bloomfield¹ died before he arrived at Houghton — I had promised myself a whole crop of notable ancestors — but I think I have pretty well unkennelled them myself. Adieu! Yours ever.

P. S. I found a family of Whaplode in Lincolnshire who give our arms, and have persuaded myself that Whaplode is a corruption of Walpole, and came from a branch when we lived at Walpole in Lincolnshire.

¹ The Rev. Francis Blomefield, the author of an "Essay towards a Topographical History of the County of Norfolk," which was left unfinished by him, and continued by the Rev. Charles Parkin. It was first printed in five folio volumes: 1739–1773. A second edition, in eleven volumes, octavo, appeared in 1805–1810.—E.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, July 9, 1775.

THE whole business of this letter would lie in half a line. Shall you have room for me on Tuesday the 18th? I am putting myself into motion that I may go farther. I told Madame du Deffand how you had scolded me on her account, and she has charged me to thank you, and tell you how much she wishes to see you, too. I would give anything to go — But the going! — However, I really think I shall — but I grow terribly affected with a *maladie de famille*, that of taking root at home.

I did but put my head into London on Thursday, and more bad news from America.¹ I wonder when it will be bad enough to make folks think it so, without going on! The stocks, indeed, begin to grow a little nervous, and they are apt to affect other pulses. I heard this evening here that the Spanish fleet is sailed, and that we are not in the secret whither — but I don't answer for Twickenham gazettes, and I have no better. I have a great mind to tell you a Twickenham story; and yet it will be good for nothing, as I cannot send you the accent in a letter. Here it is, and you must try to set it to the right emphasis. One of our maccaronis is dead, a Captain Mawhood, the tea-man's son. He had quitted the army, because his comrades called him Captain Hyson, and applied himself to learn the classics and freethinking; and was always disputing with the parson of the parish about Dido and his own soul. He married Miss Paulin's warehouse, who had six hundred a-year; but, being very much out of conceit with his own canister, could not reconcile himself to her riding-hood — so they parted beds in three nights. Of late he has taken to writing comedies, which everybody was welcome to hear him read, as he could get nobody to act

¹ Of the commencement of hostilities with the Americans at Lexington on the 19th of April.—E.

them. Mrs. Mawhood has a friend, one Mrs. V * * *, a mighty plausible good sort of body, who feels for everybody, and a good deal for herself, is of a certain age, wears well, has some pretensions that she thinks very reasonable still, and a gouty husband. Well! she was talking to Mr. Raftor about Captain Mawhood a little before he died. "Pray, Sir, does the Captain ever communicate his writings to Mrs. Mawhood?"—"Oh, dear no, Madam; he has a sovereign contempt for her understanding."—"Poor woman!"—"And pray, Sir, —give me leave to ask you: I think I have heard that they very seldom sleep together?"—"Oh, never, Madam! Don't you know all that?"—"Poor woman!"—I don't know whether you will laugh; but Mr. Raftor,¹ who tells a story better than anybody, made me laugh for two hours. Good night!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.²

Strawberry Hill, August 9, 1775.

WELL! I am going *tout de bon*, and heartily wish I was returned. It is a horrid exchange, the cleanness and verdure and tranquillity of Strawberry, for a beastly ship, worse inns, the pavé of the roads bordered with eternal rows of maimed trees, and the racket of an hôtel garni! I never doat on the months of August and September, enlivened by nothing but Lady Greenwich's speaking-trumpet — but I do not want to be amused — at least never at the expense of being put in motion. Madame du Deffand, I am sure, may be satisfied with the sacrifice I make to her!³

¹ Mr. Raftor, brother to Mrs. Clive.—E.

² Now first printed.

³ In her letter of the 5th of August, Madame du Deffand, by way of inducement to Walpole to take the journey, says—"Je vous jure que je ne me soucierai de rien pour vous; c'est à dire, de vous faire faire une chose plutôt qu'une autre: vous serez totalement libre de toutes vos pensées, paroles, et actions; vous ne me verrez pas un souhait, un désir qui puisse contredire vos pensées et vos volontés: je saurai que M. Walpole est à Paris, il saura que je demeure à St. Joseph; il sera maître d'y arriver, d'y rester, de s'en aller, tout comme il lui plaira."—E.

You have heard, to be sure, of the war between your brother and Foote; but probably not how far the latter has carried his impudence. Being asked, why Lord Hertford had refused to license his piece, he replied, "Why, he asked me to make his youngest son a box-keeper, and because I would not, he stopped my play."¹ The Duchess of Kingston offered to buy it off, but Foote would not take her money, and swears he will act her in *Lady Brumpton*; which to be sure is very applicable.

I am sorry to hear Lord Villiers is going to drag my lady through all the vile inns in Germany. I think he might go alone.

George Onslow told me yesterday, that the American Congress had sent terms of accommodation, and that your brother told him so; but a strange fatality attends George's news, which is rarely canonical; and I doubt this intelligence is far from being so. I shall know more to-morrow, when I go to town to prepare for my journey on Tuesday. Pray let me hear from you, enclosed to M. Panchaud.

I accept with great joy Lady Ailesbury's offer of coming hither in October, which will increase my joy in being at home again. I intend to set out on my return the 25th of next month. Sir Gregory Page has left Lord Howe eight thousand pounds at present, and twelve more after his aunt Mrs. Page's death.

Thursday, 10th.

I cannot find any grounds for believing that any proposals are come from the Congress. On the contrary, everything looks as melancholy as possible. Adieu!

¹ The piece was entitled "*The Trip to Calais*;" in which the author having ridiculed, under the name of *Kitty Crocodile*, the eccentric Duchess of Kingston, she offered him a sum of money to strike out the part. A correspondence took place between the parties, which ended in the Duchess making an application to Lord Hertford, at that time Lord Chamberlain, who interdicted the performance. Foote, however, brought it out, with some alterations, in the following year, under the title of "*The Capuchin*."—E.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

From t'other side of the water, August 17, 1775.¹

INTERPRETING your ladyship's orders in the most personal sense, as respecting the dangers of the sea, I write the instant I am landed. I did not, in truth, set out till yesterday morning at eight o'clock; but finding the roads, horses, postillions, tides, winds, moons, and Captain Fectors in the pleasantest humour in the world, I embarked almost as soon as I arrived at Dover, and reached Calais before the sun was awake;—and here I am for the sixth time in my life, with only the trifling distance of seven-and-thirty years between my first voyage and the present. Well! I can only say in excuse, that I am got into the land of Struldburghs, where one is never too old to be young, and where *la béquille du père Barnabas* blossoms like Aaron's rod, or the Glastonbury thorn.

Now, to be sure, I shall be a little mortified, if your ladyship wanted a letter of news, and did not at all trouble your head about my navigation. However, you will not tell one so; and therefore I will persist in believing that this good news will be received with transport at Park-place, and that the bells of Henley will be set a ringing. The rest of my adventures must be deferred till they have happened, which is not always the case of travels. I send you no compliments from Paris, because I have not got thither, nor delivered the bundle which Mr. Conway sent me. I did, as your ladyship commanded; buy three pretty little medallions in frames of filigraine, for our dear old friend. They will not ruin you, having cost not a guinea and a half; but it was all I could find that was genteel and portable; and as she does not measure by guineas, but attentions, she will be as much pleased as if you had sent her a dozen acres of Park-place. As they are in bas-relief, too, they are feelable, and that is a material circumstance to her. I wish the Diomedé had even so much as a pair of Nankin!

¹ Mr. Walpole reached Paris on the 19th of August, and left it on the 12th of October.—E.

Adieu, toute la chère famille! I think of October with much satisfaction; it will double the pleasure of my return.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

Paris, August 20, 1775.

I HAVE been sea-sick to death: I have been poisoned by dirt and vermin; I have been stifled by heat, choked by dust, and starved for want of anything I could touch: and yet, Madam, here I am perfectly well, not in the least fatigued; and, thanks to the rivelled parchments, formerly faces, which I have seen by hundreds, I find myself almost as young as when I came hither first in the last century. In spite of my whims, and delicacy, and laziness, none of my grievances have been mortal: I have borne them as well as if I had set up for a philosopher, like the sages of this town. Indeed, I have found my dear old woman so well, and looking so much better than she did four years ago, that I am transported with pleasure, and thank your ladyship and Mr. Conway for driving me hither. Madame du Deffand came to me the instant I arrived, and sat by me whilst I stripped and dressed myself; for, as she said, since she cannot see, there was no harm in my being stark.¹ She was charmed with your present; but was so kind as to be so much more charmed with my arrival, that she did not think of it a moment. I sat with her till half an hour after two in the morning, and had a letter from her before my eyes were open again. In short, her soul is immortal, and forces her body to bear it company.

This is the very eve of Madame Clotilde's² wedding; but Monsieur Turgot, to the great grief of Lady Mary Coke, will suffer no cost, but one banquet, one ball, and a play at Versailles. Count Viry gives a banquet, a *bal masqué*, and a firework. I think I shall see little but the last, from which I will

¹ Madame du Deffand had just completed her *seventy-eighth* year.—E.

² Madame Clotilde, sister of Louis XVI. Turgot was the new minister of finance, who, with his colleagues, were endeavouring, by every practicable means, to reduce the enormous expenditure of the country.—E.

send your ladyship a rocket in my next letter. Lady Mary, I believe, has had a private audience of the ambassador's leg,¹ but *en tout bien et honneur*, and only to satisfy her ceremonious curiosity about any part of royal nudity. I am just going to her, as she is to Versailles; and I have not time to add a word more to the vows of your ladyship's most faithful.

TO MRS. ABINGTON.²

Paris, September [1775].

IF I had known, Madam, of your being at Paris, before I heard it from Colonel Blaquiere, I should certainly have prevented your flattering invitation, and have offered you any services that could depend on my acquaintance here. It is plain I am old, and live with very old folks, when I did not hear of your arrival. However, Madam, I have not that fault at least of a veteran, the thinking nothing equal to what they admired in their youth. I do impartial justice to your merit, and fairly allow it not only equal to that of any actress I have seen, but believe the present age will not be in the wrong, if they hereafter prefer it to those they may live to see.

Your allowing me to wait on you in London, Madam, will make me some amends for the loss I have had here; and I shall take an early opportunity of assuring you how much I am, Madam, your most obliged humble servant.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Sept. 8, 1775.

THE delays of the post, and its departure before its arrival, saved me some days of anxiety for Lady Ailesbury, and prevented my telling you how concerned I am for her accident; though I trust, by this time, she has not even

¹ Mr. Walpole alludes to the ceremony of the marriages of princesses by proxy.—E.

² Now first printed. This elegant and fashionable actress was born in 1735, quitted the stage in 1799, and died in 1815.—E.

pain left. I feel the horror you must have felt during her suffering in the dark, and on the sight of her arm;¹ and though nobody admires her needle-work more than I, still I am rejoiced that it will be the greatest sufferer. However, I am very impatient for a farther account. Madame du Deffand, who, you know, never loves her friends by halves, and whose impatience never allows itself time to inform itself, was out of her wits, because I could not explain exactly how the accident happened, and where. She wanted to write directly, though the post was just gone; and, as soon as I could make her easy about the accident, she fell into a new distress about her fans for Madame de Marchais, and concludes they have been overturned, and broken too. In short, I never saw anything like her. She has made engagements for me till Monday se'nnight; in which are included I don't know how many journeys into the country; and as nobody ever leaves her without her engaging them for another time, all these parties will be so many polypuses, that will shoot out into new ones every way. Madame de Jonsac,² a great friend of mine, arrived the day before yesterday, and Madame du Deffand has pinned her down to meeting me at her house four times before next Tuesday, all parentheses, that are not to interfere with our other suppers; and from those suppers I never get to bed before two or three o'clock. In short, I need have the activity of a squirrel, and the strength of a Hercules, to go through my labours—not to count how many *démêlés* I have had to *raccommode*, and how many *mémoires* to present against Tonton,³ who grows the greater favourite the more people he devours. As I am the only person who dare correct him, I have already insisted on his being confined in the Bastille every day after five o'clock. Toother night he flew at Lady Barrymore's face, and I thought would have torn her eye out; but it ended in biting her finger. She was ter-

¹ Lady Ailesbury had been overturned in her carriage at Park-place, and dislocated her wrist.

² La Comtesse de Jonsac, sister of the President Henault.

³ A favourite dog of Madame du Deffand's.

rified; she fell into tears. Madame du Deffand, who has too much parts not to see everything in its true light, perceiving that she had not beaten Tonton half enough, immediately told us a story of a lady, whose dog, having bitten a piece out of a gentleman's leg, the tender dame, in a great fright, cried out, "Won't it make my dog sick?"

Lady Barrymore¹ has taken a house. She will be glutted with conquests: I never saw anybody so much admired. I doubt her poor little head will be quite overset.

Madame de Marchais² is charming: eloquence and attention itself. I cannot stir for peaches, nectarines, grapes, and bury pears. You would think Pomona was in love with me. I am not so transported with N * * * * cock and hen. They are a tabor and pipe that I do not understand. He mouths and she squeaks, and neither articulates. M. d'Entragues I have not seen. Upon the whole, I am much more pleased with Paris than ever I was; and, perhaps, shall stay a little longer than I intended. The Harry Grenvilles³ are arrived. I dined with them at Madame de Viry's,⁴ who has completed the conquest of France by her behaviour on Madame Clotilde's wedding, and by the fêtes she gave. Of other English I wot not, but grieve the Richmonds do not come.

I am charmed with Dr. Bally; nay, and with the King of Prussia — as much as I can be with a northern monarch. For your Kragen, I think we ought to procure a female one, and marry it to Ireland, that we may breed some new islands against we have lost America. I know nothing of said

¹ Third daughter of William second Earl of Harrington, and wife of Richard sixth Earl of Barrymore, who, dying in 1780, left issue Richard and Henry, each of whom became, successively, Earl of Barrymore; a title which expired upon the death of the latter, in 1823.—E.

² Madame de Marchais, née Laborde, married to a valet-de-chambre of Louis XVI. From her intimacy with M. d'Angivillier, Directeur des Bâtimens, Jardins, &c. du Roi, she had the opportunity of obtaining the finest fruits and flowers.—E.

³ Henry Grenville, brother to Earl Temple. He married Miss Margaret Banks. He died in 1784.—E.

⁴ Miss Harriet Speed. She had married M. le Comte de Viry when he was minister at London from the Court of Turin. She is one of the ladies to whom Gray's "Long Story" is addressed. For an account of her, see vol. iv. p. 191.—E.

America. There is not a Frenchman that does not think us distracted.

I used to scold you about your bad writing, and perceive I have written in such a hurry, and blotted my letter so much, that you will not be able to read it: but consider how few moments I have to myself. I am forced to stuff my ears with cotton to get any sleep.—However, my journey has done me good. I have thrown off at least fifteen years. Here is a letter for my dear Mrs. Damer from Madame de Cambis, who thinks she doats on you all. Adieu!

P.S. I shall bring you two éloges of Marshal Catinat; not because I admire them, but because I admire him, because I think him very like you.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Oct. 6, 1775.

It will look like a month since I wrote to you; but I have been coming, and am. Madame du Deffand has been so ill, that the day she was seized I thought she would not live till night. Her Herculean weakness, which could not resist strawberries and cream after supper, has surmounted all the *ups* and *downs* which followed her excess; but her impatience to go everywhere and to do everything has been attended with a kind of relapse, and another kind of giddiness: so that I am not quite easy about her, as they allow her to take no nourishment to recruit, and she will die of inanition, if she does not live upon it. She cannot lift her head from the pillow without *étourdissemens*; and yet her spirits gallop faster than anybody's, and so do her repartees. She has a great supper to-night for the Duc de Choiseul, and was in such a passion yesterday with her cook about it, and that put Tonton into such a rage, that *nos dames de Saint Joseph* thought the devil or the philosophers were flying away with their convent! As I have scarce quitted her, I can have had nothing to tell you. If she gets well, as I trust, I shall set out on the 12th; but I cannot leave

her in any danger—though I shall run many myself, if I stay longer. I have kept such bad hours with this *malade*, that I have had alarms of gout; and bad weather, worse inns, and a voyage in winter, will ill suit me. The fans arrived at a propitious moment, and she immediately had them opened on her bed, and felt all the patterns, and had all the papers described. She was all satisfaction and thanks, and swore me to do her full justice to Lady Ailesbury and Mrs. Damer. Lord Harrington and Lady Harriet are arrived; but have announced and persisted in a strict invisibility.

I know nothing of my *chère patrie*, but what I learn from the London Chronicle; and that tells me, that the trading towns are suing out *lettres de noblesse*, that is, entreating the King to put an end to commerce, that they may all be gentlemen. Here agriculture, economy, reformation, philosophy, are the *bon-ton* even at court. The two nations seem to have crossed over and figured in; but as people that copy take the bad with the good, as well as the good with the bad, there was two days ago a great horse-race in the plain de Sablon, between the Comte d'Artois,¹ the Duc de Chartres,² Monsieur de Conflans, and the Duc de Lauzun.³ The latter won by the address of a little English postillion, who is in such fashion, that I don't know whether the Academy will not give him for the subject of an *éloge*.

The Duc de Choiseul, I said, is here; and, as he has a second time put off his departure, *cela fait beaucoup de bruit*. I shall not be at all surprised if he resumes the reins, as (forgive me a pun) he has the *Reine* already. Messrs. de Turgot and Malesherbes certainly totter—but I shall tell you no more till I see you; for though this goes by a private hand, it is so private, that I don't know it, being an English

¹ Afterwards Charles the Tenth.—E.

² On the death of his father, in 1785, he became Duke of Orleans. In 1792, he was chosen a member of the National Convention, when he adopted the Jacobinical title of Louis-Philippe-Joseph Egalité; and, in November 1793, he suffered by the guillotine.—E.

³ The Duc de Lauzun, son of the Duc de Gontaut, the maternal nephew of the Duchesse de Choiseul.—E.

merchant's, who lodges in this hotel, and whom I do not know by sight: so, perhaps, I may bring you word of this letter myself. I flatter myself Lady Ailesbury's arm has recovered its straightness and its cunning.

Madame du Deffand says, I love you better than anything in the world. If true, I hope you have not less penetration: if you have not, or it is not true, what would professions avail?—So I leave that matter in suspense. Adieu!

October 7.

Madame du Deffand was quite well yesterday; and at near one this morning I left the Duc de Choiseul, the Duchess de Grammont, the Prince and Princess of Beauveau, Princess of Poix,¹ the Maréchale de Luxembourg, Duchess de Lauzun, Ducs de Gontaut² et de Chabot, and Caraccioli, round her *chaise longue*; and she herself was not a dumb personage. I have not heard yet how she has slept, and must send away my letter this moment, as I must dress to go to dinner with Monsieur de Malesherbes at Madame de Villegagnon's. I must repose a great while after all this living in company; nay, intend to go very little into the world again, as I do not admire the French way of burning one's candle to the very snuff in public. Tell Mrs. Damer, that the fashion now is to erect the *toupée* into a high detached tuft of hair, like a cockatoo's crest; and this *toupée* they call *la physionomie*—I don't guess why.

My laquais is come back from St. Joseph's, and says Marie³

¹ Wife of the Prince de Poix, eldest son of the Maréchal de Mouchy, and daughter of the Prince de Beauveau. The Prince de Poix retired to this country on the breaking out of the French revolution, accompanied by his son, Comte Charles de Noailles, who married the daughter of La Borde, the great banker.—E.

² The Duc de Gontaut, brother to the Maréchal Duc de Biron, and father to the Duc de Lauzun. The Duchesse de Gontaut was a sister of the Duchesse de Choiseul.—E.

³ The maiden name of Madame du Deffand was Marie de Vichy Chamrond. She was born in 1697, of a noble family in the province of Burgundy; and, as her fortune was small, she was married by her parents, in 1718, to the Marquis du Deffand; the union being settled with as little attention to her feelings as was usual in French marriages of that age. A separation soon took place; but Walpole says they always continued on good terms, and that upon her husband's death-bed, at his express desire, she saw him.—E.

de Vichy has had a very good night, and is quite well.—Philip!¹ let my chaise be ready on Thursday.²

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 10, 1775.

I WAS very sorry to have been here, dear Sir, the day you called on me in town. It is so difficult to uncloister you, that I regret not seeing you when you are out of your own *ambry*. I have nothing new to tell you that is very old; but you can inform me of something within your own district. Who is the author, E. B. G. of a version of Mr. Gray's Latin Odes into English,³ and of an Elegy on my wolf-devoured dog, poor Tory? a name you will marvel at in a dog of mine; but his godmother was the widow of Alderman Parsons, who gave him at Paris to Lord Conway, and he to me. The author is a poet; but he makes me blush, for he calls Mr. Gray and me *congenial pair*. Alas! I have no genius; and if any symptom of talent, so inferior to Gray's, that Milton and Quarles might as well be coupled together. We rode over the Alps in the same chaise, but Pegasus drew on his side, and a cart-horse on mine. I am too jealous of his fame to let us be coupled together. This author says he has lately printed at Cambridge a Latin translation of the Bards; I should be much obliged to you for it.

I do not ask you if Cambridge has produced anything, for it never does. Have you made any discoveries? Has Mr. Lort? Where is he? Does Mr. Tyson engrave no more? My plates for Strawberry advance leisurely. I am about nothing. I grow old and lazy, and the present world

¹ Mr. Walpole's valet-de-chambre.

² Walpole left Paris on the 12th; upon which day, Madame du Defand thus wrote to him:—"Adieu! ce mot est bien triste! Souvenez que vous laissez ici la personne dont vous êtes le plus aimé, et dont le bonheur et le malheur consistent dans ce que vous pensez pour elle. Donnez-moi de vos nouvelles le plus tôt qu'il sera possible."—E.

³ Edward Burnaby Greene, formerly of Bennet College, but at that time a brewer in Westminster. He likewise published translations of Pindar, Persius, Apollonius Rhodius, Anacreon, &c.—E.

cares for nothing but politics, and satisfies itself with writing in newspapers. If they are not bound up and preserved in libraries, posterity will imagine that the art of printing was gone out of use. Lord Hardwicke¹ has indeed reprinted his heavy volume of Sir Dudley Carleton's Dispatches, and says I was in the wrong to despise it. I never met with anybody that thought otherwise. What signifies raising the dead so often, when they die the next minute? Adieu!

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBURY.

Arlington Street, Dec. 11, 1775.

DID you hear that scream?—Don't be frightened, Madam; it was only the Duchess of Kingston last Sunday was sevensnight at chapel: but it is better to be prepared; for she has sent word to the House of Lords, that her nerves are so bad she intends to scream for these two months, and therefore they must put off her trial. They are to take her throes into consideration to-day; and that there may be sufficient room for the length of her veil and train, and attendants, have a mind to treat her with Westminster-hall. I hope so, for I should like to see this *comédie larmoyante*; and, besides, I conclude, it would bring your ladyship to town. You shall have timely notice.

There is another comedy infinitely worth seeing — Monsieur Le Texier. He is Préville, and Caillaud, and Garrick, and Weston, and Mrs. Clive, all together; and as perfect in the most insignificant part, as in the most difficult.² To be

¹ Philip Yorke, second Earl of Hardwicke, when Lord Royston, published the "Letters to and from Sir Dudley Carleton, Knight, during his Embassy in Holland, from January 1615-16 to December 1620." 4to. 1727; and, in 1775, a second edition, "with large additions to the Historical Preface."—E.

² M. Le Texier was a native of Lyons, where he was directeur des fermes. The following account of the readings of this celebrated Frenchman, is from a critique on Boaden's Life of Kemble, in the Quarterly Review, vol. xxxiv. p. 241:—"On one of the author's incidental topics we must pause for a moment with delightful recollection. We mean the readings of Le Texier, who, seated at a desk, and dressed in plain clothes, read French plays with such modulation of voice, and such

sure, it is hard to give up loo in such fine weather, when one can play from morning till night. In London, Pam can scarce get a house till ten o'clock. If you happen to see the General your husband, make my compliments to him, Madam; his friend the King of Prussia is going to the devil and Alexander the Great.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1775.

OUR letters probably passed by each other on the road, for I wrote to you on Tuesday, and have this instant received one from you, which I answer directly, to beg pardon for my incivility, nay, ingratitude, in not thanking you for your present of a whole branch of most respectable ancestors, the *Derehaughs*—why, the *Derehaughs* alone would make gentlemen of half the modern peers, English or Irish. I doubt my journey to France was got into my head, and left no room for an additional quarter—but I have given it to Edmondson, and ordered him to take care that I am born again from the *Derehaughs*. This Edmondson has got a ridiculous notion into his head that another, and much ancients of my progenitors, Sir Henry Walpole, married his wife Isabella Fitz-Osbert, when she was widow to Sir Walter Jernegan; whereas, all the *Old Testament* says Sir Walter married Sir Henry's widow. Pray send me your authority to confound this gainsayer, if you know anything particular of the matter.

exquisite point of dialogue, as to form a pleasure different from that of the theatre, but almost as great as we experience in listening to a first-rate actor. When it commenced, M. Le Texier read over the *dramatis personæ*, with the little analysis of character usually attached to each name, using the voice and manner with which he afterwards read the part: and so accurately was the key-note given, that he had no need to name afterwards the person who spoke; the stupidest of the audience could not miss to recognize him." Madame du Deffand, in a letter to Walpole, says of him—"Soyez sûr, que lui tout seul est la meilleure troupe que nous avons:" and again, in one to Voltaire—"Assis dans un fauteuil, avec un livre à la main, il joue les comédies où il y a sept, huit, dix, douze personnages, si parfaitement bien, qu'on ne saurait croire, même en le regardant, que ce soit le même homme qui parle. Pour moi, l'illusion est parfaite."—E.

I had not heard of the painting you tell me of. As those boobies, the Society of Antiquaries, have gotten hold of it, I wonder their *piety* did not make them bury it again, as they did the clothes of Edward I.¹ I have some notion that in Vertue's MSS. or somewhere else, I don't know where, I have read of some ancient painting at the Rose Tavern. This I will tell *you* — but Mr. Gough is such a bear, that I shall not satisfy him about it. That Society, when they are puzzled, have recourse to me; and that would be so often, that I shall not encourage them. They may blunder as much as they please, from their heavy president down to the pert Governor Pownall, who accounts for everything immediately, before the Creation or since. Say only to Mr. Gough, that I said I had not leisure now to examine Vertue's MSS. If I find anything there, *you* shall know — but I have no longer any eagerness to communicate what I discover. When there was so little taste for MSS. which Mr. Gray thought worth transcribing, and which were so valuable, would one offer more pearls?

Boydell brought me this morning another number of the Prints from the pictures at Houghton. Two or three in particular are most admirably executed — but alas! it will be twenty years before the set is completed. That is too long to look forward to at any age! — and at mine! — Nay, people will be tired in a quarter of the time. Boydell, who knows this country, and still more this town, thinks so, too. Perhaps there will be newer, or at least more fashionable ways of engraving, and the old will be despised — or, which is still more likely, nobody will be able to afford the expense. Who would lay a plan for anything in an overgrown metropolis hurrying to its fall?

I will return you Mr. Gough's letter when I get a frank. Adieu!

¹ The Society of Antiquaries, having obtained permission to do so, had, on the 2d of May 1774, opened the tomb of Edward the First in Westminster. The body was found in perfect preservation, and most superbly attired. The garments were, of course, carefully replaced in the tomb.—E.

TO THOMAS ASTLE, ESQ.

December 19, 1775.

SIR,

I AM much obliged, and return you my thanks for the paper you have sent me. You have added a question to it, which, if I understand it, you yourself, Sir, are more capable than anybody of answering. You say, "Is it probable that this instrument was framed by Richard Duke of Gloucester?" If by *framed* you mean drawn up, I should think princes of the blood, in that barbarous age, were not very expert in drawing acts of attainder, though a branch of the law more in use then than since. But as I suppose you mean *forged*, you, Sir, so conversant in writings of that age, can judge better than any man. You may only mean *forged by his order*. Your reading, much deeper than mine, may furnish you with precedents of *forged acts of attainder*: I never heard of one; nor does my simple understanding suggest the use of such a forgery, on cases immediately pressing; because an act of attainder being a matter of public notoriety, it would be revolting to the common sense of all mankind to plead such an one, if it had not really existed. If it could be carried into execution by force, the force would avail without the forgery, and would be at once exaggerated and weakened by it. I cannot, therefore, conceive why Richard should make use of so absurd a trick, unless that having so little to do in so short and turbulent a reign, he amused himself with treasuring up in the Tower a forged act for the satisfaction of those who, three hundred years afterwards, should be glad of discovering new flaws in his character. As there are men so bigotted to old legends, I am persuaded, Sir, that you would please them by communicating your question to them. They would rejoice to suppose that Richard was more criminal than even the Lancastrian historians represent him; and just at this moment I don't know whether they would not believe that Mrs. Rudd assisted him. I, who am, probably, as absurd a bigot on the other side, see nothing in the paper you have

sent me, but a confirmation of Richard's innocence of the death of Clarence. As the Duke of Buckingham was appointed to superintend the execution, it is incredible that he should have been drowned in a butt of malmsey, and that Richard should have been the executioner. When a seneschal of England, or, as we call it, a lord high steward, is appointed for a trial, at least for execution, with all his officers, it looks very much as if, even in that age, proceedings were carried on with a little more formality than the careless writers of that time let us think. The appointment, too, of the Duke of Buckingham for that office, seems to add another improbability [and a work of supererogation] to Richard's forging the instrument. Did Richard really do nothing but what tended to increase his unpopularity by glutting mankind with lies, forgeries, and absurdities, which every man living could detect?

I take this opportunity, Sir, of telling you how sorry I am not to have seen you long, and how glad I shall be to renew our acquaintance, especially if you like to talk over this old story with me, though I own it is of little importance, and pretty well exhausted.¹ I am, Sir, with great regard, your obliged humble servant.

¹ To the above letter it was intended to subjoin the following queries:—

“ If there was no such Parliament held, would Richard have dared to forge an act for it?

“ Would Henry VII. never have reproached him with so absurd a forgery?

“ Did neither Sir T. More nor Lord Bacon ever hear of that forgery?

“ As Richard declared his nephew the Earl of Warwick his successor, would he have done so, if he had forged an act of attainder of Warwick's father?

“ If it is supposed he forged the act, when he set aside Warwick, could he pretend that act was not known when he declared him his heir? Would not so recent an act's being unknown have proved it a forgery; and if there had been no such Parliament as that which forged it, would not that have proved it a double forgery? The act, therefore, and the Parliament that passed it, must have been genuine, and existed, though no other record appears. The distractions of the times, the evident insufficiency or partiality of the historians of that age, and the interest of Henry VII. to destroy all records that gave authority to the house of York and their title, account for our wanting evidence of that Parliament.”

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

January 26, 1776.

I HAVE deferred answering your last letter, dear Sir, till I cannot answer with my own hand. I made a pilgrimage at Christmas to Queen's Cross, at Ampthill, was caught there by the snow, imprisoned there for a fortnight, and sent home bound hand and foot by the gout. The pain, I suppose, is quite frozen, for I have had none; nothing but inflammation and swelling, and they abate. In reality, this is owing to the bootikins, which, though they do not cure the gout, take out its sting. You, who are still more apt to be an invalid, feel, I fear, this Hyperborean season; I should be glad to hear you did not.

I thought I had at once jumped upon a discovery of the subject of the painted room at the Rose Tavern, but shall not plume myself upon my luck till I have seen the chamber, because Mr. Gough's account seems to date the style of the painting earlier than will serve my hypothesis. I had no data to go upon but the site having belonged to the family of Tufton (for I do not think the description at all answers to the taking of Francis I, nor is it at all credible that there should be arms in the painting, and yet neither those of France or Austria). I turned immediately to Lord Thanet's pedigree, in Collins's Peerage, and found at once an heroic adventure performed by one of the family, that accords remarkably with the principal circumstance. It is the rescue of the Elector Palatine, son of our Queen of Bohemia, from an ambuscade laid for him by the Duke of Lorraine. The arms, Or and Gules, I thought were those of Lorraine, which I since find are Argent and Gules. The Argent indeed may be turned yellow by age, as Mr. Gough says he does not know whether the crescent is red or black. But the great impediment is, that this achievement of a Tufton was performed in the reign of Charles II. Now in that reign, when we were become singularly ignorant of chivalry, anachronisms and blunders might easily be committed by a modern painter, yet I shall not

adhere to my discovery, unless I find the painting correspond with the style of the modern time to which I would assign it; nor will I see through the eyes of my hypothesis, but fairly.

I shall now turn to another subject. Mr. Astle, who has left me off ever since the fatal era of Richard III. for no reason that I can conceive but my having adopted his discovery, which for aught I know may be a reason with an antiquary, lately sent me the attainder of George Duke of Clarence, which he has found in the Tower and printed; and on it, as rather glad to confute me and himself, than to have found a curiosity, he had written two or three questions which tended to accuse Richard of having forged the instrument, though to the instrument itself is added another, which confirms my acquittal of Richard of the murder of Clarence—but, alas! passion is a spying-glass that does but make the eyes of folly more blind.

I sent him an answer, a copy of which I enclose. Since that, I have heard no more of him, nor shall, I suppose, till I see this new proof of Richard's guilt adopted into the annals of the Society, against which I have reserved some other stigmas for it.

Mr. Edmondson has found a confirmation of Isabella Fitz-Osbert having married Jernegan after Walpole. I forget where I found my arms of the Fitz-Osberts. Though they differ from yours of Sir Roger, the colours are the same, and they agree with yours of William Fitz-Osborne. There was no accuracy in spelling names even till much later ages; and you know that different branches of the same family made little variation in their coats.

I am very sorry for the death of poor Henshaw, of which I had not heard. I am yours most sincerely.

P. S. The queries added to the letter to Mr. Astle were not sent with it; and, as I reserve them for a future answer, I beg you will show them to nobody.

TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.¹

[February 1776.]

MR. WALPOLE cannot express how much he is obliged to Mr. Gibbon for the valuable present he has received;² nor how great a comfort it is to him, in his present situation, in which he little expected to receive singular pleasure. Mr. Walpole does not say this at random, nor from mere confidence in the author's abilities, for he has already (all his weakness would permit) read the first chapter, and it is in the greatest admiration of the style, manner, method, clearness, and intelligence. Mr. Walpole's impatience to proceed will struggle with his disorder, and give him such spirits, that he flatters himself he shall owe part of his recovery to Mr. Gibbon; whom, as soon as that is a little effected, he shall beg the honour of seeing.

TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.³

February 14, 1776.

AFTER the singular pleasure of reading you, Sir, the next satisfaction is to declare my admiration. I have read great part of your volume, and cannot decide to which of its various merits I give the preference, though I have no doubt of assigning my partiality to one virtue of the author, which, seldom as I meet with it, always strikes me superiorly. Its quality will naturally prevent your guessing which I mean. It is your amiable modesty. How can you know so much, judge so well, possess your subject, and your knowledge, and your power of judicious reflection so thoroughly, and yet command yourself and betray no dictatorial arrogance of decision? How unlike very ancient and very modern authors! You have, unexpectedly, given the world

¹ Now first collected.

² The first quarto volume of the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.—E.

³ Now first collected.

a classic history. The fame it must acquire will tend every day to acquit this panegyric of flattery.¹ The impressions it has made on me are very numerous. The strongest is the thirst of being better acquainted with you — but I reflect that I have been a trifling author, and am in no light profound enough to deserve your intimacy, except by confessing your superiority so frankly, that I assure you honestly, I already feel no envy, though I did for a moment. The best proof I can give you of my sincerity, is to exhort you, warmly and earnestly, to go on with your noble work — the strongest, though a presumptuous mark of my friendship, is to warn you never to let your charming modesty be corrupted by the acclamations your talents will receive. The native qualities of the man should never be sacrificed to those of the author, however shining. I take this liberty as an older man, which reminds me how little I dare promise myself that I shall see your work completed! But I love posterity enough to contribute, if I can, to give them pleasure through you.

I am too weak to say more, though I could talk for hours on your history. But one feeling I cannot suppress, though it is a sensation of vanity. I think, nay, I am sure I perceive, that your sentiments on government agree with my own. It is the only point on which I suspect myself of any partiality in my admiration. It is a reflection of a far inferior vanity that pleases me in your speaking with so much distinction of that, alas! wonderful period, in which the world saw five good monarchs succeed each other.² I have often thought of treating that Elysian era. Happily it has fallen into better hands!

¹ "I am at a loss," says Gibbon, in his *Memoirs*, "how to describe the success of the work without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almost on every toilette; the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day; nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any profane critic."—E.

² Walpole, in August 1771, had said, "The world will no more see Athens, Rome, and the Medici again, than a succession of five good Emperors, like Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonines." See *antè*, p. 310.—E.

I have been able to rise to-day, for the first time, and flatter myself that if I have no relapse, you will in two or three days more give me leave, Sir, to ask the honour of seeing you. In the mean time, be just; and do not suspect me of flattering you. You will always hear that I say the same of you to everybody. I am, with the greatest regard, Sir, &c.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, March 1, 1776.

I AM sorry to tell you that the curious old painting at the Tavern in Fleet-street is addled, by the subject turning out a little too old. Alas! it is not the story of Francis I. but of St. Paul. All the coats of arms that should have been French and Austrian, and that I had a mind to convert into Palatine and Lorrain, are the bearings of Pharisaic nobility. In short, Dr. Percy was here yesterday, and tells me that over Mr. Gough's imaginary Pavia is written *Damascus* in capital letters. Oh! our antiquaries!

Mr. Astle has at last called on me, but I was not well enough to see him. I shall return his visit when I can go out. I hope this will be in a week: I have no pain left, but have a codicil of nervous fevers, for which I am taking the bark. I have nothing new for you in our old way, and therefore will not unnecessarily lengthen my letter, which was only intended to cashier the old painting, though I hear the antiquaries still go on with having a drawing taken from it—Oh! our antiquaries!

TO DR. GEM.¹

Arlington Street, April 4, 1776.

It is but fair, when one quits one's party, to give notice to those one abandons—at least, modern patriots, who often

¹ An English physician long settled at Paris, no less esteemed for his professional knowledge, than for his kind attention to the poor who applied to him for medical assistance.

imbibe their principles of honour at Newmarket, use that civility. You and I, dear Sir, have often agreed in our political notions; and you, I fear, will die without changing your opinion. For my part, I must confess I am totally altered; and, instead of being a warm partisan of liberty, now admire nothing but despotism. You will naturally ask what place I have gotten, or what bribe I have taken? Those are the criterions of political changes in England—but, as my conversion is of foreign extraction, I shall not be the richer for it. In one word, it is the *relation du lit de justice*¹ that has operated the miracle. When two ministers² are found so humane, so virtuous, so excellent, as to study nothing but the welfare and deliverance of the people; when a king listens to such excellent men; and when a parliament, from the basest, most interested motives, interposes to intercept the blessing, must I not change my opinions, and admire arbitrary power? or can I retain my sentiments, without varying the object?

Yes, Sir, I am shocked at the conduct of the Parliament—one would think it was an English one! I am scandalised at the speeches of the *Avocat-général*,³ who sets up the odious interests of the nobility and clergy against the cries and groans of the poor; and who employs his wicked eloquence to tempt the good young monarch, by personal views, to sacrifice the mass of his subjects to the privileges of the few—But why do I call it eloquence? The fumes of interest had so clouded his rhetoric, that he falls into a downright Iricism.—He tells the King, that the intended tax on the proprietors of land will affect the property not only of the rich, but of the poor. I should be glad to know what

¹ The first lit de justice held by Louis XVI.

² Messieurs de Malesherbes and Turgot. When the intrigues which had been set on foot to overthrow the administration of Turgot had accomplished that object, an event which took place shortly after the date of this letter, Louis XVI. requested Malesherbes to remain in office; but when he refused to do so, seeing that his friend Turgot had been dismissed, Louis, conscious of the increased anxieties in which he should be involved, exclaimed, with a sigh, “Que vous êtes heureux! que ne puis-je aussi quitter ma place!”—E.

³ Monsieur de Seguier.

is the property of the poor? Have the poor landed estates? Are those who have landed estates the poor? Are the poor that will suffer by the tax, the wretched labourers who are dragged from their famishing families to work on the roads?—But *it is* wicked eloquence when it finds a reason, or gives a reason for continuing the abuse.—The Advocate tells the King, those abuses are *presque consacrés par l'ancienneté*.—Indeed, he says all that can be said for nobility, it is *consacrée par l'ancienneté*—and thus the length of the pedigree of abuses renders them respectable!

His arguments are as contemptible when he tries to dazzle the King by the great names of Henri Quatre and Sully, of Louis XIV. and Colbert, two couple whom nothing but a mercenary orator would have classed together. Nor, were all four equally venerable, would it prove anything. Even good kings and good ministers, if such have been, may have erred; nay, may have done the best they could. They would not have been good, if they wished their errors should be preserved, the longer they had lasted.

In short, Sir, I think this resistance of the Parliament to the adorable reformation planned by Messrs. de Turgot and Malesherbes, is more phlegmatically scandalous than the wildest tyranny of despotism. I forget what the nation was that refused liberty when it was offered. This opposition to so noble a work is worse. A whole people may refuse its own happiness; but these profligate magistrates resist happiness for others, for millions, for posterity!—Nay, do they not half vindicate Maupeou, who crushed them?—And you, dear Sir, will you now chide my apostacy? Have I not cleared myself to your eyes? I do not see a shadow of sound logic in all Monsieur Seguier's speeches, but in his proposing that the soldiers should work on the roads, and that passengers should contribute to their fabric; though, as France is not so luxuriously mad as England, I do not believe passengers could support the expense of the roads. That argument, therefore, is like another that the Avocat proposes to the King, and which, he modestly owns, he believes would be impracticable.

I beg your pardon, Sir, for giving you this long trouble ; but I could not help venting myself, when shocked to find such renegade conduct in a Parliament that I was rejoiced had been restored. Poor human kind ! is it always to breed serpents from its own bowels ? In one country, it chooses its representatives, and they sell it and themselves — in others, it exalts despots — in another, it resists the despot when he consults the good of his people !—Can we wonder mankind is wretched, when men are such beings ? Parliaments run wild with loyalty, when America is to be enslaved or butchered. They rebel, when their country is to be set free !—I am not surprised at the idea of the devil being always at our elbows. They who invented him, no doubt could not conceive how men could be so atrocious to one another, without the intervention of a fiend. Don't you think, if he had never been heard of before, that he would have been invented on the late partition of Poland ! Adieu, dear Sir. Yours most sincerely.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

April 16, 1776.

You will be concerned, my good Sir, for what I have this minute heard from his nephew, that poor Mr. Granger was seized at the communion table on Sunday with an apoplexy, and died yesterday morning at five. I have answered the letter with a word of advice about his manuscripts, that they may not fall into the hands of booksellers. He had been told by idle people so many gossiping stories, that it would hurt him and living persons, if all his collections were to be printed ; for as he was incapable of telling an untruth himself, he suspected nobody else — too great goodness in a biographer.

P. S. The whole world is occupied with the Duchess of Kingston's trial.¹ I don't tell you a word of it ; for you will not care about it these two hundred years.

¹ In Westminster-hall, before the House of Peers, for intermarrying with the Duke of Kingston during the lifetime of her first husband. She

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, June 1, 1776.

MR. GRANGER's papers have been purchased by Lord Mount Stewart,¹ who has the frenzy of portraits as well as I;

was found guilty, but, pleading her privilege, was discharged without any punishment. Hannah More gives the following description of the scene:—"Garrick would have me take his ticket to go to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston; a sight which, for beauty and magnificence, exceeded anything which those who were never present at a coronation or a trial by peers can have the least notion of. Mrs. Garrick and I were in full-dress by seven. You will imagine the bustle of five thousand people getting into one hall! yet, in all this hurry, we walked in tranquilly. When they were all seated, and the King-at-arms had commanded silence, on pain of imprisonment, (which, however, was very ill observed,) the gentleman of the black rod was commanded to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess-dowager of Kingston, walked in, led by Black Rod and Mr. La Roche, courtesying profoundly to her judges. The peers made her a slight bow. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning; a black hood on her head; her hair modestly dressed and powdered; a black silk sacque, with crape trimmings; black gauze, deep ruffles, and black gloves. The counsel spoke about an hour and a quarter each. Dunning's manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words, but his sense and his expression pointed to the last degree: he made her grace shed bitter tears. The fair victim had four virgins in white behind the bar. She imitated her great predecessor, Mrs. Rudd, and affected to write very often, though I plainly perceived she only wrote, as they do their love epistles on the stage, without forming a letter. The Duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamoured. She looked much like Mrs. Pritchard. She is large and ill-shaped; there was nothing white but her face, and, had it not been for that, she would have looked like a bale of bombazeen. There was a great deal of ceremony, a great deal of splendour, and a great deal of nonsense: they adjourned upon the most foolish pretences imaginable, and did *nothing* with such an air of business as was truly ridiculous. I forgot to tell you the Duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly." In a subsequent letter, she says—"I have the great satisfaction of telling you that Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess-dowager of Kingston, was, this very afternoon, *undignified* and *unduchessed*, and very narrowly escaped being burned in the hand. If you have been half as much interested against this unprincipled, artful, licentious woman as I have, you will be rejoiced at it as I am. Lord Camden breakfasted with us. He is very angry that she was not burned in the hand. He says, as he was once a professed lover of hers, he thought it would have looked ill-natured and ungallant for him to propose it; but that he should have acceded to it most heartily, though he believes he should have recommended a cold iron." *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 82, 85.—E.

¹ John Lord Mountstuart; in March 1796, created Marquis of Bute. He died at Geneva in November 1814, when the marquise descended to his grandson.—E.

and, though I am the head of the sect, I have no longer the rage of propagating it, nor would I on any account take the trouble of revising and publishing the manuscripts. Mr. Granger had drowned his taste for portraits in the ocean of biography; and, though he began with elucidating prints, he at last only sought prints that he might write the lives of those they represented. His work was grown and growing so voluminous, that an abridgment only could have made it useful to collectors. I am not surprised that you will not assist Dr. Kippis:¹ Bishop Laud and William Prynne could never agree. You are very justly more averse to Mr. Masters, who is a pragmatic fellow, and at best troublesome.

If the agate knives you are so good as to recommend to me can be tolerably authenticated, have any royal marks, or, at least, old setting of the time, and will be sold for two guineas, I should not dislike having them: though I have scarce room to stick a knife and fork. But if I trouble you to pay for them, you must let me know all I owe you already, for I know I am in your debt for prints and pamphlets, and this new debt will make the whole considerable enough to be remitted. I have lately purchased three apostle-spoons to add to the one you was so kind as to give me. What is become of Mr. Essex? does he never visit London? I wish I could tempt him thither or hither. I am not only thinking of building my offices in a collegiate style, for which I have a good design and wish to consult him, but I am actually wanting assistance at this very moment, about a smaller gallery that I wish to add this summer; and which, if Mr. Essex was here, he should build directly.

It is scarce worth asking him to take the journey on pur-

¹ Dr. Andrew Kippis, well-known for the active part he took in producing the second edition of the "*Biographia Britannica*," of which he was the editor, and in a great measure the writer. He had applied to Mr. Cole for assistance; and Walpole's satisfaction at Cole's refusal is to be accounted for by the fact of Kippis having threatened to expose Sir Robert Walpole in the course of that work. Walpole had called the "*Biographia Britannica*" an apology for everybody. This Kippis happened to hear of; upon which he is said to have retorted, "that the Life of Sir Robert Walpole should prove that the *Biographia* was not an apology for everybody."—E.

pose, though I would pay for his journey hither and back, and would lodge him here for the necessary time. I can only beg you to mention it to him as an idle jaunt, the object is so trifling. I wish more that you could come with him: do you leave your poor parishioners and their souls to themselves? if you do, I hope Dr. Kippis will seduce them. Yours ever.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, June 11, 1776.

I AM grieved, and feel for your gout; I know the vexations and disappointments it occasions, and how often it will return when one thinks it going or gone: it represents life and its vicissitudes. At last I know it makes me content when one does not feel actual pain,—and what contents may be called a blessing; but it is that sort of blessing that extinguishes hopes and views, and is not so luxurious but one can bear to relinquish it. I seek amusements now to amuse me; I used to rush into them, because I had an impulse and wished for what I sought. My want of Mr. Essex has a little of both kinds, as it is for an addition to this place, for which my fondness is not worn out. I shall be very glad to see him here either on the 20th or 21st of this month, and shall have no engagement till the 23rd, and will gladly pay his journey. I am sorry I must not hope that you will accompany him.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, June 30, 1776.

I WAS very glad to receive your letter, not only because always most glad to hear of you, but because I wished to write to you, and had absolutely nothing to say till I had something to answer. I have lain but two nights in town since I saw you; have been, else, constantly here, very much employed, though doing, hearing, knowing exactly nothing. I have had a Gothic architect from Cambridge to design me a

gallery, which will end in a mouse, that is, in an hexagon closet of seven feet diameter. I have been making a beauty-room, which was effected by buying two dozen of small copies of Sir Peter Lely, and hanging them up; and I have been making hay, which is not made, because I put it off for three days, as I chose it should adorn the landscape when I was to have company; and so the rain is come, and has drowned it. However, as I can even turn calculator when it is to comfort me for not minding my interest, I have discovered that it is five to one better for me that my hay should be spoiled than not; for, as the cows will eat it if it is damaged, which horses will not, and as I have five cows and but one horse, is not it plain that the worse my hay is the better? Do not you with your refining head go, and, out of excessive friendship, find out something to destroy my system. I had rather be a philosopher than a rich man; and yet have so little philosophy, that I had much rather be content than be in the right.

Mr. Beauclerk and Lady Di.¹ have been here four or five days — so I had both content and exercise for my philosophy. I wish Lady Ailesbury was as fortunate! The Pembrokes, Churchills, Le Texier, as you will have heard, and the Garricks have been with us. Perhaps, if alone, I might have come to you — but you are all too healthy and harmonious. I can neither walk nor sing — nor, indeed, am fit for anything but to amuse myself in a sedentary trifling way. What I have most certainly not been doing, is writing anything: a truth I say to you, but do not desire you to repeat. I deign to satisfy scarce anybody else. Whoever reported that I was writing anything, must have been so totally unfounded, that they either blundered by guessing without reason, or knew they lied — and that could not be with any kind intention; though saying I am going to do what I am not going to do, is wretched enough. Whatever is said of me without truth, anybody is welcome to believe that pleases. In

¹ Lady Diana Spencer, daughter of Charles Duke of Marlborough; born in 1734; married, in 1757, to Viscount Bolingbroke; from whom she was divorced in 1768, and married immediately after to Mr. Topham Beauclerk.—E.



MISS CATHERINE BROWNE

Portrait of Miss Catherine Browne, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1768.

Engraved by J. Smith, 1769.

fact, though I have scarce a settled purpose about anything, I think I shall never write any more. I have written a great deal too much, unless I had written better, and I know I should now only write still worse. One's talent, whatever it is, does not improve at near sixty — yet, if I liked it, I dare to say a good reason would not stop my inclination ; — but I am grown most indolent in that respect, and most absolutely indifferent to every purpose of vanity. Yet without vanity I am become still prouder and more contemptuous. I have a contempt for my countrymen that makes me despise their approbation. The applause of slaves and of the foolish mad is below ambition. Mine is the haughtiness of an ancient Briton, that cannot write what would please this age, and would not, if he could. Whatever happens in America, this country is undone. I desire to be reckoned of the last age, and to be thought to have lived to be superannuated, preserving my senses only for myself and for the few I value. I cannot aspire to be traduced like Algernon Sydney, and content myself with sacrificing to him amongst my lares. Unalterable in my principles, careless about most things below essentials, indulging myself in trifles by system, annihilating myself by choice, but dreading folly at an unseemly age, I contrive to pass my time agreeably enough, yet see its termination approach without anxiety. This is a true picture of my mind ; and it must be true, because drawn for you, whom I would not deceive, and could not, if I would. Your question on my being writing drew it forth, though with more seriousness than the report deserved — yet talking to one's dearest friend is neither wrong nor out of season. Nay, you are my best apology. I have always contented myself with your being perfect, or, if your modesty demands a mitigated term, I will say, unexceptionable. It is comical, to be sure, to have always been more solicitous about the virtue of one's friend than about one's own — yet, I repeat it, you are my apology — though I never was so unreasonable as to make you answerable for my faults in return ; I take them wholly to myself. But enough of this. When I know my own mind, for hitherto I have settled no plan for my summer, I will come to you. Adieu !

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

July 23, 1776.

You are so good to me, my dear Sir, that I am quite ashamed. I must not send back your charming present, but wish you would give me leave to pay for it, and I shall have the same obligation to you, and still more. It is beautiful in form and colours, and pleases me excessively. In the mean time, I have in a great hurry (for I came home but at noon to meet Mr. Essex) chosen out a few prints for you, such as I think you will like, and beg you to accept them: they enter into no one of my sets. I am heartily grieved at your account of yourself, and know no comfort but submission. I was absent to see General Conway, who is far from well. We must take our lot as it falls! joy and sorrow is mixed till the scene closes. I am out of spirits, and shall not mend yours. Mr. Essex is just setting out, and I write in great haste, but am, as I have so long been, most truly yours.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, July 24, 1776.

I WROTE to you yesterday, dear Sir, not only in great haste, but in great confusion, and did not say half I ought to have done for the pretty vase you sent me, and for your constant obliging attention to me. All I can say is, that gratitude attempted even in my haste and concern to put in its word: and I did not mean to pay you (which I hope you will really allow me to do), but to express my sensibility of your kindness. The fact was, that to avoid disappointing Mr. Essex, when I had dragged him hither from Cambridge, I had returned hither precipitately, and yet late, from Park-place, whither I went the day before to see General Conway, who has had a little attack of the paralytic kind. You, who can remember how very long and dearly I have loved so near a relation and particular friend, and who are full of nothing but

friendly sensations, can judge how shocked I was to find him more changed than I expected. I suffered so much in constraining and commanding myself, that I was not sorry, as the house was full of relations, to have the plea of Mr. Essex, to get away, and came to sigh here by myself. It is, perhaps, to vent my concern that I write now. Mr. Conway is in no manner of danger, is better, his head nor speech are affected, and the physicians, who barely allow the attack to be of the paralytic nature, are clear it is local, in the muscles of the face. Still has it operated such a revolution in my mind, as no time, *at my age*, can efface. It has at once damped every pursuit which my spirits had even now prevented me from being weaned from, I mean a *Virtù*.—It is like a mortal distemper in myself; for can amusements amuse, if there is but a glimpse, a vision, of outliving one's friends? I have had dreams in which I thought I wished for fame—it was not certainly posthumous fame at any distance: I feel, I feel it was confined to the memory of those I love. It seems to me impossible for a man who has no friends to do anything for fame—and to me the first position in friendship is, to intend one's friends should survive one—but it is not reasonable to oppress you, who are suffering gout, with my melancholy ideas. Let me know as you mend. What I have said will tell you, what I hope so many years have told you, that I am very constant and sincere to friends of above forty years. I doubt Mr. Essex perceived that my mind was greatly bewildered. He gave me a direction to Mr. Pentecross, who I recollect, Mr. Gray, not you, told me was turned a Methodist teacher. He was a blue-coat boy, and came hither then to some of my servants, having at that age a poetic turn. As he has reverted to it, I hope the enthusiasm will take a more agreeable plea. I have not heard of him for many years, and thought he was settled somewhere near Cambridge: I find it is at Wallingford. I wonder those madmen and knaves do not begin to wear out, as their folly is no longer new, and as knavery can turn its hand to any trade according to the humour of the age, which in countries like this is seldom constant. Yours most faithfully.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, August 19, 1776.

I HAVE time but to write you a line, and it is as usual to beg your help in a sort of literary difficulty. I have received a letter dated "Catherine Hall" from "Ken. Prescott," whom I doubt I have forgotten; for he begins, "Dear Sir," and I protest I cannot recollect him, though I ought. He says he wants to send me a few classical discourses, and he speaks with respect of my father, and, by his trembling hand, seems an old man. All these are reasons for my treating him with great regard; and, being afraid of hurting him, I have written a short and very civil answer, directed to the "Rev. Dr. Prescott." God knows whether he is a clergyman or a doctor, and perhaps I may have betrayed my forgetfulness; but I thought it was best to err on the over civil side. Tell me something about him; I dread his Discourses. Is he the strange man that a few years ago sent me a volume of an uncommon form, and of more uncommon matter? I suspect so.¹

You shall certainly have two or three of my prints by Mr. Essex when he returns hither and hence, and anything else you will command. I am just now in great concern for the terrible death of General Conway's son-in-law, Mr. Damer,² of which, perhaps, you in your solitude have not heard.—You are happy who take no part but in the past world, for the *mortui non mordent*, nor do any of the extravagant and distressing things that perhaps they did in their lives. I hope the gout, that persecutes even in a hermitage, has left you.

Yours most sincerely.

¹ Dr. Kenrick Prescott, master of Catherine Hall, and author of a quarto volume, published at Cambridge in 1773, entitled, "Letters concerning Homer the Sleeper, in Horace; with additional classic Amusements."—E.

² John, eldest son of Joseph Damer, Esq. Lord Milton; afterwards Earl of Dorchester.—E.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1776.

MAY I trouble you, dear Sir, when you see our friend Mr. Essex, to tell him that the tower is covered in, and that whenever he has nothing to do, after this week, I shall be very glad to see him here, if he will only send me a line two or three days beforehand. I have carried this little tower higher than the round one, and it has an exceedingly pretty effect, breaking the long line of the house picturesquely, and looking very ancient. I must correct a little error in the spelling of a name in the pedigree you was so kind as to make out for me last year. The Derehaughs were not of Colton, but of Coulston-hall. This I discovered oddly this morning. On opening a patch-box that belonged to my mother, and which I have not opened for many years, I found an extremely small silver collaring, about this size—O, but broad and flat. I remember it was in an old satin bag of coins that my mother found in old Houghton when she first married. I call it a collar from the breadth; for it would not be large enough for a fairy's lap-dog. It was probably made for an infant's little finger, and must have been for a ring, not a collar; for I believe, though she was an heiress, young ladies did not elope so very early in those days. I never knew how it came into the family, but now it is plain, for the inscription on the outside is, "of Coulston-hall, Suff." and it is a confirmation of your pedigree. I have tied it to a piece of paper, with a long inscription, and it is so small, it will not be melted down for the weight; and if not lost from its diminutive person, may remain in the family a long while, and be preserved when some gamester may spend every other bit of silver he has in the world; at least, if one would make heir-looms now, one must take care that they have no value in them.

P. S. I was turning over Edmonson this evening, and observed an odd concurrence of circumstances in the present Lord Carmarthen.¹ By his mother he is the representative

¹ Francis Godolphin, Marquis of Carmarthen, only surviving son of

of the great Duke of Marlborough, and of old Treasurer Godolphin;¹ by his father, of the Lord-treasurer Duke of Leeds;² and by his grandmother, is descended from the Lord-treasurer Oxford.³ Few men are so well ancestored in so short a compass of time.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Thursday, Oct. 31, 1776.

THANK you for your letter. I send this by the coach. You will have found a new scene⁴—not an unexpected one by you and me, though I do not pretend I thought it so near. I rather imagined France would have instigated or winked at Spain's beginning with us. Here is a solution of the Americans declaring themselves independent. Oh! the folly, the madness, the guilt of having plunged us into this abyss! Were we and a few more endued with any uncommon penetration?—No: they who did not see as far, *would* not. I am impatient to hear the complexion of to-day. I suppose it will, on the part of administration, have been a wretched farce of fear, daubed over with airs of bullying. You, I do not doubt, have acted like yourself, feeling for our situation, above insulting, and unprovoked but at the criminality that has brought us to this pass. Pursue your own path, nor lean to the court that may be paid to you on either side, as I am sure you will not regard their being displeased that you do not go as far as their interested views may wish.

Thomas Duke of Leeds; and who, upon the death of his father, in 1789, succeeded to the dukedom.—E.

¹ Mary Duchess of Leeds, wife of Thomas, fourth Duke, was second daughter, and eventually sole heiress, of Francis Earl of Godolphin, by Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, eldest daughter and co-heir of the great Duke of Marlborough.—E.

² Sir Thomas Osborne, lord high treasurer of England, the first Duke of Leeds; who, having been successively honoured with the Barony of Osborne, the Viscounty of Latimer, the Earldom of Danby, and the Marquisate of Carmarthen, was, on the 4th of May 1694, created Duke of Leeds.—E.

³ Elizabeth, the first wife of Peregrine Hyde, third Duke of Leeds, was the youngest daughter of Robert Harley, the great Earl of Oxford.—E.

⁴ On the opening of the session.

If the court should receive any more of what they call good news, I think the war with France will be unavoidable. It was the victory at Long Island,¹ and the frantic presumption it occasioned, that has ripened France's measures — And now we are to awe them by pressing — an act that speaks our impotence! — which France did not want to learn!

I would have come to town, but I had declared so much I would not, that I thought it would look as if I came to enjoy the distress of the ministers — but I do not enjoy the distress of my country. I think we are undone — I have always thought so — whether we enslaved America, or lost it totally — so we that were against the war could expect no good issue. If you do return to Park-place to-morrow, you will oblige me much by breakfasting here: you know it wastes you very little time.

I am glad I did not know of Mrs. Damer's sore throat till it is almost well. Pray take care and do not catch it.

Thank you for your care of me: I will not stay a great deal here, but at present I never was better in my life — and here I have no vexatious moments. I hate to dispute; I scorn to triumph myself, and it is very difficult to keep my temper when others do. I own I have another reason for my retirement, which is prudence. I have thought of it late, but, at least, I will not run into any new expense. It would cost me more than I care to afford to buy a house in town, unless I do it to take some of my money out of the stocks, for which I tremble a little. My brother is seventy; and if I live myself, I must not build too much on his life; and you know, if he fails, I lose the most secure part of my income. I refused from Holland, and last year from Lord North, to accept the place for my own life; and having never done a dirty thing, I will not disgrace myself at fifty-nine. I should like to live as well as I have done; but what I wish more, is to secure what I have already saved for those I would take care of after me. These are the true reasons of my dropping all thought of a

¹ On the 27th of August 1778, when the English army, under the command of General Howe, defeated the Americans at Flat Bush, in Long Island.—E.

better house in town, and of living so privately here. I will not sacrifice my health to my prudence; but my temper is so violent, that I know the tranquillity I enjoy here in solitude is of much more benefit to my health, than the air of the country is detrimental to it. You see I can be reasonable when I have time to reflect; but philosophy has a poor chance with me when my warmth is stirred — and yet I know, that an angry old man out of parliament, and that can do nothing but be angry, is a ridiculous animal.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 2, 1776.

THOUGH inclination, and consciousness that a man of my age, who is neither in parliament nor in business, has little to do in the world, keep me a good deal out of it, yet I will not, my dear lord, encourage you in retirement; to which, for the interest of your friends, you have but too much propensity. The manners of the age cannot be agreeable to those who have lived in something soberer times; nor do I think, except in France, where old people are never out of fashion, that it is reasonable to tire those whose youth and spirits may excuse some dissipation. Above all things, it is my resolution never to profess retirement, lest, when I have lost all my real teeth, the imaginary one, called a colt's, should hurry me back and make me ridiculous. But one never outlives all one's contemporaries; one may assort with them. Few Englishmen, too, I have observed, can bear solitude without being hurt by it. Our climate makes us capricious, and we must rub off our roughness and humours against one another. We have, too, an always increasing resource, which is, that though we go not to the young, they must come to us: younger usurpers tread on their heels, as they did on ours, and revenge us that have been deposed. They may retain their titles, like Queen Christina, Sir M * * * N * * *, and Lord Rivers; but they find they have no subjects. If we could but live long enough, we should hear Lord Carlisle, Mr. Storer, &c. com-

plain of the airs and abominable hours of the youth of the age. You see, my dear lord, my easy philosophy can divert itself with anything, even with visions; which perhaps is the best way of treating the great vision itself, life. For half one's time one should laugh *with* the world, the other half *at* it — and then it is hard if we want amusement.

I am heartily glad, for your lordship's and Lady Anne Conolly's sakes, that General Howe¹ is safe. I sincerely interest myself for everybody you are concerned for. I will say no more on a subject on which I fear I am so unlucky as to differ very much with your lordship, having always fundamentally disapproved our conduct with America. Indeed, the present prospect of war with France, when we have so much disabled ourselves, and are exposed in so many quarters, is a topic for general lamentation, rather than for canvassing of opinions, which every man must form for himself: and I doubt the moment is advancing when we shall be forced to think alike, at least on the present.

I have not yet above a night at a time in town — but shall be glad to give your lordship and Lady Strafford a meeting there whenever you please. Your faithful humble servant.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 9, 1776.

I KNOW you love an episcopal print, and, therefore, I send you one of two, that have just been given to me. As you have time and patience, too, I recommend you to peruse Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music*.² It is true, there are five huge volumes in quarto, and perhaps you may not

¹ General Sir William Howe, brother of the Admiral, was then commander-in-chief of the British forces in America. He was married to a daughter of Lady Anne Conolly, and consequently to a niece of Lord Strafford.—E.

² A work full of amusement, and deserving of Walpole's good word, notwithstanding the witty criticism which Dr. Calcott passed upon it, in his well-known catch, "Have you Sir John Hawkins's *History*?" in which he makes the name of the rival work, "Burney's (*Burn-His*) *History*," express the fate which Hawkins's volumes deserved.—E.

care for the expense; but surely you can borrow them in the University, and, though you may no more than I, delight in the scientific, there is so much about cathedral service, and choirs, and other old matters, that I am sure you will be amused with a great deal, particularly the two last volumes, and the fac-similes of old music in the first. I doubt it is a work that will not sell rapidly, but it must have a place in all great libraries.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, Feb. 20, 1777.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are always my oracle in any antique difficulties. I have bought at Mr. Ives's¹ sale (immensely dear) the shutters of the altar at Edmondsbury: Mr. Ives had them from Tom Martin,² who married Peter Leneve's widow; so you see no shutters can be better descended on the mother's side. Next to high birth, personal merit is something: in that respect, my shutters are far from defective: on the contrary, the figures in the inside are so very good, as to amaze me who could paint them here in the reign of Henry VI; they are worthy of the Bolognese school—but they have suffered in several places, though not considerably. Bowes is to repair them, under oath of only filling up the cracks, and restoring the peelings off, but without repainting or varnishing.

The possession of these boards, invaluable to me, was essential. They authenticate the sagacity of my guesses, a talent in an antiquary coequal with prophecy in a saint. On the outside is an archbishop, unchristened by the late possessors, but evidently Archbishop Kempe, or the same person with the prelate in my Marriage of Henry VI,—and you will allow from the collateral evidence that it must be Kempe,

¹ John Ives the antiquary, author of "Remarks upon the Garianonum of the Romans; the Site and Remains fixed and described."—E.

² Tom Martin, of Palgrave, the well-known antiquary, whose "History of Thetford" was published in 1779, by Gough, who has prefixed to it a Biographical Sketch of the Author.—E.

as I have so certainly discovered another person in my picture. The other outside is a cardinal, called by Mr. Ives, Babington; but I believe Cardinal Beaufort, *for* the lion of England stands by him, which a bastardly prince of the blood was more likely to assume than a true one. His face is not very like, nor very unlike, the face in my picture; but this is shaven.—But now comes the great point. On the inside is Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, kneeling—not only as exactly resembling mine as possible, but with the same almost bald head, and the precisely same furred robe. An apostle-like personage stands behind him, holding a golden chalice, as his royal highness's offering, and, which is remarkable, the duke's velvet cap of state, with his coronet of strawberry-leaves.

I used to say, to corroborate my hypothesis, that the skull of Duke Humphrey at St. Alban's was very like the form of head in my picture, which argument diverted the late Lord Holland extremely—but I trust now that nobody will dispute any longer my perfect acquaintance with *all Dukes of Gloucester*.—By the way, did I ever tell you that when I published my *Historic Doubts* on Richard III, my niece's marriage not being then acknowledged, George Selwyn said, he did not think *I* should have *doubted* about the Duke of Gloucester? On the inside of the other shutter is a man unknown: he is in a stable, as Joseph might be, but over him hangs a shield of arms, that are neither Joseph's nor Mary's. The colours are either black and white, or so changed as not to be distinguishable. * * * * I conclude the person who is in red and white was the donor of the altar-piece, or benefactor; and what I want of you is to discover him and his arms; and to tell me whether Duke Humphrey, Beaufort, Kempe, and Babington, were connected with St. Edmondsbury, or whether this unknown person was not a retainer of Duke Humphrey, at least of the royal family.

At the same sale I bought a curious pair, that I conclude came from Blickling, with Hobart impaling Boleyn, from which latter family the former enjoyed that seat. How does this third winter of the season agree with you? The wind

to-day is sharper than a razor, and blows icicles into one's eyes. I was confined for seven weeks with the gout, yet am so well recovered as to have been abroad to-day, though it is as mild under the pole.

Pray can you tell me the title of the book that Mr. Ives dedicated to me? I never saw it, for he was so odd (I cannot call it modest, lest I should seem not so myself) as never to send it to me, and I never could get it. Yours truly.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

February 27, 1777.

You see, dear Sir, that we thought on each other just at the same moment; but, as usual, you was thinking of obliging me, and I, of giving you trouble. You have fully satisfied me of the connexion between the Lancastrian Princes and St. Edmondsbury. Edmondson, I conclude, will be able to find out the proprietor of the arms, impaling Walrond.

I am well acquainted with Sir A. Weldon¹ and the Aulicus Coquinanæ,² and will return them with Mr. Ives's tracts, which I intend to buy at the sale of his books. Tell me how I may convey them to you most safely. You say, "Till I show an inclination to borrow more of your MSS." I hope you do not think my appetite for that loan is in the least diminished. I should at all minutes, and ever, be glad to peruse them all—but I was not sure you wished to lend them to me, though you deny me nothing—and my own fear of their coming to any mischance made me very modest about asking for them—but now, whenever you can send

¹ Sir Anthony Weldon was the author of "The Court and Character of King James; written and taken by Sir A. W., being an eye and ear witness." London, 1650. A work which has been pronounced, by competent authority, "a despicable tissue of filth and obscenity, of falsehood and malignity."—E.

² "Aulicus Coquinanæ; or, an Answer to the Court and Character of King James." London, 1650. This work has been ascribed to William Sanderson, and to Dr. Heylin; and is, as well as Weldon's, reprinted in the "Secret History of the Court of King James." Edinburgh, 1811.—E.

me any of them with perfect security, I eagerly and impudently ask to see them: you cannot oblige me more, I assure you.

I am sorry Dr. E * * n is got into such a dirty scrape. There is scarce any decent medium observed at present between wasting fortunes and fabricating them — and both by any disreputable manner: for, as to saving money by prudent economy, the method is too slow in proportion to consumptions: even forgery, alas!¹ seems to be the counterpart or restorative of the ruin by gaming. I hope at least that robbery on the highway will go out of fashion as too piddling a profession for gentlemen.

I enclose a card for your friends, but must advertise them that March is in every respect a wrong month for seeing Strawberry. It not only wants its leaves and beauty then, but most of the small pictures and curiosities, which are taken down and packed up in winter, are not restored to their places till the weather is fine and I am more there. Unless they are confined in time, your friends had much better wait till May — but, however, they will be very welcome to go when they please. I am more personally interested in hoping to see you there this summer — you must visit my new tower. Diminutive as it is, it adds much to the antique air of the whole in both fronts. You know I shall sympathize with your gout, and you are always master of your own hours.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, May 22, 1777.

It is not owing to forgetfulness, negligence, or idleness — to none of which I am subject, that you have not heard from me since I saw you, dear Sir, but to my miserable occupation with my poor nephew, who engrosses my whole attention, and will, I doubt, destroy my health, if he does

¹ Alluding to Dr. Dodd; whose trial for forgery had taken place on the 22nd, at the Old Bailey.—E.

not recover his. I have got him within fourteen miles of town with difficulty. He is rather worse than better, may recover in an instant, as he did last time, or remain in his present sullenness. I am far from expecting he should ever be perfectly in his senses; which, in my opinion, he scarce ever was. His intervals expose him to the worst people; his relapses overwhelm me.

I have put together some trifles I promised you, and will beg Mr. Lort to be the bearer when he goes to Cambridge, if I know of it. At present I have time for nothing I like. My age and inclination call for retirement: I envied your happy hermitage, and leisure to follow your inclination. I have always *lived post*, and shall not die before I can bait — yet it is not my wish to be unemployed, could I but choose my occupations. I wish I could think of the pictures you mention, or had time to see Dr. Glynn and the master of Emmanuel. I doat on Cambridge, and could like to be often there. The beauty of King's College Chapel, now it is restored, penetrated me with a visionary longing to be a monk in it; though my life has been passed in turbulent scenes, in pleasures — or rather pastimes, and in much fashionable dissipation, still books, antiquity, and *virtù* kept hold of a corner of my heart, and since necessity has forced me of late years to be a man of business, my disposition tends to be a recluse for what remains — but it will not be my lot: and though there is some excuse for the young doing what they like, I doubt an old man should do nothing but what he ought, and I hope doing one's duty is the best preparation for death. Sitting with one's arms folded to think about it, is a very lazy way of preparing for it. If Charles V. had resolved to make some amends for his abominable ambition by doing good, his duty as a King, there would have been infinitely more merit than going to doze in a convent.¹ One may avoid active guilt in a sequestered

¹ “ The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell !

life; but the virtue of it is merely negative, though innocence is beautiful.

I approve much of your corrections on Sir J. Hawkins, and send them to the Magazine. I want the exact blazon of William of Hatfield his arms,—I mean the prince buried at York. Mr. Mason and I are going to restore his monument, and I have not time to look for them: I know you will be so good as to assist.

Yours most sincerely.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, June 19, 1777.

I THANK you for your notices, dear Sir, and shall remember that on Prince William. I did see the Monthly Review, but hope one is not guilty of the death of every man who does not make one the dupe of a forgery. I believe M^rPherson's success with Ossian was more the ruin of Chatterton than I. Two years passed between my doubting the authenticity of Rowley's¹ poems and his death. I never knew he had been in London till some time after he had undone and poisoned himself there. The poems he sent me were transcripts in his own hand, and even in that circumstance he told a lie: he said he had them from the very person at Bristol to whom he had given them. If any man was to tell you that monkish rhymes had been dug up at Herculaneum, which was destroyed several centuries before there was any such poetry, should you believe it? Just the reverse is the case of Rowley's pretended poems. They have all the elegance of Waller and Prior, and more than Lord Surry — but I have no objection to anybody believing what he pleases. I think poor Chatterton was an astonish-

“ A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine nor despot's throne.” BYRON.—E.

¹ See in Walpole's Works, vol. iv. the papers relative to Chatterton; see also vol. i. p. xlvi. of this collection.—E.

ing genius — but I cannot think that Rowley foresaw metres that were invented long after he was dead, or that our language was more refined at Bristol in the reign of Henry V. than it was at court under Henry VIII. One of the chaplains of the Bishop of Exeter has found a line of Rowley in *Hudibras* — the monk might foresee that too! The prematurity of Chatterton's genius is, however, full as wonderful, as that such a prodigy as Rowley should never have been heard of till the eighteenth century. The youth and industry of the former are miracles, too, yet still more credible. There is not a symptom in the poems, but the old words, that savours of Rowley's age — change the old words for modern, and the whole construction is of yesterday.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, July 10, 1777.

DON'T be alarmed at this thousandth letter in a week. This is more to Lady Hamilton¹ than to you. Pray tell her I have seen *Monsieur la Bataille d'Agincourt*.² He brought me her letter yesterday: and I kept him to sup, *sleep* in the modern phrase, and breakfast here this morning; and flatter myself he was, and she will be, content with the regard I paid to her letter.

The weather is a thought warmer to-day, and I am as busy as bees are about their hay. My *hayssians*³ have cost me as much as if I had hired them of the Landgrave.⁴

¹ The first wife of Sir William Hamilton, envoy extraordinary at the court of Naples. She was a Miss Barlow.—E.

² M. le Chevalier d'Azincourt, a French antiquary, long settled in Italy. I. B. L. Seroux d'Agincourt, born at Beauvais in 1730, died at Rome in 1814, having, during thirty-six years, laboured assiduously in the composition of his grand work, "*Histoire de l'Art par les Monumens, depuis sa Décadence au Quatrième Siècle jusqu'à son Renouveau au Seizième.*" Of this splendid book, in six vols. folio, which was not published until 1823, nine years after the death of the author, an interesting review will be found in the seventh volume of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.—E.

³ Hessians.

⁴ An allusion to the seventeen thousand which had been hired for the American service, by treaties entered into in the preceding year with the

I am glad your invasion¹ is blown over. I fear I must invite those flat-bottomed vessels hither, as the Swissess Necker has directed them to the port of Twickenham. Madame de Blot is too fine, and Monsieur Schomberg one of the most disagreeable, cross, contemptuous savages I ever saw. I have often supped with him at the Duchess de Choiseul's, and could not bear him; and now I must be *charmé*, and *pénétré*, and *comblé*, to see him: and I shall act it very ill, as I always do when I don't do what I like. Madame Necker's letter is as affected and *précieuse*, as if Marмонтel had written it for a Peruvian milk-maid. She says I am a philosopher, and as like Madame de Sévigné as two peas—who was as unlike a philosopher as a gridiron. As I have none of Madame de Sévigné's natural easy wit, I am rejoiced that I am no more like a philosopher neither, and still less like a *philosophe*; which is a being compounded of D'Urfey and Diogenes, a pastoral coxcomb, and a supercilious brute.

TO ROBERT JEPHSON, ESQ.²

Strawberry Hill, July 13, 1777.

You have perhaps, Sir, paid too much regard to the observations I took the liberty to make, by your order, to a few passages in “Vitellia,” and I must hope they were in consequence of your own judgment too. I do not doubt of its

Landgravine of Hesse Cassel, the Duke of Brunswick, and the Hereditary Prince of Hesse Cassel.—E.

¹ A party of French nobility then in England, who were to have made a visit at Park-place.

² Now first printed. Robert Jephson, Esq. was born in Ireland in 1736. He attained the rank of captain in the 73rd regiment, and when it was reduced at the peace in 1763, he retired on half-pay, and procured, through the influence of Mr. Gerard Hamilton, a pension on the Irish establishment. Besides several tragedies, he wrote the farce of “Two Strings to your Bow,” and “Roman Portraits,” a poem. Hardy, in his Memoirs of Lord Charlemont, says, “he was much caressed and sought after by several of the first societies in Dublin, as he possessed much wit and pleasantry, and, when not overcome by the spleen, was extremely amusing and entertaining.” He was a member of the Irish House of Commons, and died in 1803. Walpole's “Thoughts on Tragedy” had been addressed, in 1775, to this gentleman.—E.

success on the stage, if well acted; but I confess I would answer for nothing with the present set of actors, who are not capable in tragedy of doing any justice to it. Mrs. Barry seems to me very unequal to the principal part, to which Mrs. Yates alone is suited. Were I the author, I should be very sorry to have my tragedy murdered, perhaps miscarry. Your reputation is established; you will never forfeit it yourself — and to give your works to unworthy performers is like sacrificing a daughter to a husband of bad character. As to my offering it to Mr Colman, I could merely be the messenger. I am scarce known to him, have no right to ask a favour of him, and I hope you know me enough to think that I am too conscious of my own insignificance and private situation to give myself an air of protection, and more particularly to a work of yours, Sir. What could I say, that would carry greater weight, than “This piece is by the author of *Braganza*?”¹

A tragedy can never suffer by delay: a comedy may, because the allusions or the manners represented in it may be temporary. I urge this, not to dissuade your presenting *Vitellia* to the stage, but to console you if both theatres should be engaged next winter. My own interests, from my time of life, would make me with reason more impatient than you to see it represented, but I am jealous of the honour of your poetry, and I should grieve to see *Vitellia* at Covent-garden — not that, except Mrs. Yates, I have any partiality to the tragic actors at Drury-lane, though Smith did not miscarry in *Braganza*—but I speak from experience. I attended “*Caractacus*” last winter, and was greatly interested, both from my friendship for Mr. Mason and from the excellence of the poetry. I was out of all patience; for though a young Lewis played a subordinate part very well, and Mrs. Hartley looked her part charmingly, the Druids were so massacred and *Caractacus* so much worse, that I never saw a more barbarous exhibition. Instead of hurrying “*The Law of Lom-*

¹ “*Braganza*” came out at Drury-lane theatre in 1775, and was very successful. Walpole supplied the epilogue.—E.

bardy,"¹ which, however, I shall delight to see finished, I again wish you to try comedy. To my great astonishment there were more parts performed admirably in "The School for Scandal,"² than I almost ever saw in any play. Mrs. Abington was equal to the first of her profession, Yates, the husband, Parsons, Miss Pope, and Palmer, all shone. It seemed a marvellous resurrection of the stage. Indeed, the play had as much merit as the actors. I have seen no comedy that comes near it since the "Provoked Husband."

I said I was jealous of your fame as a poet, and I truly am. The more rapid your genius is, labour will but the more improve it. I am very frank, but I am sure that my attention to your reputation will excuse it. Your facility in writing exquisite poetry may be a disadvantage; as it may not leave you time to study the other requisites of tragedy so much as is necessary. Your writings deserve to last for ages; but to make any work last, it must be finished in all parts to perfection. You have the first requisite to that perfection, for you can sacrifice charming lines, when they do not tend to improve the whole. I admire this resignation so much, that I wish to turn it to your advantage. Strike out your sketches as suddenly as you please, but retouch and retouch them, that the best judges may for ever admire them. The works that have stood the test of ages, and been slowly approved at first, are not those that have dazzled contemporaries and borne away their applause, but those whose intrinsic and laboured merit have shone the brighter on examination. I would not curb your genius, Sir, if I did not trust it would recoil with greater force for having obstacles presented to it.

You will forgive my not having sent you the "Thoughts on Comedy,"³ as I promised. I have had no time to look them over and put them into shape. I have been and am involved in most unpleasant affairs of family, that take up my whole

¹ "The Law of Lombardy" was brought out at Drury-lane in 1779, but was only acted nine nights.—E.

² Sheridan's "School for Scandal" was first performed at Drury-lane on the 8th of May 1777.

³ Walpole's "Thoughts on Comedy" were written in 1775 and 1776, and will be found in his Works.—E.

thoughts and attention. The melancholy situation of my nephew Lord Orford, engages me particularly, and I am not young enough to excuse postponing business and duties for amusement. In truth, I am really too old not to have given up literary pleasures. Nobody will tell one when one grows dull, but one's time of life ought to tell it one. I long ago determined to keep the archbishop in *Gil Blas* in my eye, when I should advance to his caducity; but as dotage steals in at more doors than one, perhaps the sermon I have been preaching to you is a symptom of it. You must judge of that, Sir. If I fancy I have been wise, and have only been pceevish, throw my lecture into the fire. I am sure the liberties I have taken with you deserve no indulgence, if you do not discern true friendship at the bottom of them.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, August 31, 1777.

You are very kind, dear Sir, in giving me an account of your health and occupations, and inquiring after mine. I am very sorry you are not as free from gout, as I have been ever since February; but I trust it will only keep you from other complaints, and never prevent your amusing yourself, which you are one of those few happy beings that can always do; and your temper is so good, and your mind so naturally philosophic, composed, and contented, that you neither want the world, care about it, nor are affected by anything that occurs in it. This is true wisdom, but wisdom which nothing can give but constitution. Detached amusements have always made a great part of my own delight, and have sown my life with some of its best moments. My intention was, that they should be the employments of my latter years, but fate seems to have chalked out a very different scene for me! The misfortune of my nephew has involved me in business, and consequently care, and opens a scene of disputes, with which I shall not molest your tranquillity.

The dangerous situation in which his Royal Highness the

Duke of Gloucester has been, and out of which I doubt he is scarce yet emerged, though better, has added more thorns to my uneasy mind. The Duchess's daughters are at Hampton-court, and partly under my care. In one word, my whole summer has been engrossed by duties, which has confined me at home, without indulging myself in a single pursuit to my taste.

In short, as I have told you before, I often wish myself a monk at Cambridge. Writers on government condemn, very properly, a recluse life, as contrary to Nature's interest, who loves procreation; but as Nature seems not very desirous that we should procreate to threescore years and ten, I think convents very suitable retreats for those whom our *Alma Mater* does not emphatically call to her *Opus Magnum*. And though, to be sure, grey hairs are fittest to conduct state affairs, yet as the Rehoboams of the world (Louis XVI. excepted) do not always trust the rudder of government to ancient hands, old gentlemen, methinks, are very ill placed [when not at the council-board] anywhere but in a cloister. As I have no more vocation to the ministry than to carrying on my family, I sigh after a dormitory; and as in six weeks my clock will strike sixty, I wish I had nothing more to do with the world. I am not tired of living, but — what signifies sketching visions? One must take one's lot as it comes; bitter and sweet are poured into every cup. To-morrow may be pleasanter than to-day. Nothing lasts of one colour. One must embrace the cloister, or take the chances of the world as they present themselves; and since uninterrupted happiness would but embitter the certainty that even that must end, rubs and crosses should be softened by the same consideration. I am not so busied, but I shall be very glad of a sight of your manuscript, and will return it carefully. I will thank you, too, for the print of Mr. Jenyns, which I have not, nor have seen. Adieu!

Yours most cordially.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 16, 1777.

I HAVE received your volume safely, dear Sir, and hurry to thank you before I have read a page, that you may be in no pain about its arrival. I will return it with the greatest care as soon as I have finished it; and at the same time will send Mr. Essex the bills, as I beg you will let him know. I have no less reason for writing immediately, to thank you for the great confidence you place in me. You talk of *nonsense*; alas! what are all our opinions else? if we search for truth before we fix our principles, what do we find but doubt? And which of us begins the search a *tabula rasa*? Nay, where can we hunt but in volumes of error or purposed delusion? Have not we, too, a bias in our minds — our passions? They will turn the scale in favour of the doctrines most agreeable to them. Yet let us be a little vain: you and I differ radically in our principles, and yet in forty years they have never cast a gloom over our friendship. We could give the world a reason that it would not like. We have both been sincere, have both been consistent, and neither adopted our principles nor have varied them for our interest.

Your labour, as far as I am acquainted with it, astonishes me: it shows what can be achieved by a man that does not lose a moment; and, which is still better, how happy the man is who can always employ himself. I do not believe that the proud prelate, who would not make you a little happier, is half so much to be envied. Thank you for the print of Soame Jenyns: it is a proof of Sir Joshua's art, who could give a strong resemblance of so uncouth a countenance, without leaving it disagreeable.

The Duke of Gloucester is miraculously revived. For two whole days I doubted whether he was not dead. I hope fatalists and omen-mongers will be confuted; and thus, as his grandfather broke the charm of the second of the name being an unfortunate prince, the Duke will baffle that, which has made the title of Gloucester unpropitious. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Tuesday evening, Sept. 16, 1777.

I HAVE got a delightful plaything, if I had time for play. It is a new sort of camera-obscura¹ for drawing the portraits of persons, or prospects, or insides of rooms, and does not depend on the sun or anything. The misfortune is, that there is a vast deal of machinery and putting together, and I am the worst person living for managing it. You know I am impenetrably dull in everything that requires a grain of common sense. The inventor is to come to me on Friday, and try if he can make me remember my right hand from my left. I could as soon have invented my machine as manage it; yet it has cost me ten guineas, and may cost me as much more as I please for improving it. You will conclude it was the dear-ness tempted me. I believe I must keep an astronomer, like Mr. Beauclerk, to help me play with my rattle. The inventor, who seems very modest and simple, but I conclude an able flatterer, was in love with my house, and vowed nothing ever suited his camera so well. To be sure, the painted windows and the prospects, and the Gothic chimneys, &c. &c. were the delights of one's eyes, when no bigger than a silver penny. You would know how to manage it, as if you had never done anything else. Had not you better come and see it? You will learn how to conduct it, with the pleasure of correcting my awkwardness and *unlearnability*. Sir Joshua Reynolds and West have each got one; and the Duke of Northumberland is so charmed with the invention, that I dare say he can talk upon and explain it till, I should understand ten times less of the matter than I do. Remember, neither Lady Ailesbury, nor you, nor Mrs. Damer, have seen my new divine closet, nor the billiard-sticks with which the Countess of Pembroke and Arcadia used to play with her brother Sir Philip; nor the portrait of *la belle* Jennings in the state bedchamber. I go to town this day

¹ The machine called a Delineator.

s'ennight for a day or two; and as, *to be sure*, Mount Edgecumbe has put you out of humour with Park-place, you may deign to leave it for a moment. I never did see Cotchel,¹ and am sorry. Is not the old wardrobe there still? There was one from the time of Cain; but Adam's breeches and Eve's under-petticoat were eaten by a goat in the ark. Good night!

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 22, 1777.

I RETURN you your manuscript, dear Sir, with a thousand thanks, and shall be impatient to hear that you receive it safe. It has amused me much, and I admire Mr. Baker² for having been able to show so much sense on so dry a subject. I wish, as you say you have materials for it, that you would write his life. He deserved it much more than most of those he has recorded. His book on the Deficiencies of Learning is most excellent, and far too little known. I admire his moderation, too, which was extraordinary in a man who had suffered so much for his principles. Yet they warped even him, for he rejects Bishop Burnet's character of Bishop Gunning in p. 200, and yet in the very next page, gives the same character of him. Burnet's words are, "he had a great confusion of things in his head, but could bring nothing into method:" pray compare this with p. 201. I see nothing in which they differ, except that Burnet does not talk so much of his comeliness as Mr. Baker.

I shall not commend *your* moderation, when you excuse

¹ The old residence of the family of Edgecumbe, twelve miles distant from Mount Edgecumbe.

² Thomas Baker, the learned author of "Reflections on Learning, wherein is shown the insufficiency thereof in its several particulars, in order to evince the usefulness and necessity of Revelation;" a work which has gone through numerous editions, and was at one time one of the most popular books in the language. He was born at Durham in 1656, and died in the office of commoner master of St. John's College, Cambridge, in July 1740.—E.

such a man as Bishop Watson. Nor ought you to be angry with Burnet, but with the witnesses on whose evidence Watson was convicted. To tell you the truth, I am glad when such faults are found with Burnet; for it shows his enemies are not angry at his telling falsehoods, but the truth. Must not an historian say a bishop was convicted of simony, if he was? I will tell you what was said of Burnet's History, by one whose testimony you yourself will not dispute — at least you would not in anything else. That confessor said, “Damn him, he has told a great deal of truth, but where the devil did he learn it?” This was St. Atterbury's testimony.

I shall take the liberty of reproving you, too, dear Sir, for defending that abominable murderess Queen Christina — and how can you doubt her conversation with Burnet? you must know there are a thousand evidences of her laughing at the religion she embraced. If you approve her, I will allow you to condemn Lord Russel and Algernon Sidney. Well, as we shall never have the same heroes, we will not dispute about them, nor shall I find fault when you have given me so much entertainment: it would be very ungrateful, and I have a thousand obligations to you, and want to have more. I want to see more of your manuscripts: they are full of curiosities, and I love some of your heroes, too: I honour Bishop Fisher, and love Mr. Baker.

If I might choose, I should like to see your account of the persons educated at King's — but as you may have objections, I insist, if you have, that you make me no word of answer. It is, perhaps, impertinent to ask it, and silence will lay neither of us under any difficulty. I have no right to make such a request, nor do now, but on the foot of its proving totally indifferent to you. You will make me blame myself, if it should a moment distress you; and I am sure you are too good-natured to put me out of humour with myself, which your making no answer would not do.

I enclose my bills for Mr. Essex, and will trouble you to send them to him. I again thank you, and trust you will be as friendly free with me, as I have been with you: you know

I am a brother monk in everything but religious and political opinions. I only laugh at the thirty-nine articles: but abhor Calvin as much as I do the Queen of Sweden, for he was as thorough an assassin. Yours ever.

P. S. As I have a great mind, and, indeed, ought, when I require it, to show moderation, and when I have not, ought to confess it, which I do, for I own I am not moderate on certain points; if you are busy yourself and will send me the materials, I will draw up the life of Mr. Baker; and, if you are not content with it, you shall burn it in Smithfield. In good truth, I revere conscientious martyrs, of all sects, communions, and parties — I heartily pity them, if they are weak men. When they are as sensible as Mr. Baker, I doubt my own understanding more than his. I know I have not his virtues, but should delight in doing justice to them; and, perhaps, from a man of a different party the testimony would be more to his honour. I do not call myself of different principles; because a man that thinks himself bound by his oath, can be a man of no principle if he violates it. I do not mean to deny but many men might think King James's breach of his oath a dispensation from theirs; but, if they did not think so, or did not think their duty to their country obliged them to renounce their King, I should never defend those who took the new oaths from interest.

TO ROBERT JEPHSON, ESQ.¹

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 1, 1777.

To confer favours, Sir, is certainly not giving trouble: and had I the most constant occupation, I should contrive to find moments for reading your works. I have passed a most melancholy summer, from different distresses in my family; and though my nephew's situation and other avocations prevent my having but very little time for literary amusements, I did not mean to debar myself of the pleasure

¹ Now first printed.

of hearing from my friends. Unfortunately, at present, it is impossible for me to profit of your kindness; not from my own business, but from the absence of Mr. Garrick. He is gone into Staffordshire to marry a nephew, and thence will pass into Wales to superintend a play that is to be acted at Sir Watkin Williams's. I am even afraid I shall not be the first apprized of his return, as I possibly may remove to town in expectation of the Duchess of Gloucester, before he is at home again. I shall not neglect my own satisfaction; but mention this circumstance, that you may not suspect me of inattention, if I should not get sight of *your* tragedy so soon as I wish. I am, Sir, with great regard.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Oct. 5, 1777.

You are exceedingly good, and I shall assuredly accept your proposal in the fullest sense, and to ensure Mrs. Damer, beg I may expect you on Saturday next the 11th. If Lord and Lady William Campbell will do me the honour of accompanying you, I shall be most happy to see them, and expect Miss Caroline.¹ Let me know about them, that the state bedchamber may be aired.

My difficulties about removing from home arise from the consciousness of my own weakness. I make it a rule, as much as I can, to conform wherever I go. Though I am threescore to-day, I should not think that an age for giving everything up; but it is, for whatever one has not strength to perform. You, though not a vast deal younger, are as healthy and strong, thank God! as ever you was: and you cannot have ideas of the mortification of being stared at by strangers and servants, when one hobbles, or cannot do as others do. I delight in being with you, and the Richmonds, and those I love and know; but the crowds of young people, and Chichester folks, and officers, and strange servants, make

¹ Miss Caroline Campbell, eldest daughter of Lord William Campbell.

me afraid of Goodwood, I own. My spirits are never low; but they seldom will last out the whole day; and though I dare to say I appear to many capricious, and different from the rest of the world, there is more reason in my behaviour than there seems. You know in London I seldom stir out in a morning, and always late; and it is because I want a great deal of rest. Exercise never did agree with me: and it is hard if I do not know myself by this time; and what has done so well with me will probably suit me best for the rest of my life. It would be ridiculous to talk so much of myself, and to enter into such trifling details, but *you* are the person in the world that I wish to convince that I do not act merely from humour or ill-humour; though I confess at the same time that I want your *bonhomie*, and have a disposition not to care at all for people that I do not absolutely like. I could say a great deal more on this head, but it is not proper; though, when one has pretty much done with the world, I think with Lady Blandford, that one may indulge one's self in one's own whims and partialities in one's own house. I do not mean, still less to profess, retirement, because it is less ridiculous to go on with the world to the last, than to return to it; but in a quiet way it has long been my purpose to drop a great deal of it. Of all things I am farthest from not intending to come often to Park-place, whenever you have little company; and I had rather be with you in November than in July, because I am so totally unable to walk farther than a snail. I will never say any more on these subjects, because there may be as much affectation in being over old, as folly in being over young. My idea of age is, that one has nothing really to do but what one ought, and what is reasonable. All affectations are pretensions; and pretending to be anything one is not, cannot deceive when one is known, as everybody must be that has lived long. I do not mean that old folks may not have pleasures if they can; but then I think those pleasures are confined to being comfortable, and to enjoying the few friends one has not outlived. I am so fair as to own, that one's duties are not pleasures. I have given up a great deal of my time to

nephews and nieces, even to some I can have little affection for. I do love my nieces, nay like them; but people above forty years younger are certainly not the society I should seek. They can only think and talk of what is, or is to come; I certainly am more disposed to think and talk of what is past: and the obligation of passing the end of a long life in sets of totally new company is more irksome to me than passing a great deal of my time, as I do, quite alone. Family love and pride make me interest myself about the young people of my own family — for the whole rest of the young world, they are as indifferent to me as puppets or black children. This is my creed, and a key to my whole conduct, and the more likely to remain my creed, as I think it is *raisonné*. If I could paint my opinions instead of writing them — and I don't know whether it would not make a new sort of alphabet — I should use different colours for different affections at different ages. When I speak of love, affection, friendship, taste, liking, I should draw them rose colour, carmine, blue, green, yellow, for my contemporaries: for new comers, the first would be of no colour; the others, purple, brown, crimson, and changeable. Remember, one tells one's creed only to one's confessor, that is *sub sigillo*. I write to you as I think; to others as I must. Adieu!

TO ROBERT JEPHSON, ESQ.¹

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 17, 1777.

MR. GARRICK returned but two days ago, Sir, and I did not receive your tragedy² till this morning; so I could only read it once very rapidly and without any proper attention to particular passages; though, even so, some struck me as very fine.

You have encouraged me rather to criticise than flatter you; and you are in the right, for you have even profited of so weak a judgment as mine, and always improved the pas-

¹ Now first printed.

² “The Law of Lombardy;” see *antè*, p. 468.—E.

sages I objected to. Indeed, this is not quite a fair return, as it was inverting my method, by flattering, instead of finding fault with me; and a critic that meets with submission, is apt to grow vain, and insolent, and capricious. Still as I am persuaded that all criticisms, though erroneous, *before* an author appeals to the public, are friendly, I will fairly tell you what parts of your tragedy have struck me as objectionable on so superficial a perusal.

In general, the language appears to me too metaphoric; especially as used by all the characters. You seem to me to have imitated Beaumont and Fletcher, though your play is superior to all theirs. In truth, I think the diction is sometimes obscure from being so figurative, especially in the first act. Will you allow me to mention two instances?

“ And craven Sloth, moulting his sleekless plumes,
Nods drowsy wonder at th’ adventurous wing
That soars the shining azure o’er his head.”

I own I do not understand why Sloth’s plumes are sleekless; and I think that nodding wonder, and soaring azure, are expressions too Greek to be so close together, and too poetic for dialogue. The other passage is—

“ The wise should watch th’ event on Fortune’s wheel,”

and the seven following lines. The images are very fine, but demand more attention than common audiences are capable of. In Braganza every image is strikingly clear.

I am afraid I am not quite satisfied with the conduct of your piece. Bireno’s conduct on the attack on the princess seems too precipitate, and not managed. It is still more incredible, that Paladore should confess his passion to his rival; and not less so, that a private man and a stranger should doubt the princess’s faith, when she had preferred him to his rival, a prince of the blood and her destined husband; and that without the smallest inquiry he should believe Bireno was admitted privately to her apartment, when on her not rejecting him, he might have access to her openly. One cannot conceive her meaning in offending her father by refusing so proper a match, and intriguing with the very man she was to marry, and whom she had refused. Paladore’s credulity is

not of a piece with the account given of his wisdom, which had made him admitted to the king's counsels.

I think, when you bestow Sophia on Paladore, you forget that the king had declared he was obliged to give his daughter to a prince of his own blood; nor do I see any reason for Bireno's stabbing Ascanio, who was sure of being put to death when their treachery was discovered.

The character of the princess is very noble and well sustained. When I said I did not conceive her meaning, I expressed myself ill. I did not suppose she did intrigue with Bireno; but I meant that it was not natural Paladore should suspect she did, since it is inconceivable that a princess should refuse her cousin in marriage for the mere caprice of intriguing with him. Had she managed her father, and, from dread of his anger, temporized about Bireno, Paladore would have had more reason to doubt her. Would it not too be more natural for Bireno to incense the king against Paladore, than to endeavour to make the latter jealous of Sophia? At least I think Bireno would have more chance of poisoning Paladore's mind, if he did not discover to him that he knew of his passion. Forgive me, Sir, but I cannot reconcile to probability Paladore's believing that Sophia had rejected Bireno for a husband, though it would please her father, and yet chose to intrigue with him in defiance of so serious and extraordinary a law. Either his credulity or his jealousy reduce Paladore to a lover very unworthy of such a woman as Sophia. For her sake I wish to see him more deserving of her.

You are so great a poet, Sir, that you have no occasion to labour anything but your plots. You can express anything you please. If the conduct is natural, you will not want words. Nay, I rather fear your indulging your poetic vein too far, for your language is sometimes sublime enough for odes, which admit the height of enthusiasm, which Horace will not allow to tragic writers. You could set up twenty of our tragic authors with lines that you could afford to reject, though for no reason but their being too fine, as in landscape-painting some parts must be under-coloured to give the higher relief to the rest. Will you not think me too difficult and

squeamish, when I find the language of "The Law of Lombardy" too rich?

I beg your pardon, but it is more difficult for you to please me, than anybody. I interest myself in your success and your glory. You must be perfect in all parts, in nature, simplicity, and character, as well as in the most charming poetry, or I shall not be content. If I dared, I would beg you to trust me with your plots, before you write a line. When a subject seizes you, your impetuosity cannot breathe till you have executed your plan. You must be curbed, as other poets want to be spurred. When your sketch is made, you must study the characters and the audience. It is not flattering *you* to say, that the least you have to do, is to write your play.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 19, 1777.

I THANK you much, dear Sir, for the sight of the book, which I return by Mr. Essex. It is not new to me that Burnet paid his court on the other side in the former part of his life; nor will I insist that he changed on conviction, which might be said, and generally is, for all converts, even those who shift their principles the most glaringly from interest. Duke Lauderdale,¹ indeed, was such a dog, that the least honest man must have been driven to detest him, however connected with him. I doubt Burnet could not be blind to his character, when he wrote the dedication. In truth, I have given up many of my saints, but not on the accusations of such wretches as Dalrymple² and Macpherson;³ nor can men,

¹ John second Earl of Lauderdale, who, having distinguished himself by his zealous and active exertions in the royal cause during the civil wars, was, after the restoration, created, in May 1672, Marquis of March and Duke of Lauderdale, in Scotland.—E.

² Sir John Dalrymple, author of "Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland." Edinburgh, 1771-1773-1788; 3 vols. 4to.—E.

³ James M'Pherson, the editor of Ossian, who had published a "History of Great Britain, from the Restoration in 1660 to the Accession of the House of Hanover, 1775," 2 vols. 4to.; and also "An Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland." London, 4to. 1771.—E.

so much their opposites, shake my faith in Lord Russel and Algernon Sidney. I do not relinquish those that sealed their integrity with their blood, but such as have taken thirty pieces of silver.

I was sorry you said we had any variance. We have differed in sentiments, but not in friendship. Two men, however unlike in principles, may be perfect friends, when both are sincere in their opinions as we are. Much less shall we quarrel about those of our separate parties, since very few on either side have been so invariably consistent as you and I have been; and therefore we are more sure of each other's integrity, than that of men whom we know less and who did vary from themselves. As you and I are only speculative persons, and no actors, it would be very idle to squabble about those that do not exist. In short, we are, I trust, in as perfect good humour with each other as we have been these forty years.

Pray do not hurry yourself about the anecdotes of Mr. Baker, nor neglect other occupations on that account. I shall certainly not have time to do anything this year. I expect the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester in a very few days, must go to town as soon as they arrive, and shall probably have not much idle leisure before next summer.

It is not very discreet to look even so far forward, nor am I apt any longer to lay distant plans. A little sedentary literary amusement is indeed no very lofty castle in the air, if I do lay the foundation in idea seven or eight months beforehand.

Whatever manuscripts you lend me, I shall be very grateful for. They entertain me exceedingly, and I promise you we will not have the shadow of an argument about them. I do not love disputation, even with those most indifferent to me. *Your* pardon I most sincerely beg for having contested a single point with you. I am sure it was not with a grain of ill-humour towards you: on the contrary, it was from wishing at that moment that you did not approve though I disliked — but even that I give up as unreasonable.

You are in the right, dear Sir, not to apply to Masters for

any papers he may have relating to Mr. Baker.¹ It is a trumpery fellow, from whom one would rather receive a refusal than an obligation.

I am sorry to hear Mr. Lort has the gout, and still more concerned that you still suffer from it. Such patience and temper as yours are the only palliatives. As the bootikins have so much abridged and softened my fits, I do not expect their return with the alarm and horror I used to do, and that is being cured of one half the complaints. I had scarce any pain last time, and did not keep my bed a day, and had no gout at all in either foot. May not I ask you if this is not some merit in the bootikins? To have cured me of my apprehensions is to me a vast deal, for now the intervals do not connect the fits. You will understand, that I mean to speak a word to you in favour of the bootikins, for can one feel benefit, and not wish to impart it to a suffering friend? Indeed I am yours most sincerely.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, March 31, 1778.

I DID think it long, indeed, dear Sir, since I heard from you, and am very sorry the gout was the cause. I hope after such long persecution you will have less now than you apprehend. I should not have been silent myself, had I had anything to tell you that you would have cared to hear.

Politics have been the only language, and abuse the only expression of the winter, neither of which are, or deserve to be, inmates of your peaceable hermitage. I wish, however, they may not have grown so serious as to threaten every retreat with intrusion! I will let you know when I am settled at Strawberry-hill, and can look over your kind collections relating to Mr. Baker. He certainly deserves his place in the

¹ The papers which Masters possessed he himself eventually published, in 1784, under the title of "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Baker, from the Papers of Dr. Zachary Grey: with a Catalogue of his Manuscript Collections. By R. Masters."—E.

Biographia, but I am not surprised that *you* would not submit to *his* being instituted and inducted by a Presbyterian. In truth, I, who have not the same zeal against dissenters, do not at all desire to peruse the History of their Apostles, which are generally very uninteresting.

You must excuse the shortness of this, in which, too, I have been interrupted: my nephew is as suddenly recovered as he did last time; and, though I am far from thinking him perfectly in his senses, a great deal of his disorder is removed, which, though it will save me a great deal of trouble, hurries me at present, and forces me to conclude.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, April 23, 1778.

I THANK you, dear Sir, for the notice of William Le Worcestre's¹ appearance, and will send for my book as soon as I go to town, which will not be till next week. I have been here since Friday as much a hermit as yourself. I wanted air and quiet, having been much fatigued on my nephew's amendment, trying to dissuade him from making the campaign with his militia; but in vain! I now dread hearing of some eccentric freak. I am sorry Mr. Tyson has quite dropped me, though he sometimes comes to town. I am still more concerned at your frequent disorders—I hope their chief seat is unwillingness to move.

Your Bakeriana will be very welcome about June: I shall not be completely resident here till then, at least not have leisure, as May is the month I have most visits from town. As few spare hours as I have, I have contrived to go through Mr. Pennant's Welsh Tour, and Warton's second volume;² both which come within the circle of your pursuits. I have far advanced, too, in Lord Hardwicke's first volume of State

¹ "Itineraria Symonis, Simeonis, et Willelmi de Worcestre." Cantab. 1778, 8vo.; edited by Dr. James Nasmith, who published the excellent Catalogue of MSS. which Archbishop Parker left to Corpus Christi College, at Cambridge.—E.

² Thomas Warton's "History of English Poetry."—E.

Papers.¹ I have yet found nothing that appears a new scene, or sets the old in a new light; yet they are rather amusing, though not in proportion to the bulk of the volumes. One likes to hear actors speak for themselves; but, on the other hand, they use a great many more words than are necessary: and when one knows the events from history, it is a little tiresome to go back to the details and the delays.

I should be glad to employ Mr. Essex on my offices, but the impending war with France deters me. It is not a season for expense! I could like to leave my little castle complete; but, though I am only a spectator, I cannot be indifferent to the aspect of the times, as the country gentleman was, who was going out with his hounds as the two armies at Edge-hill were going to engage. I wish for peace and tranquillity, and should be glad to pass my remaining hours in the idle and retired amusements I love, and without any solicitude for my country. Adieu!

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Arlington Street, May 21, 1778.

I WILL not flatter you: I was not in the least amused with either Simon, Simeon, or William of Wyrcestre. If there was anything tolerable in either, it was the part omitted, or the part I did not read, which was the Journey to Jerusalem, about which I have not the smallest curiosity. I thank you for mentioning the Gentleman's Magazine, which I sent for.

Mr. Essex has called upon me, and left me the drawing of a bridge, with which I am perfectly pleased — but I was unluckily out of town; he left no direction, and I know not where to seek him in this overgrown bottle of hay. I still hope he will call again before his return.

May not I, should not I, wish you joy on the restoration of popery?² I expect soon to see Capuchins tramping about,

¹ Miscellaneous State Papers, from 1501 to 1726, published by the Earl of Hardwicke, in two volumes 4to.—E.

² Walpole alludes to the bill for the Relief of the Roman Catholics,

and Jesuits *in high places*. We are relapsing fast to our pristine state, and have nothing but our island, and our old religion.

Mr. Nasmith's publication directed me to the MSS. in Bene't Library, which I did not know was printed. I found two or three from which I should be glad to have transcripts, and would willingly pay for; but I left the book at Strawberry, and must trouble you another time with that commission.

The city wants to bury Lord Chatham¹ in St. Paul's; which, as a person said to me this morning, would literally be "robbing Peter to pay Paul." I wish it could be so, that there might be some decoration in that nudity, *en attendant* the re-establishment of various altars. It is not my design to purchase the new edition of the *Biographia*; I trust they will give the old purchasers the additions as a supplement. I had corrected the errata of the press throughout my copy, but I could not take the trouble of transcribing them, nor could lend them the originals, as I am apt to scribble notes in the margins of all my books that interest me at all. Pray let me know if Baker's Life is among the additions, and whether you are satisfied with it, as there could not be events enough in his retired life to justify two accounts of it.

There are no new *old news*, and you care for nothing within the memory of man. I am always intending to draw up an account of my intercourse with Chatterton, which I take very kindly you remind me of, but some avocation or other has still prevented it. My perfect innocence of having indirectly been an ingredient in his dismal fate, which happened two years after our correspondence, and after he had exhausted both his resources and his constitution, have

which released their priests from prosecution, and allowed members of that religion to purchase lands and take them by descent. It passed both Houses without opposition.—E.

¹ The Earl of Chatham died on the 10th of May 1778. His remains were honoured with a public funeral in Westminster Abbey, his debts were paid by the nation, and an annuity of four thousand pounds settled upon the earldom of Chatham.—E.

made it more easy to prove that I never saw him, knew nothing of his ever being in London, and was the first person, instead of the last, on whom he had practised his impositions, and founded his chimeric hopes of promotion. My very first, or at least second letter, undeceived him in those views, and our correspondence¹ was broken off before he quitted his master's business at Bristol — so that his disappointment with me was but his first ill success; and he resented my incredulity so much, that he never condescended to let me see him. Indeed, what I have said now to you, and which cannot be controverted by a shadow of a doubt, would be sufficient vindication. I could only add to the proofs, a vain regret of never having known his distresses, which his amazing genius would have tempted me to relieve, though I fear he had no other claim to compassion. Mr. Warton has said enough to open the eyes of every one who is not greatly prejudiced to his forgeries. Dr. Milles is one who will not make a bow to Dr. Percy for not being as wilfully blind as himself — but when he gets a beam in his eye that he takes for an antique truth, there is no persuading him to submit to be couched. Adieu!

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

[1778.²]

THE purport of Dr. Robertson's visit was to inquire where he could find materials for the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, which he means to write as a supplement to David Hume. I had heard of his purpose, but did not own I knew it, that my discouragement might seem the more natural. I do not care a straw what he writes about the

¹ Walpole's correspondence with Chatterton took place in March and April 1769. The death of the young poet happened in August 1770, in consequence of a dose of arsenic, at his lodgings in Brook-street, Holborn.—E.

² This letter, which is without date, was most probably written in April or May 1778; at which time Dr. Robertson was in London.—E.

church's wet-nurse, Goody Anne; but no Scot is worthy of being the historian of William, but Dr. Watson.¹

When he had told me his object, I said, "Write the reign of King William, Dr. Robertson! That is a great task! I look on him as the greatest man of modern times since his ancestor William Prince of Orange." I soon found the Doctor had very little idea of him, or had taken upon trust the pitiful partialities of Dalrymple and Macpherson. I said, "Sir, I do not doubt but King William came over with a view to the crown. Nor was he called upon by patriotism, for he was not an Englishman, to assert our liberties. No; his patriotism was of a higher rank. He aimed not at the crown of England from ambition, but to employ its forces and wealth against Louis XIV. for the common cause of the liberties of Europe. The Whigs did not understand the extent of his views, and the Tories betrayed him. He has been thought not to have understood us; but the truth was, he took either party as it was predominant, that he might sway the Parliament to support his general plan." The Doctor, suspecting that I doubted his principles being enlarged enough to do justice to so great a character, told me he himself had been born and bred a Whig, though he owned he was *now* a moderate one—I believe, a very moderate one. I said Macpherson had done great injustice to another hero, the Duke of Marlborough, whom he accuses of betraying the design on Brest to Louis XIV. The truth was, as I heard often in my youth from my father, my uncle, and old persons who had lived in those times, that the Duke trusted the Duchess with the secret, and she her sister the popish Duchess of Tyrconnel, who was as poor and as bigoted as a church mouse. A corroboration of this was the wise and sententious answer of King William to the Duke, whom he taxed with having betrayed the secret. "Upon my honour, Sir," said the Duke, "I told it to nobody but my wife." "I did not tell it to mine!" said the King.

I added, that Macpherson's and Dalrymple's invidious scan-

¹ Dr. Watson's History of the Reign of Philip II. of Spain was published, in two quarto volumes, in 1777.—E.

dals really serve but to heighten the amazing greatness of the King's genius; for, if they say true, he maintained the crown on his head, though the nobility, the churchmen, the country gentlemen, the people were against him; and though almost all his own ministers betrayed him — "But," said I, "nothing is so silly as to suppose that the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Godolphin ever meant seriously to restore King James. Both had offended him too much to expect forgiveness, especially from so remorseless a nature. Yet a re-revolution was so probable, that it is no wonder they kept up a correspondence with him, at least to break their fall if he returned. But as they never did effectuate the least service in his favour, when they had the fullest power, nothing can be inferred but King James's folly in continuing to lean on them. To imagine they meant to sacrifice his weak daughter, whom they governed absolutely, to a man who was sure of being governed by others, one must have as little sense as James himself had.

The precise truth I take to have been this. Marlborough and Godolphin both knew the meanness and credulity of James's character. They knew that he must be ever dealing for partisans; and they might be sure, that if he could hope for support from the General and the Lord-treasurer, he must be less solicitous for more impotent supporters. "Is it impossible," said I to the Doctor, "but they might correspond with the King even by Anne's own consent? Do not be surprised, Sir," said I: "such things have happened. My own father often received letters from the Pretender, which he always carried to George II. and had them indorsed by his Majesty. I myself have seen them countersigned by the King's own hand."

In short, I endeavoured to impress him with proper ideas of his subject, and painted to him the difficulties, and the want of materials. But the booksellers will out-argue me, and the Doctor will forget his education — *Panem et Circenses*, if you will allow me to use the latter for those that are captivated by favour in the *circle*, will decide his writing and give the colour. I once wished he should write the History

of King William; but his Charles V. and his America have opened my eyes, and the times have shut his.¹ Adieu!

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, June 3, 1778.

I WILL not dispute with you, dear Sir, on patriots and politics. One point is past controversy, that the ministers have ruined this country; and if the church of England is satisfied with being reconciled with the church of Rome, and thinks it a compensation for the loss of America and all credit in Europe, she is as silly an old woman as any granny in an almshouse. France is very glad we are grown such fools, and soon saw that the Presbyterian Dr. Franklin² had more sense than our ministers together. She has got over all her prejudices, has expelled the Jesuits, and made the Protestant Swiss, Necker, her comptroller-general. It is a little woful, that we are relapsing into the nonsense the rest of Europe is shaking off! and it is more deplorable, as we know by repeated experience, that this country has always been disgraced by Tory administrations. The rubric is the only gainer by them in a few martyrs.

I do not know yet what is settled about the spot of Lord Chatham's interment. I am not more an enthusiast to his memory than you. I knew his faults and his defects — yet one fact cannot only not be controverted, but I doubt more remarkable every day — I mean, that under him we attained not only our highest elevation, but the most solid authority in Europe. When the names of Marlborough and Chatham are

¹ By the life of Dr. Robertson, in Chambers's *Scottish Biography*, it will be seen, that several persons suggested to him a History of Great Britain, from the Revolution to the Accession of the House of Hanover; and it appears, from a letter to Dr. Waddilour, Dean of Rippon, written in July of this year, that he had made up his mind to encounter the responsibility of the task, but abandoned it, in consequence of a correspondence with his friend, Mr. James Macpherson, who, three years before, had published a history of the same reigns.—E.

² Dr. Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane were publicly received at the court of France, as ambassadors from America, in the preceding March.—E.

still pronounced with awe in France, our little cavils make a puny sound. Nations that are beaten cannot be mistaken.

I have been looking out for your friend a set of my heads of painters, and I find I want six or seven. I think I have some odd ones in town; if I have not, I will have deficiencies supplied from the plates, though I fear they will not be good, as so many have been taken off. I should be very ungrateful for all your kindnesses, if I neglected any opportunity of obliging you, dear Sir. Indeed, our old and unalterable friendship is creditable to us both, and very uncommon between two persons who differ so much in their opinions relative to church and state. I believe the reason is, that we are both sincere, and never meant to take advantage of our principles; which I allow is too common on both sides, and I own, too, fairly more common on my side of the question than on yours. There is a reason, too, for that; the honours and emoluments are in the gift of the crown: the nation has no separate treasury to reward its friends.

If Mr. Tyrwhit¹ has opened his eyes to Chatterton's forgeries, there is an instance of conviction against strong prejudice! I have drawn up an account of my transaction with that marvellous young man; you shall see it one day or other, but I do not intend to print it.² I have taken a thorough dislike to being an author; and if it would not look like begging you to compliment me, by contradicting me, I would tell you, what I am most seriously convinced of, that I find what small share of parts I had, grown dulled — and when I perceive it myself, I may well believe that others would not be less sharp-sighted. It is very natural; mine were spirits rather than parts; and as time has abated the one, it must surely destroy their resemblance to the other: pray don't say a syllable in reply on this head, or I shall have

¹ Mr. Tyrwhit, the learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, considered one of the best edited books in the English language, had, on the appearance of the *Rowley Poems*, believed them genuine; but being afterwards convinced of the contrary, he did not hesitate to avow his conviction.—E.

² It was entitled "A Letter to the Editor of the *Miscellanies of Thomas Chatterton*," and will be found in the edition of *Walpole's Works*.—E.

done exactly what I said I would not do. Besides, as you have always been too partial to me, I am on my guard, and when I will not expose myself to my enemies, I must not listen to the prejudices of my friends; and as nobody is more partial to me than you, there is nobody I must trust less in that respect. Yours most sincerely.

TO THE REV. MR. COLE.

Strawberry Hill, June 10, 1778.

I AM as impatient and in as much hurry as you was, dear Sir, to clear myself from the slightest intention of censuring your politics. I know the sincerity and disinterested goodness of your heart, and when I must be convinced how little certain we are all of what is truth, it would be very presumptuous to condemn the opinions of any good man, and still less an old and unalterable friend, as I have ever found you. The destruction that violent arbitrary principles have drawn on this blinded country has moved my indignation. We never were a great and happy country till the Revolution. The system of these days tended to overturn, and has overturned, that establishment, and brought on the disgraces that ever attended the foolish and wicked councils of the house of Stuart. If man is a rational being, he has a right to make use of his reason, and to enjoy his liberty. We, we alone almost had a constitution that every other nation upon earth envied or ought to envy. This is all I contend for. I will give you up whatever descriptions of men you please; that is, the leaders of parties, not the principles. These cannot change, those generally do, when power falls into the hands of them or their party, because men are corruptible, which truth is not. But the more the leaders of a party dedicated to liberty are apt to change, the more I adore the principle, because it shows that extent of power is not to be trusted even with those that are the most sensible of the value of liberty. Man is a domineering animal; and it has not only been my principle, but my prac-

tice, too, to quit everybody at the gate of the palace. I trust we shall not much differ on these outlines, but we will bid adieu to the subject: it is never an agreeable one to those who do not mean to make a trade of it.

I heartily wish you may not find the pontiff what I think the order, and what I know him, if you mean the high priest of Ely.¹ He is all I have been describing and worse; and I have too good an opinion of you, to believe that he will ever serve you.

What I said of disclaiming authorship by no means alluded to Mr. Baker's life. It would be enough that you desire it, for me to undertake it. Indeed, I am inclined to it because he was what you and I are, a party-man from principle, not from interest: and he, who was so candid, surely is entitled to the strictest candour. You shall send me your papers whenever you please. If I can succeed to your satisfaction, I shall be content: though I assure you there was no affectation in my saying that I find my small talent decline. I shall write the life to oblige you, without any thoughts of publication, unless I am better pleased than I expect to be, and even then not in my own life. I had rather show that I am sensible of my own defects, and that I have judgment enough not to hope praise for my writings; for surely when they are not obnoxious, and one only leaves them behind one, it is a mark that one is not very vain of them.

I have found the whole set of my Painters, and will send them the first time I go to town: and I will have my papers on Chatterton transcribed for you, though I am much chagrined at your giving me no hope of seeing you again here. I will not say more of it; for, while it is in my power, I will certainly make you a visit now and then, if there is no other way of our meeting. Mr. Tyrwhit, I hear, has actually published an Appendix, in which he gives up Mr. Rowley. I have not seen it, but will. Shall I beg you to transcribe the passage in which Dr. Kippis abuses my father and me;² for I shall not buy the new edition, only to purchase abuse on me

¹ Dr. Edmund Keene.—E.

² See *antè*, p. 448.

and mine: I may be angry with liberties he takes with Sir Robert, but not with myself; I shall rather take it as a flattery to be ranked with him; though there can be nothing worse said of my father than to place us together. Oh! that great, that good man! Dr. Kippis may as well throw a stone at the sun.

I am sorry you have lost poor Mr. Bentham. Will you say a civil thing for me to his widow, if she is living, and you think it not improper? I have not forgotten their great kindness to me. Pray send me your papers on Mr. Prior's generosity to Mr. Baker.¹ I am sorry it was not so. Prior is much a favourite with me, *though a Tory*, nor did I ever hear anything ill of him. He left his party, but not his friends, and seems to me to have been very amiable. Do you know I pretend to be very impartial sometimes. Mr. Hollis² wrote against me for not being Whig enough. I am offended with Mrs. Macaulay³ for being too much a Whig. In short, we are all silly animals, and scarce ever more so than when we affect sense. Yours ever.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBURY.

Strawberry Hill, June 25, 1778.

I AM quite astonished, Madam, at not hearing of Mr. Conway's being returned! What is he doing? Is he revolting and setting up for himself, like our nabobs in India? or is he forming Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, into the united provinces in the compass of a silver penny? I should not wonder if this was to be the fate of our distracted empire, which we seem to have made so large, only that it might afford to split into separate kingdoms. I told Mr. C. I should

¹ The Biographia Britannica had asserted, that Prior ceded to Mr. Baker the profits of his fellowship after his expulsion.—E.

² Thomas Hollis, Esq. the editor of Toland's Life of Milton; Algernon Sidney's Discourses on Government; Algernon Sidney's Works, &c. He died in 1774.—E.

³ The celebrated Catherine Macaulay, well-known by her "History of England."—E.

not write any more, concluding he would not stay a twinkling; and your ladyship's last encouraged my expecting him. In truth, I had nothing to tell him if he had written.

I have been in town but one single night this age, as I could not bear to throw away this phoenix June. It has rained a good deal this morning, but only made it more delightful. The flowers are all Arabian. I have found but one inconvenience, which is the hosts of cuckoos: one would not think one was in Doctors' Commons. It is very disagreeable, that the nightingales should sing but half a dozen songs, and the other beasts squall for two months together.

Poor Mrs. Clive has been robbed again in her own lane, as she was last year, and has got the jaundice, she thinks, with the fright. I don't make a visit without a blunderbuss; so one might as well be invaded by the French. Though I live in the centre of ministers, I do not know a syllable of politics; and though within hearing of Lady Greenwich, who is but two miles off, I have not a word of news to send your ladyship. I live like Berecynthia, surrounded by nephews and nieces; yet Park-place is full as much in my mind, and I beg for its history. I am, Madam, &c.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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